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THE WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT.

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FARRINGDON STREET

THE WORKS

OF

GEORGE HERBERT,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT,

INCUMBENT OF BEAR WOOD.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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BY HIS FRIEND,

R. A. WILLMOTT.

PREFACE.

I AM not aware that any Edition of Herbert's Poetry, or Proſe, has hitherto appeared with Notes, or Illuſtrations. The preſent attempt to ſupply that want, may, therefore, be received with ſome forbearance and favour. I ſhould have rejoiced to track the poet's footſteps, into thoſe ſtill paths of theological learning, which he loved to frequent, and to have brought the torch of the Fathers to illuminate ſome of his obſcurer alluſions.—But the book was wanted, and time preſſed. The early ſpelling has been generally retained, as harmoniſing with the old-world ſound of the language, and the mellow colour of the thoughts. The Vandyck looks beſt in its ancient frame.

I will only add my obligation to that ſtore-houſe of pleaſant learning, "Notes and Queries," for one or two intereſting commentaries on the Author; and

now commit him to the welcome of the reader, in the affectionate words of Craſhaw, to a friend, two hundred years ago.*

Know you, Faire, on what you look ;
Divineſt love lies in this book :
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his Sacrifice.
When your hands untie theſe ſtrings,
Think you've an Angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning ſigh.
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfumed Prayer.
Theſe white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will ſend you :
To take acquaintance of the ſpnere,
And all the ſmooth-faced kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
Theſe devotions, Faireſt ; know
That while I lay them on the ſhrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

St. Catherine's, Bear Wood.
Dec. 22, 1853.

* Steps to the Temple, 1646.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the visitor to Cambridge enters the Ante-Chapel of Trinity College, he meets two objects of the deepest interest in Art and Science: the marvellous statue of Newton, and the sitting figure of Bacon. If he raise his eyes to the painted windows, a different train of thought is awakened. One group especially attracts and detains him. It is a scene at Bethany in the house of that family whom Jesus loved; among the company gathered around Him appears a face, familiar to most students of the sweet and serious learning of the seventeenth century; it is that of GEORGE HERBERT, to whom, after so many years, his own College has consecrated this memorial.

The circumstances of his life are neither many, nor varied. He was born—one of ten children—April 3rd, 1593, in the Castle of Montgomery in Wales. He came of a bold and noble race. There is at Penshurst a portrait of his brother, Lord Edward, painted by

Iſaac Oliver, which ſhows a ſwarthy countenance, with dark eyes and exceedingly black hair. The poet's father had the ſame complexion; he died in 1597, leaving George, in his fourth year, to the care of his mother. He remained, with two of his brothers, under a private tutor, until he was ſent to Weſtminſter School; from whence, at the age of fifteen, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his name appears among the Scholars, May 5, 1609. "In Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be ſuch, that we may conclude, he conſecrated the firſt fruits of his early age to virtue, and a ſerious ſtudy of learning." So writes good Iſaak Walton. Nor is there reaſon to doubt the affectionate panegyriſt. Herbert's advance in academic rank was encouraging and rapid. Within two years after the taking of his Bachelor's degree, he was choſen a Fellow of the Society; and on the 21ſt of October, 1619, he obtained the diſtinguiſhed poſt of Public Orator, vacated by Sir Francis Netherſole, who was then politically employed on the Continent. It was an office, according to Fuller, of more honour than profit, the original ſalary being only forty ſhillings a year. It dates its beginning from the early part of the 16th century, before which period rhetorical aid was procured as it was wanted, the ſcribe being paid by the letter. In Herbert's time the annual income was about thirty pounds. But the attractions of the Oratorſhip did not lie on its pecuniary

ſide. It was a high road to court life. A former Orator, Sir Robert Naunton, had been made a Secretary of State, and Herbert cheriſhed hopes of reaping a ſimilar reward. Barnabas Oley had heard that he might have obtained the ſituation, but "that, like a genuine ſon of Levi, he balked all ſecular ways, ſaw neither father nor mother, child nor brother, faith nor friends, (ſave in Chriſt Jeſus,) choſe the Lord for his ſervice, and His ſervice for employment."

Walton gives a truer, though a leſs flattering explanation. "In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of ſome good occaſion to remove from Cambridge to Court, God, in whom there is an unſeen chain of cauſes, did, in a ſhort time, put an end to the lives of two of his moſt obliging and moſt powerful friends, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him, King James died alſo, and with them all Mr. Herbert's court hopes, ſo that he betook himſelf to a retreat from London to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was ſuch a lover of ſolitarineſs, he was judged to impair his health more than his ſtudy had done." Some earneſt of future favours his learned ingenuity had already acquired; for in 1623 he received from James a valuable "ſinecure," which his predeceſſor had formerly beſtowed on Sir Philip Sidney. But a brighter day was dawning. He ſought and found a more enduring Sovereign. The date of his Ordination has not been diſcovered; but in the ſummer

of 1626 (July 15), the haughty, though generous Biſhop Williams gave to him the Prebend of Leighton Eccleſia, in the dioceſe of Lincoln. Oley informs us that "becauſe he lived far from and ſo could not perform the duties of that place, he would fain have reſigned it to Maſter Ferrar, but Maſter F. wholly refuſed, and diverted, or directed his charity to the re-edifying the ruined church of Leighton, where the corpſe of the Prebend lay."

Leighton is a village in Huntingdonſhire, near Spaldwick, and the church ſtands to the right of the road from Huntingdon to Thrapſton. A viſitor, in 1851, has furniſhed ſome intereſting particulars.* The church is compoſed of a weſtern tower, with porches, tranſepts, and a chancel. Herbert, in his capacity of Prebendary, became a proprietor in the Pariſh, and probably applied the income which he derived from it to the reſtoration of the edifice; but the alterations are ſaid to have been leſs extenſive than the narrative of Walton implies. The old walls remain. The chief outlay was upon a new roof, and in repairing the parts of the church then occupied by the congregation. The ſeats are of oak, open, in the ſtyle of the 17th century. The tower, the font, and ſome windows in the chancel were contributed by Herbert. A gallery, erected for an organ in 1840, has ſlightly diſarranged the ſymmetry, and high pews have replaced the old benches in the chancel. The pulpit and reading deſk,

* Notes and Queries, iii. 178.

ſtanding North and South, correſpond in every particular. The font is extremely ſhallow, no texts of ſcripture adorn the walls; but traces were found of the poor man's box having been formerly fixed "to the back of the bench neareſt to the ſouth door." The tower is battlemented, and commands a pleaſing proſpect over fifteen or ſixteen villages. By the aid of a glaſs, the magnificent pile of Ely Cathedral, nearly thirty miles off, may be diſcerned. One ornamental ſpout bears the date of 1632. Three creſts were noticed, but they could not be clearly deciphered. The family device of the Herberts did not appear; nor has the reſtorer left behind him any record of his own munificence, or of the generous charity to which he ſtirred up his relations and friends. In 1627, Herbert loſt his mother, after a long ſeaſon of ſuffering which his tenderneſs did much to ſoften. "For myſelf, dear mother," he had written to her ſome years earlier, "I always feared ſickneſs more than death, becauſe ſickneſs hath made me unable to perform thoſe offices for which I came into the world, and muſt yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly diſcharged that part, having both ordered your family and ſo brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of diſcretion and competent maintenance; ſo that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whoſe example and care of them will juſtify you both to the world, and your own conſcience; inſomuch, that whether you

turn your thoughts on the life paſt, or on the joys that are to come; you have ſtrong preſervations againſt all diſquiet."

Soon after his mother's death his own weak health grew weaker, and a ſharp ague drove him to ſeek eaſe in the pleaſant village of Woodford, in Eſſex, where his brother Henry lived. There he abode about a year, becoming his own Phyſician, and curing his diſorder by abſtinence from 'drink,' and all freſh meat. But, as in other caſes, the remedies were worſe than the diſeaſe; ſigns of conſumption beginning to ſhew themſelves, a different climate was recommended; and he ſought it at Dauntſey, in Wiltſhire, the houſe of Lord Danby, by whom he was affectionately welcomed and entertained. In this choice air, as Aubrey calls it, by avoiding ſevere ſtudy, and partaking of cheerful exerciſe and ſociety, his health returned. A new ſcene was now to open before him. There lived at Bainton, in the ſame county, a kinſman of Lord Danby,—Mr. Charles Danvers. He had nine daughters, of whom Jane was his favourite. To her he had often ſpoken of Herbert, and promiſed a double bleſſing upon the union that he hoped to ſee. It happened that Mr. Danvers died before Herbert's viſit to Dauntſey; but as we learn from Walton, Jane "became ſo much a Platonick as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unſeen." The ſmalleſt ſpark would light ſuch a train. The only obſtacle was the want of acquaintance. This was eaſily removed. Some mutual friends procured a

meeting; and within three days of the firſt interview Jane Danvers changed her name into Herbert.

If Herbert, whoſe memory was ſtored with proverbs, called to mind the wiſe ſaw about 'marrying in haſte,' he never pointed the moral of it with his own experience. He had more cauſe for rejoicing, than repenting at leiſure. Walton ſweetly portrays the charm and bleſſedneſs of his wedded-life. "The Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, ſo happy that there never was any oppoſition betwixt them, unleſs it were a conteſt which ſhould moſt incline to a compliance with the other's deſires."

About three months after the marriage, Dr. Curle, being elevated to the See of Bath and Wells, reſigned the rectory of Bemerton, which acccordingly paſſed from the Patron, Lord Pembroke, to the King; but when the Earl aſked it for Herbert, his requeſt met with a kind anſwer. The good news reached him at Bainton, where he was ſtaying with his wife's relatives, and ſoon afterwards being joined by Mr. Arthur Woodnot, his old dear friend, he ſet out for Wilton. The cure of ſouls lay heavy upon his mind, and he was in doubt whether to accept, or decline it. Lord Pembroke, feeling unequal to combat his ſcruples, adopted the wiſe reſolution of laying them before Laud, then Biſhop of London. The reſult ſhould be told in the words of Walton. "The Biſhop did the next day ſo convince Mr. Herbert, *That the refuſal of it*

was a ſin, that a tailor was ſent for to come ſpeedily from Saliſbury to Wilton, to take meaſure, and make him canonical clothes againſt next day; which the tailor did. And Mr. Herbert, being ſo habited, went with his preſentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Biſhop of Saliſbury, and he gave him inſtitution immediately; and he was alſo the ſame day, (which was April 26th, 1630), inducted into the good and more pleaſant than healthful Parſonage of Bemerton." An intereſting ſtory is related of the ceremony. Being left in the church to toll the bell, as the law required him to do, he wearied the patience of his friends at the door, and one of them, looking in at the window, ſaw the new rector lying before the Altar. They afterwards knew the cauſe of the delay, when they heard that he had been ſetting rules for the government of his paſtoral life, and making a vow to keep them.

His pariſh gave him ample occupation. The church needed repairs, and the parſonage had fallen into decay, his predeceſſor having reſided in a diſtant village. The larger portion of the houſe he rebuilt at his own expenſe, recommending his ſucceſſor to cultivate liberal and grateful feelings in an inſcription ſet over the chimney in the hall, where it is no longer to be found.

The Rectory is only ſeparated from the church by the width of the road, a diſtance now of thirty-four, and in Herbert's time of forty feet. A graſs-plot ſlopes down to the river, commanding a fine view of

Salisbury Cathedral. A pleasing anecdote is told in connection with this garden. Norris became the rector of Bemerton nearly sixty years after the death of Herbert. He was there upon one occasion visited by Mr. Colborne, the early friend of the poet Young. The spire rising above the trees drew from him an exclamation of surprise :—"What a magnificent structure! You are happy, Sir, in this delightful prospect." "Yes," answered Norris, with melancholy humour, "It is all the prospect I have with respect to that Cathedral." A medlar, which tradition says was planted by the poet, still flourishes in the garden.

If Herbert's life had been prolonged, we may conclude that the church would have been restored with some regard to the beauty of holiness. It was always a very humble building, and is only forty-five feet long by eighteen in width.* The south and west windows, of the style called Decorated, are assigned to the beginning of the fourteenth century. The east window is modern, and the old fittings have been removed. The decorated windows, font, and bell are probably the only remaining objects that met the eye of Herbert.

His pastoral labours were crowded into the space of two years and a few months. Every reader remembers the description of his daily prayer, and how "some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when

* Notes and Queries, ii. 460.

his ſaint's bell rung to prayer, that they might alſo offer their devotion to God with him, and would then return back to their plough," thinking themſelves the happier for the bleſſing they carried away. Circumſtances, altogether independent of his own character and piety, helped to quicken the devotional reverence of the people. The population of the Pariſh, embracing the villages of Bemerton, Fuggleſton, and Quidhampton, does not exceed ſix hundred perſons. Bemerton contains about one hundred and fifty.* In Herbert's time the number was conſiderably ſmaller. Perhaps twenty cottages ſheltered his flock, for a curate watched over the remoter diſtricts. Paſtoral ſuperintendence would thus be eaſy and effective. A more important key to his influence is to be found in his rank. He was the kinſman of the Pembrokes, whoſe ſplendid manſion ſtands within a walk of the Parſonage. In that day, a man of family was ſuppoſed to honour the Church by entering it. Barnabas Oley drew out a catalogue of dignified perſons who had received Orders, and he even remembered, with evident ſatiſfaction, to have read that Henry VIII. was deſigned by his father for the Archbiſhopric of Canterbury, if his brother Arthur had lived to ſucceed to the Crown. If we read Jeremy Collier's Eſſays on Pride and the Office of a Chaplain, we are ſtruck by the phenomenon of a learned man ſitting down to prove, with the help of logic, that "a Prieſt,

* As I am obligingly informed by the preſent rector, the Rev. W. R. Pigott.

or a Chaplain in a family, is not a ſervant."* Oley had no heſitation in affirming that the ſpiritual advantages of a nobleman, or a gentleman, over a Clerk of lower parentage, are very conſiderable; the truth taught being ſooner believed, the reproof beſtowed better received, and the example ſhewn making a deeper impreſſion. At a later period it was ſuppoſed that a Prieſt and a gentleman were diſtinct characters, and that courteſy had no relationſhip to learning. Thus we find Sir William Temple ſpeaking of an Engliſh and a French book, as "one writ by a *divine*, the other by a *gentleman*," and Lord Shafteſbury remarking, that "a ſaint-author leaſt values politeneſs," and ſcorns to reform his temper by the ſtandard of good company, or the rule of manners.

Herbert's acceptance of a Benefice was eſteemed a condeſcenſion by his contemporaries—"He was none of the nobles of Tekoa, who at the building of Jeruſalem *put not their necks to the work of the Lord*," was the commentary of Fuller. His perſonal gifts added a luſtre to his inherited. He would gain a grace from every compariſon with his rural brethren, of whom we catch a glimpſe in the remark of Walton, that if Herbert "were at any time too zealous in his ſermons, it was either in reproving the ill behaviour of congregations, or of thoſe miniſters that huddled up the church prayers without a viſible reverence and affection—namely, *ſuch as ſeemed to ſay the* Lord's Prayer *or collect*

* Eſſays, Third Edition, 1698.

in a breath." How he laboured in this happy corner of the Lord's field, hoping all things, and bleſſing all people, aſking his own way to Sion, and ſhowing it to others,—we read in the artleſs page of Walton. But not long was he to ſing his ſong in a ſtrange land. While any portion of ſtrength remained, he continued to read prayers twice every day, as his cuſtom had been, and when he felt himſelf no longer equal to that labour of love, he reſigned it to his Curate. About a month before his death, Mr. Duncon, ſubſequently Rector of Fryer Barnet, Middleſex, came to viſit him, and ſpeaking to Walton of the interview, after an interval of nearly forty years, he declared that the pious diſcourſe, and the meek demeanour of Herbert were ſtill freſh in his memory. Mr. Duncon's place was ſupplied by an older and dearer friend, Mr. Woodnot, who never left the ſick man until He who gives His beloved ſleep had taken him.

The ſetting of the ſun was as calm as its ſhining had been, only of a richer hue. The wife of Herbert, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot ſtood beſide him, while in his own words "He paſſed a conflict with his laſt enemy, and overcame him by the merits of his maſter, Jeſus." His laſt words were, "Lord, forſake me not now my ſtrength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jeſus. And now, Lord, Lord, now receive my ſoul." And ſo his Father in heaven took His child to his own home.

The following entry in the Regiſter of Bemerton is the lateſt record of one of God's moſt devoted chil-

dren:—"Mr. George Herbert, Esq., Parſon of St. Foughleſton and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632."

Few faces are better known than Herbert's, with its auſtere ſweetneſs, and the evident marks of inward decline. In perſon he is deſcribed, by Walton, as tall, and unuſually thin, but cheerful in look, and always attracting friends and ſtrangers by the elegance and the benignity of his manner and addreſs. He ſtands amid a group of Engliſh worthies remarkable for their perſonal and hiſtoric intereſt. The eloquent Donne was one of his deareſt friends; he knew the accompliſhments of Wotton, and the learned caſuiſtry of Sanderſon; the firſt portion of Hooker's wonderful treatiſe appeared while he was in his cradle; and his childiſh fancy was enriched by the Eſſays of Bacon. With Ben Jonſon, who ſurvived him about five years, he was likely to be acquainted. Shakſpere he had probably ſeen in ſome feſtive interval of Cambridge life; for that illuſtrious poet did not retire from London before 1611, when Herbert was eighteen years old. In this ſplendid company of theologians, philoſophers, and poets, he wore an expreſſion and a coſtume of his own. If his Court views had been realiſed, we might have expected to have ſeen blended in him Sidney's chivalry, and the pictureſque foppery of Raleigh. He was only ſeven years younger than the hero of Zutphen, to whom in temperament he ſeems to have ſhown a remarkable reſemblance.

We are to conſider Herbert as a Poet, a Paſtor, and a writer of Proſe. His poetical reputation was wider and greater than Milton's. Within a few years twenty thouſand copies of the 'Temple' were ſold. Cowley alone outwent him in popularity; one being the laureate of religious, as the other was of faſhionable life. The hiſtory of his poems is moſt touching and beautiful. In his laſt ſickneſs, he preſented them to a friend in theſe words: "Sir, I pray deliver this little Book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him, he ſhall find in it a picture of the many ſpiritual conflicts that have paſſed betwixt God and my ſoul, before I could subject mine to the will of JESUS MY MASTER; in whoſe ſervice I have now found perfect freedom; deſire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any poor dejected ſoul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are leſs than the leaſt of God's mercies."

The publication of the Temple produced an immediate impreſſion. Henry Vaughan, whoſe rough lines abound in touches of a quaint and ſuggeſtive fancy, obſerves, in reference to the impure verſes of the day: "The firſt, that with any effectual ſucceſs, attempted a diverſion of this foul and overflowing ſtream, was the bleſſed man, Mr. George Herbert, whoſe holy life and verſe gained many pious converts; of whom I am the leaſt, and gave the firſt check to a moſt flouriſhing and admired Wit of his time."*

* Preface to Silex Scintilians, p. 58.

Herbert belongs to that third Italian ſchool, which was to occupy a chapter in Gray's hiſtory of poetry, as he communicated the plan to Warton. It was a school, in his opinion, full of conceit, beginning in the reign of Elizabeth; continued under James and Charles the Firſt, by Donne, Craſhaw, and Cleveland; carried to its height by Cowley, and ending with Sprat. Herbert was certainly a diſciple. Complicated metaphors abound. The poems of that age recall the mechanical contrivances of the eccentric Mr. Winſtanley, the firſt architect of the Eddyſtone Lighthouſe. In his ſtrange abode nothing was what it ſeemed to be. An old ſlipper upon the floor ſtarted into a ſpectral figure; a viſitor reſting in a chair, was ſuddenly embraced by two muſcular arms; or ſauntering into a ſummer-houſe, ſtraightway found himſelf floating away into the middle of a Canal. The poetical ſurpriſes of Herbert are ſometimes equally unexpected, and it muſt be confeſſed, not leſs ingenious. The reader's eye is perpetually ſtruck with a a tranſformation, or a groteſque invention.

Even the friendly taſte of Mr. Keble* was offended by the conſtant flutter of his fancy, for ever hovering round and round the theme. But this was a peculiarity which the moſt gifted writers admired. Dryden openly avowed that nothing appeared more beautiful to him than the imagery in Cowley, which ſome readers condemned. It muſt, at leaſt, be ſaid in praiſe of this

* Prælectiones Academicæ, xx. 12.

creative playfulneſs, that it is a quality of the intellect ſingularly ſprightly and buoyant; it ranges over a boundleſs landſcape, pierces into every corner, and, by the light of its own fire—to adopt a phraſe of Temple —diſcovers a thouſand little bodies, or images in the world, unſeen by common eyes, and only manifeſted by the rays of that poetic ſun.

There is in Herbert another ſort of quaintneſs, which is neither the fruit of his age, nor of his own underſtanding, but of the authors whom he ſtudied. "He that reads Mr. Herbert's poems attendingly, ſhall find the excellence of Scripture Divinity, and choice paſſages of the Fathers bound up in metre." If James Montgomery* had conſidered this remark of Barnabas Oley, he would have heſitated *to see* "*devotion itſelf turned into maſquerade*" by the poet. Herbert did not forget to conſult, for his outpourings of heart-praiſe and love, that commonplace book of Greek and Latin theology which the Country Parſon is recommended to collect and ponder. Many of his curioſities of fancy have a Patriſtic, rather than a poetic anceſtry, and are to be ſought in Chryſoſtom or Cyprian, inſtead of in Donne, or Marini.

Every true work of art, whether it be of the pencil, the chiſel, or the pen, addreſſes itſelf to particular ſympathies. Of courſe, there will be a certain outward excellence which the univerſal taſte cannot fail to underſtand and admire. I ſpeak of the inner and

* Chriſtian Poet, p. 258.

the hidden charm. The beauty of Raffaelle's Madonna reveals itſelf very differently to the critic and the worſhipper. Milton may be admired by the common reader, for his grandeur of ſentiment; but it is only through the ſpectacles of books that the ſplendour and the lovelineſs of his viſions are clearly diſcerned. Now, Herbert has, according to his degree, the diſtinctive peculiarities of Raffaelle and Milton. His ſweetneſs of fancy, his vigorous ſenſe, and his happineſs of idiom may be appreciated by all people; juſt as the grace and the dignity of the picture and the epic come home to the leaſt refined obſerver. But there is a remoter and a delightfuller quality, that requires a kindred heart to comprehend it. Herbert is pre-eminently a poet of the Church; his ſimiles are drawn from her ceremonial; his moſt ſolemn thoughts are born of her myſteries; his tendereſt leſſons are taught by her prayers. To a reader without a deep Catholic devotion, he is only the ingenious or the fantaſtic rhymer; to one who has that feeling, his verſes are the ſtrings of a muſical inſtrument, making melody in themſelves, and awaking ſweet ſounds in the hearts of thoſe who hear it.

There is a paſſage in one of Southey's letters that ſeems very forcibly to illuſtrate this view.* Speaking of Wordſworth, he aſks, "Does he not aſſociate more feeling with particular phraſes, and you alſo with him, than thoſe phraſes convey to any one elſe? This I

* Life by his Son, ii. 191.

ſuſpect. Who would part with a ring of a dead friend's hair? And yet a jeweller will give for it only the value of the gold." This is juſt the caſe with Herbert. His verſes are not to be toſſed into the ſcale, and weighed. There is the hair of the dead Friend in the gold. The Goſpel conſecrates every rhyme. The Liturgy is reflected in nearly every devout ſentiment. The poem on "SIN" is almoſt a Collect in its majeſtic harmony, and ſimpleneſs of language. The "Sacrifice" has quite a Scriptural ſolemnity of grouping and repreſentation.

A remarkable charm of Herbert's poetry is ſeen in what may be named—the proverbial philoſophy of common ſenſe. All the famous writers of that, and the former century, abounded in it; whether we take up the Apologies and Defences of Jewell; the Eſſays of Bacon; or the exhortations of Taylor. The quantity of plain, practical wiſdom for every-day life, treasured up in the verſes of Herbert, has ſcarcely been conſidered. The Church Porch is a little hand-book of rules for the management of temper, and converſation, and buſineſs. Every child ought to get it by heart. It recalls the compariſon by which Plato characteriſed Socrates. The outſide of the vaſe is ſcrawled over with odd ſhapes and writing, but within are precious liquors, and healing medicines, and rare mixtures of far-gathered herbs and flowers. In connection with this moraliſing diſpoſition may be mentioned a certain familiar humour, ſuddenly ſhooting gleams acroſs a

ſerious paſſage, and very ſtrongly reminding us of the pleaſantry of Cowper. In the following pages the reader will be ſtruck by a playfulneſs, that looks like a thoughtful ſmile from Weſton.

The maſculine ſenſe of Herbert has drawn eyes that were ſkilful enough to avoid his faults. "From the dregs of Craſhaw, of Carew, of Herbert,* and others (for it is well known he was a great reader of all thoſe poets), Pope has judiciouſly collected gold." So writes Dr. Warton.* From Craſhaw Pope might gather ſome fuel to feed that devotional flame which burns ſo vehemently in his Eloiſa; but in Herbert he obtained, what he knew better than any of his contemporaries how to uſe, an ample ſtore of practical wiſdom terſely uttered. His diſcoveries were not confined to looſe gold in the rubbiſh; he found pieces of it worked up into an elegance of form, which he himſelf could not improve. Many lines in the Temple have the poliſh and the glitter of the Moral Eſſays; and not ſeldom the ſtructure of his own couplet, and the identical pauſe of the cæſura are anticipated.

The characteriſtic of Herbert's fancy is fruitfulneſs. The poetry, like the theology of that age, put all learning into an abridgment. A courſe of lectures flowed into the rich eſſence of a ſingle ſermon. A month's ſeed bloomed in an ode. The 17th was the contradiction of the 19th century, the object being then to

* Eſſay on Pope, i. 85.

give the moſt thought in the ſmalleſt ſpace, as now to ſow the wideſt field with the frugalleſt corn. Herbert's "Pilgrimage" is an example. Written, probably, before Bunyan was born,—certainly while he was an infant,—it contains all the Progreſs of the Pilgrim in outline. We are ſhewn the gloomy Cave of Deſperation, the Rock of Pride, the Mead of Fancy, the Copſe of Care, the Wild Heath where the Traveller is robbed of his gold, and the gladſome Hill that promiſes a fair proſpect, but only yields a lake of brackiſh water on the top. Such a compoſition would ſcarcely eſcape the notice of that Spenſer of the people, who afterwards gave breadth and animation, and figures to the ſcene.

The language of Herbert cannot be too highly praiſed—however diſtant the thought may be, the expreſſion of it is, with very few exceptions, pure, racy, and idiomatic. He had evidently been a living and a conſtant hearer, or reader of Shakeſpere, whoſe Plays appeared in his childhood, and were, doubtleſs, the delight of his eyes during the ſhort ſummer-day of his courtly hopes, and the frequent ſubject of talk at Wilton. Many paſſages might be quoted; but the Shakeſperian tone will be recognized in the following:—

> How neatly do we give one only name
> To parent's iſſue, and the Sun's bright ſtar!
> A ſon is light and fruit; a fruitful flame
> Chaſing the father's dimneſs.

And ſtill more diſtinctly in the next,—

My comforts drop and melt away like ſnow;
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer friends,
Flies of eſtate and ſunſhine.

The beautiful phraſe—"Summer Friends"—was introduced by Gray into his Hymn on Adverſity. Once more:—

Art thou a magiſtrate? then be ſevere:
If ſtudious, copy fair what time hath blurred.
Redeem Truth from his jaws; if ſoldier,
Chaſe brave employments with a naked ſword
Throughout the world.

Pages might eaſily be filled with inſtances of felicitous words and phraſes. In the Poem on Providence we have the "leaning" elephant, afterwards exhibited by Thomſon in his magnificent landſcape:—

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave,
High-raiſed in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant.

SUMMER, 721.

Herbert's verſification is frequently affected by his manner of thinking. The compreſſion of thought cauſes harſhneſs. Sometimes the rhythm drags with a

ſlow, jolting, uneven ſtep, making the reader to remember Walpole's criticiſm of an Ode, amended by Maſon, which, he told him, had a ſudden ſink, like a man with one leg ſhorter than the other. But not ſeldom the harmony is ſoft and flowing, and lovely fancies are chanted to their own muſic. The "Flower," "Virtue," and "Gratefulneſs," are exquiſite ſpecimens of this claſs.

The poetry and the proſe of Herbert differ as much as Cowley's. He has not, indeed, left any compoſition to be compared with the delightful Eſſays; but he poſſeſſed a large ſhare of the ſame freſhneſs, gaiety, and eaſe. If we had the manuſcripts that periſhed in the flames of Highnam Houſe, we might propoſe a nearer parallel. But Fuller juſtly pronounced even his remains to be ſhavings of gold. The Country Parſon is deſtined to live. Among the few Engliſh writings of a practical claſs, between 1600 and 1650, and yet retaining a reputation, Mr. Hallam* places this treatiſe of Herbert; which he judges to be "on the whole, a pleaſing little book," but, "with the precepts ſometimes ſo overſtrained, as to give an air of affectation." This is faint praiſe; and the cenſure is refuted by the Work itſelf. The author informs us, that he wrote it with a view to his own ſpiritual improvement, drawing the form and character of a true Paſtor, that he might have a mark to aim at; and ſetting it as high as

* Literature of Europe, iii. 129.

he could, ſince "he ſhoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree."

Herbert muſt be conſidered to have fulfilled his deſign. The epidemics of one age require a different treatment from thoſe of another. The cure of the paſt fails in the preſent. The popular diſeaſe, in the former half of the 17th century, was the degraded condition of the country Clergy. It had almoſt become chronic. There could be no inſtruction where there was no reſpect. Such ſhepherds neither guided nor fed their flocks. Herbert's object was two-fold; to raiſe the teacher and to win the people; the former leſſon he ſhewed by precept, the ſecond by example. He painted the portrait of the Good Parſon, and was himſelf the original. His views of the paſtoral office, even in the rudeſt country hamlet, were lofty and glowing; and he recommended the ſtudy of Plato for the ſake of acquiring the dexterity of Socrates, and applying it to the common intercourſe and teaching of a Pariſh. He was a burning and a ſhining light in his own time, and he ſtill ſheds a ſoftened luſtre over ours. Such men ennoble their brethren, by their beautiful union of all that is practical, with whatever is graceful in life. In them nothing is harſh or repulſive. The auſtere raiment is bound with a fair girdle. Sanderſon ſings pſalms to his own muſic; Ken warbles hymns before he ſleeps; Herbert delights to ſet anthems to his lute; and Wotton bequeaths his viol to a friend.

O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what bleſſedneſs to die!
Methinks their very names ſhine ſtill and bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a ſummer night:
Or lonely tapers, when from far they fling
A guiding-ray; or ſeem, like ſtars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring.*

* Wordsworth, iv. 102.

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THE TEMPLE.

The Dedication.

Lord, my firſt fruits preſent themſelves to thee;
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And muſt return. Accept of them and me,
And make us ſtrive, who ſhall ſing beſt thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither, who ſhall make a gain:
Theirs, who ſhall hurt themſelves or me, refrain.

The Church Porch.

Perirrhanterium.

THOU, whoſe ſweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treaſure,
Hearken unto a Verſer, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleaſure:
A verſe may finde him, who a ſermon flies,
And turn delight into a ſacrifice.

Beware of luſt; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptiſme waſht with his own blood:
It blots thy leſſon written in thy ſoul;
The holy lines cannot be underſtood.
How dare thoſe eyes upon a Bible look,
Much leſſe towards God, whoſe luſt is all their book!

Abſtain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choiſe of paths: take no by-wayes;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy luſt hath bounds and ſtaies.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and ſo
If rottenneſſe have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloſer: but ſince now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrarie
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O what were man, might he himſelf miſplace!
Sure to be croſſe he would ſhift feet and face.

Drink not the third glaſſe, which thou canſt not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayſt rule it, as thou liſt, and poure the ſhame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is moſt juſt to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his ſiſter: he hath loſt the reins,
Is outlawd by himſelfe: all kinde of ill
Did with his liquor ſlide into his veins.
The drunkard forfets Man, and doth deveſt
All worldly right, ſave what he hath by beaſt.

Shall I, to pleaſe anothers wine-ſprung minde,
Loſe all mine own? God hath giv'n me a meaſure
Short of his canne, and bodie; muſt I finde
A pain in that, wherein he findes a pleaſure?
Stay at the third glaſſe: if thou loſe thy hold,
Then thou art modeſt, and the wine grows bold.

If reaſon move not Gallants, quit the room;
(All in a ſhipwrack ſhift their ſeverall way)

Let not a common ruine thee intombe:
Be not a beaſt in courteſie, but ſtay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
Wine above all things doth Gods ſtamp deface.

Yet, if thou ſinne in wine or wantonneſſe,
Boaſt not thereof; nor make thy ſhame thy glorie.
Frailtie gets pardon by ſubmiſſiveneſſe;
But he that boaſts, ſhuts that out of his ſtorie:
He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
With his poore clod of earth the ſpacious ſky.

Take not his name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuſe.
Luſt and wine plead a pleaſure, avarice gain:
But the cheap ſwearer through his open ſluce
Lets his ſoul runne for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an *Epicure*, I could bate ſwearing.

When thou doſt tell anothers jeſt, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the ſinne.
He pares his apple, that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the Vertue of that Name,*
Which is the beſt ſtake, when griefs make thee tame.

The cheapeſt ſinnes moſt dearly puniſht are;
Becauſe to ſhun them alſo is ſo cheap:
For we have wit to mark them, and to ſpare.
O crumble not away thy ſouls fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad:
Pride and full ſinnes have made the way a road.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:

*That of Chriſtian.

Cowards tells lies, and thoſe that fear the rod;
The ſtormie working ſoul ſpits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a ly:
A fault, which needs it moſt, grows two thereby.

Flie idleneſſe, which yet thou canſt not flie
By dreſſing, miſtreſſing, and complement.
If thoſe take up thy day, the ſunne will crie
Againſt thee; for his light was onely lent.
God gave thy ſoul brave wings; put not thoſe feathers
Into a bed, to ſleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magiſtrate? then be ſevere:
If ſtudious; copie fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jawes: if ſouldier,
Chaſe brave employments with a naked ſword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of ſinne, but moſt of ſloth;
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breaſt with glorie:
Thy Gentrie bleats, as if thy native cloth
Tranſſuſ'd a ſheepiſhneſſe into thy ſtorie:
Not that they all are ſo; but that the moſt
Are gone to graſſe, and in the paſture loſt.

This loſſe ſprings chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their ſonne:
Some mark a partridge, never their childes faſhion:
Some ſhip them over, and the thing is done.
Studie this art, make it thy great deſigne;
And if Gods image move thee not, let thine.

Some great eſtates provide, but do not breed
A maſt'ring minde; ſo both are loſt thereby:
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat povertie.

For he, that needs five thouſand pound to live,
Is full as poore as he, that needs but five.

The way to make thy ſonne rich, is to fill
His minde with reſt, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbes a hill,
To feel thoſe tempeſts, which fly over ditches.
But if thy ſonne can make ten pound his meaſure,
Then all thou addeſt may be call'd his treaſure.

When thou doſt purpoſe ought, (within thy power)
Be ſure to doe it, though it be but ſmall:
Conſtancie knits the bones, and makes us ſtowre,
When wanton pleaſures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himſelf:
What nature made a ſhip, he makes a ſhelf.

Doe all things like a man, not ſneakingly:
Think the king ſees thee ſtill; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocriſie:
Give it a corner, and the clue* undoes.
Who fears to do ill, ſets himſelf to taſk:
Who fears to do well, ſure ſhould wear a maſk.

Look to thy mouth: diſeaſes enter there.
Thou haſt two ſconſes, † if thy ſtomach call;
Carve, or diſcourſe; do not a famine fear.
Who carves, is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit;
And ſay withall, Earth to earth I commit.

Slight thoſe who ſay amidſt their ſickly healths,
Thou liv'ſt by rule. What doth not ſo, but man?

* Ball of thread.

† Sconce generally ſignifies a ſkull; but ſometimes alſo a bulwark: it ſeems to bear the latter meaning in this line. If hunger tempts a man to over indulgence, he has two ſafe-guards, he can either carve for others, or talk to them.

Houſes are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the truſty ſunne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line; becken the ſkie.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

Who keeps no guard upon himſelf, is ſlack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a ſhop of rules, a well-truſſ'd pack,
Whoſe every parcell under-writes a law.
Loſe not thyſelf, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means uſe ſometimes to be alone.
Salute thyſelf: ſee what thy ſoul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy cheſt; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'ſt there.
Who cannot reſt till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up houſe, turns out of doores his minde.

Be thriftie, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was ſcraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and uſe it: elſe, it is not true
That thou haſt gotten. Surely uſe alone
Makes money not a contemptible ſtone.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow ſhort, and leſſens ſtill his ſtake,
As the day leſſens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving ſtill miſdoubt ſome evil;
Leſt gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurers devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.

Gold thou mayſt ſafely touch; but if it ſtick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What ſkills it, if a bag of ſtones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raiſe thy head;
Take ſtarres for money; ſtarres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchaſed.
None is ſo waſtefull as the ſcraping dame:
She loſeth three for one; her ſoul, reſt, fame.

By no means runne in debt: take thine own meaſure.
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie: he's a man of pleaſure,
A kinde of thing that's for itſelf too deere.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And ſpares himſelf, but would his taylor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes ſeek, when worth and ſervice fail,
Would have their tale beleeved for their oathes,
And are like empty veſſels under ſail.
Old courtiers know this; therefore ſet out ſo,
As all the day thou mayſt hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handſomeneſſe doth bear the bell,
Wiſdome's a trimmer thing, than ſhop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my diſcretion will be brave.
Much curiouſneſſe is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, folly long a doing.

Play not for gain, but ſport. Who playes for more,
Than he can loſe with pleaſure, ſtakes his heart:
Perhaps his wifes too, and whom ſhe hath bore:
Servants and churches alſo play their part.
Onely a herauld, who that way doth paſſe, [glaſſe.
Findes his crakt name at length in the church-

If yet thou love game at ſo deere a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gameſters deerely coſt:
Doſt loſe? riſe up: doſt winne? riſe in that ſtate.
Who ſtrive to ſit out loſing hands, are loſt.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houſes with their whole increaſe.

In converſation boldneſſe now bears ſway.
But know, that nothing can ſo fooliſh be,
As empty boldneſſe: therefore firſt aſſay
To ſtuffe thy minde with ſolid braverie;
Then march on gallant: get ſubſtantiall worth:
Boldneſſe guilds finely, and will ſet it forth.

Be ſweet to all. Is thy complexion ſowre?
Then keep ſuch companie; make them thy allay:
Get a ſharp wife, a ſervant that will lowre.
A ſtumbler ſtumbles leaſt in rugged way.
Command thyſelf in chief. He lifes warre knows,
Whom all his paſſions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not ſpeak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break:
By great deeds ſhew, that thou canſt little do;
And do them not: that ſhall thy wiſdome be;
And change thy temperance into braverie.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be poſ'd,*
'Tis a thinne web, which poyſonous fancies make;
But the great ſouldiers honour was compoſ'd
Of thicker ſtuffe, which would endure a ſhake.
Wiſdome picks friends; civilitie playes the reſt.
A toy ſhunn'd cleanly paſſeth with the beſt.

* Be interrupted or ſtopped.

Laugh not too much: the wittie man laughs leaſt:
For wit is newes only to ignorance.
Leſſe at thine own things laugh; leſt in the jeſt
Thy perſon ſhare, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy ſport, abuſes: for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like ſtones out of thy ground,
Profaneneſſe, filthineſſe, abuſiveneſſe,
Theſe are the ſcumme, with which courſe wits abound:
The fine may ſpare theſe well, yet not go leſſe.
All things are bigge with jeſt: nothing that's plain
But may be wittie, if thou haſt the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly ſtriking
Sometimes a friend, ſometimes the engineer:
Haſt thou the knack? pamper it not with liking:
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A ſad wiſe valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and ſwallows up the cities.
The giggler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the ſport: the mirth then in him reſts,
And the ſad man is cock of all his jeſts.*

Towards great perſons uſe reſpective boldneſſe:
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine: in ſervice, care, or coldneſſe
Doth ratably† thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his ſinnes: for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

* The ſerious man wins the victory.
† Proportionably.

Envie not greatneſſe · for thou mak'ſt thereby
Thyſelf the worſe, and ſo the diſtance greater.
Be not thine own worm : yet ſuch jealouſie,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good ſpurre. Correct thy paſſions ſpite ;
Then may the beaſts draw thee to happy light.*

When baſeneſſe is exalted, do not bate
The place its honour, for the perſons ſake.
The ſhrine is that which thou doſt venerate ;
And not the beaſt, that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth of ſtate ſhould be
Not of rich arras,† but mean tapeſtrie.†

Thy friend put in thy boſome : wear his eies
Still in thy heart, that he may ſee what's there.
If cauſe require, thou art his ſacrifice ;
Thy drops of bloud muſt pay down all his fear ;
But love is loſt ; the way of friendſhip's gone ;
Though David had his Jonathan, Chriſt his John.

Yet be not ſurety, if thou be a father.
Love is a perſonall debt. I cannot give
My childrens right, nor ought he take it : rather
Both friends ſhould die, than hinder them to live.
Fathers firſt enter bonds to natures ends ;
And are her ſureties, ere they are a friend's.

If thou be ſingle, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love ; but yet not more then all.
Give one eſtate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himſelf to thrall.

* The ſanctified paſſions become inſtruments of a bleſſing.
† Both words are uſed indiſcriminately for cloth woven in regular figures.

God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakneſſe ſcore.

In thy diſcourſe, if thou deſire to pleaſe:
All ſuch is courteous, uſefull, new, or wittie:
Uſefulneſſe comes by labour, wit by eaſe;
Courteſie grows in court; news in the citie.
Get a good ſtock of theſe, then draw the card;
That ſuites him beſt, of whom thy ſpeech is heard.

Entice all neatly to what they know beſt;
For ſo thou doſt thyſelf and him a pleaſure:
(But a proud ignorance will loſe his reſt,
Rather than ſhew his cards) ſteal from his treaſure
What to aſk further. Doubts well-raiſ'd do lock
The ſpeaker to thee, and preſerve thy ſtock.

If thou be Maſter-gunner, ſpend not all
That thou canſt ſpeak, at once; but huſband it,
And give men turns of ſpeech:* do not foreſtall
By laviſhneſſe thine own, and others wit,
As if thou mad'ſt thy will. A civil gueſt
Will no more talk all, than eat all the feaſt.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceneſſe makes
Errour a fault, and truth diſcourteſie.
Why ſhould I feel another mans miſtakes
More, than his ſickneſſes or povertie?
In love I ſhould: but anger is not love,
Nor wiſdome neither; therefore gently move.†

* "Let him be ſure to leave other men their turns to ſpeak. Nay, if there be any that would reign, and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and bring others on; as muſicians uſe to do, with thoſe that dance too long Galliards." —Bacon's Eſſays, xxxii.

† Mr. Coleridge ſaid, "I do not underſtand this ſtanza." The obſcurity lies in the fifth line. The poet teaches calmneſs

Calmneſſe is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire:
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers ſuffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds: the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the ſphere.

Mark what another ſayes: for many are
Full of themſelves, and anſwer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equall care
Ballance each dramme of reaſon, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:
Share in the conqueſt, and confeſſe a troth.

Be uſeful where thou liveſt, that they may
Both want, and wiſh thy pleaſing preſence ſtill.
Kindneſſe, good parts, great places are the way
To compaſſe this. Finde out mens wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go leſſe
To the one joy of doing kindneſſes.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high:
So ſhalt thou humble and magnanimous be:

in diſputes by ſhowing that intemperate zeal takes even the grace from truth. Then he aſks, "why ſhould I feel," &c? For example, a perſon argues with me upon the climate of Egypt; he is decidedly wrong. I try to correct him. But why ſhould I trouble myſelf with his geographical errors, when I take ſo little note of his bodily wants?

"In love I ſhould, but anger is not love:"

i. e., if I were warmly attached to this man, I might have ſuch ſentiments, which are the natural breathings of love, but anger has no relationſhip to that paſſion; no, nor even that certainty of learning which is wiſdom; "therefore, gently move;" i. e. conduct the argument with ſweetneſs and diſcretion.

Sink not in ſpirit: who aimeth at the ſky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humbleneſſe
Cures both a fever and lethargickneſſe.

Let thy minde ſtill be bent, ſtill plotting where,
And when, and how the buſineſſe may be done.
Slackneſſe breeds worms; but the ſure traveller,
Though he alight ſometimes, ſtill goeth on.
Active and ſtirring ſpirits live alone:
Write on the others, Here lies ſuch a one.

Slight not the ſmalleſt loſſe, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the ſunne in every corner: ſee
Whether thy ſtock of credit ſwell or fall.
Who ſay, I care not, thoſe I give for loſt;
And to inſtruct them, 'twill not quit the coſt.

Scorn no mans love, though of a mean degree;
(Love is a preſent for a mightie king,)
Much leſſe make any one thine enemie.
As gunnes deſtroy, ſo may a little ſling.
The cunning workman never doth refuſe
The meaneſt tool, that he may chance to uſe.

All forrain* wiſdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given; whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amiſſe:
A good digeſtion turneth all to health:
And then as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all ſcores; none are ſo cleare as they.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name; but ſcorn their ill:

* Foreign.

Embrace their activeneſſe, not vanities.
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou obſerveſt ſtrangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlineſſe,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flowre.
Slovens take up their ſtock of noiſomeneſſe
Beforehand, and anticipate their laſt houre.
Let thy mindes ſweetneſs have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain, then to give
Onely thy ſingle market-money for it.
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all ſomething; to a good poore man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is Gods image; but a poore man is
Chriſts ſtamp to boot;* both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his:
Write, So much giv'n to God; thou ſhalt be heard.
Let thy almes go before, and keep heav'ns gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Reſtore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole eſtate.
Sundaies obſerve: think when the bells do chime,†
'Tis angels muſick; therefore come not late.

* In addition.

† Southey ſays beautifully of the church chime, that "it is a muſic hallowed by all circumſtances, which, according equally with ſocial exultation, and with ſolitary penſiveneſs, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find ſome hearts which it exhilarates, and ſome which it ſoftens."

God then deals bleſſings: If a king did ſo,
Who would not haſte, nay give, to ſee the ſhow?

Twice on the day his due is underſtood;
For all the week thy food ſo oft he gave thee.
Thy cheere is mended; bate not of the food,
Becauſe 'tis better, and perhaps may ſave thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O be not croſſe.
Faſt when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not loſſe.

Though private prayer be a brave deſigne,
Yet publick hath more promiſes, more love:
And love's a weight to hearts, to eies a ſigne.
We all are but cold ſuitors; let us move
Where it is warmeſt. Leave thy ſix and ſeven;
Pray with the moſt: for where moſt pray, is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare.
God is more there, then thou: for thou art there
Onely by his permiſſion. Then beware,
And make thyſelf all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're ſpoil'd ſilk ſtocking: quit thy ſtate.
All equall are within the churches gate.

Reſort to ſermons, but to prayers moſt:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be dreſt;
Stay not for th' other pin: why thou haſt loſt
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jeſt
Away thy bleſſings, and extreamly flout* thee,
Thy clothes being faſt, but thy ſoul looſe about thee.

In time of ſervice ſeal up both thine eies,
And ſend them to thine heart; that ſpying ſinne,
They may weep out the ſtains by them did riſe:
Thoſe doores being ſhut, all by the eare comes in.

* Mock.

Who marks in church-time others ſymmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or buſie thoughts have there no part:
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleaſures thither.
Chriſt purg'd his temple; ſo muſt thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin* thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches either are our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy Judge:
If thou miſlike him, thou conceiv'ſt him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.
The worſt ſpeak ſomething good: if all want ſenſe,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.
He that by being at church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With ſaints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine.

Jeſt not at preachers language or expreſſion:
How know'ſt thou, but thy ſinnes made him miſcarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him, whatſoe'er he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None ſhall in hell ſuch bitter pangs endure
As thoſe, who mock at Gods way of ſalvation.
Whom oil and balſames kill, what ſalve can cure?
They drink with greedineſſe a full damnation.

* Deceive.

The Jews refuſed thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

Summe up at night, what thou haſt done by day;*
And in the morning, what thou haſt to do.
Dreſſe† and undreſſe thy ſoul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, ſince we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Defer not the leaſt vertue: lifes poore ſpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill; the joy fades, not the pains:
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE CHURCH.

Superliminare.‡

THOU, whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
Thy ſelf in church; approach, and taſte
The churches myſticall repaſt.

* So Sir Charles Bawdin, in Chatterton's Briſtowe tragedy:

And none can ſay but alle my lyffe,
I have his wordyes kept;
And ſummed the actions of the day
Eche nighte before I ſlept.

† "To dreſs a ſoul for a funeral is not a work to be diſpatched at one meeting."—Taylor, HOLY DYING, ch. v. 2.

‡ The Threſhold.

Avoid profaneneſſe; come not here:
Nothing but holy, pure, and cleare,
Or that which groneth to be ſo,
May at his perill further go.

The Altar.

A BROKEN Altar, Lord, thy ſervant reares,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares:
Whoſe parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workmans tool hath touch'd the ſame.
A Heart alone
Is ſuch a ſtone,
As nothing but
Thy pow'r doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praiſe thy name:
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
Theſe ſtones to praiſe thee may not ceaſe.
O let thy bleſſed Sacrifice be mine,
And ſanctifie this Altar to be thine.

The Sacrifice.

OH all ye, who paſſe by, whoſe eyes and minde
To worldly things are ſharp, but to me blinde;
To me, who took eyes that I might you finde:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Princes of my people make a head
Againſt their Maker: they do wiſh me dead,
Who cannot wiſh, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like mine?

Without me each one, who doth now me brave,
Had to this day been an Egyptian ſlave.
They uſe that power againſt me, which I gave:
Was ever grief like mine?

Mine own Apoſtle, who the bag did beare,
Though he had all I had, did not forbeare
To ſell me alſo, and to put me there:
Was ever grief like mine?

For thirtie pence he did my death deviſe,
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half ſo ſweet as my ſweet ſacrifice:
Was ever grief like mine?

Therefore my ſoul melts, and my hearts deare treaſure
Drops bloud (the only beads) my words to meaſure:
O let this cup paſſe, if it be thy pleaſure:
Was ever grief like mine?

Theſe drops being temper'd with a ſinners tears,
A Balſome are for both the Hemiſpheres,
Curing all wounds, but mine; all, but my fears.
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet my Diſciples ſleep: I cannot gain
One houre of watching; but their drowſie brain
Comforts not me, and doth my doctrine ſtain:
Was ever grief like mine?

Ariſe, ariſe, they come. Look how they runne
Alas? what haſte they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they ſeek the ſunne!
Was ever grief like mine?

With clubs and ſtaves they ſeek me, as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Moſt true to thoſe who are my greateſt grief:
Was ever grief like mine?

Judas, doſt thou betray me with a kiſſe?
Canſt thou finde hell about my lips? and miſſe
Of life, juſt at the gates of life and bliſſe?
Was ever grief like mine?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie; yet at their commands
I ſuffer binding, who have looſ'd their bands:
Was ever grief like mine?

All my Diſciples flie; fear puts a barre
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the ſtarre,
That brought the wiſe men of the Eaſt from farre:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then from one ruler to another bound
They leade me: urging, that it was not ſound
What I taught: Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief like mine?

The Prieſts and rulers all falſe witneſſe ſeek
'Gainſt him, who ſeeks not life, but is the meek
And readie Paſchal Lambe of this great week:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they accuſe me of great blaſphemie,
That I did thruſt into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie:
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said, that I the Temple to the floore
In three days raz'd,* and raiſed as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then they condemne me all with that ſame breath,
Which I do give them daily, unto death.
Thus Adam my firſt breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

They binde, and leade me unto Herod: he
Sends me to Pilate. This makes them agree;
But yet their friendſhip is my enmitie.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod and all his bands do ſet me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hoſts and might.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herod in judgment ſits, while I do ſtand;
Examines me with a cenſorious hand:
I him obey, who all things elſe command:
Was ever grief like mine?

The Jews accuſe me with deſpitefulneſſe;
And vying malice with my gentleneſſe,
Pick quarrels with their onely happineſſe:
Was ever grief like mine?

* Overthrew.

I anſwer nothing, but with patience prove
If ſtonie hearts will melt with gentle love.
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like mine?

My ſilence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into my boſome flie,
Becauſe the raging waters ſtill are high:
Was ever grief like mine?

Hark how they crie aloud ſtill, Crucifie:
It is not fit he live a day, they crie,
Who cannot live leſſe than eternally:
Was ever grief like mine?

Pilate a ſtranger holdeth off; but they,
Mine own deare people, cry, Away, away,
With noiſes confuſed frighting the day:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet ſtill they ſhout, and crie, and ſtop their eares,
Putting my life among their ſinnes and fears,
And therefore wiſh my bloud on them and theirs:
Was ever grief like mine?

See how ſpite cankers things. Theſe words aright
Uſed, and wiſhed, are the whole worlds light:
But hony is their gall, brightneſſe their night:
Was ever grief like mine?

They chooſe a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themſelves a courteſie;
For it was their own cauſe who killed me:
Was ever grief like mine?

And a ſeditious murderer he was :
But I the Prince of peace ; peace that doth paſſe
All underſtanding, more than heav'n doth glaſſe :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Why, Ceſar is their onely King, not I :
He clave the ſtonie rock, when they were drie ;
But ſurely not their hearts, as I well trie :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Ah ! how they ſcourge me ! yet my tenderneſſe
Doubles each laſh : and yet their bitterneſſe
Windes up my grief to a myſteriouſneſſe :
Was ever grief like mine ?

They buffet me, and box me as they liſt,
Who graſp the earth and heaven with my fiſt,
And never yet, whom I would puniſh, miſſ'd :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Behold, they ſpit on me in ſcornfull wiſe ;
Who by my ſpittle gave the blinde man eies,
Leaving his blindneſſe to mine enemies :
Was ever grief like mine ?

My face they cover, though it be divine.
As Moſes face was vailed, ſo is mine,
Leſt on their double-dark ſouls either ſhine :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are wittie :
Now propheſie who ſtrikes thee, is their dittie.
So they in me denie themſelves all pitie :
Was ever grief like mine ?

And now I am deliver'd unto death,
Which each one cals for ſo with utmoſt breath,
That he before me well-nigh ſuffereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

Weep not, deare friends, ſince I for both have wept:
When all my tears were bloud, the while you ſlept:
Your tears for your own fortunes ſhould be kept:
Was ever grief like mine?

The ſouldiers lead me to the common hall;
There they deride me, they abuſe me all;
Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with a ſcarlet robe they me aray;
Which ſhews my bloud to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repair mans decay:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear;
For theſe are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I my vine planted and watred there:
Was ever grief like mine?

So ſits the earths great curſe in Adams fall
Upon my head; ſo I remove it all
From th' earth unto my brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like mine?

Then with the reed they gave to me before,
They ſtrike my head, the rock from whence all ſtore
Of heav'nly bleſſings iſſue evermore:
Was ever grief like mine?

They bow their knees to me, and cry, Hail king:
What ever ſcoffes or ſcornfulneſſe can bring,
I am the floore, the ſink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet ſince mans ſcepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds;
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like mine?

The ſouldiers alſo ſpit upon that face
Which Angels did deſire to have the grace,
And Prophets once to ſee, but found no place:
Was ever grief like mine?

Thus trimmed forth they bring me to the rout,
Who Crucifie him, crie with one ſtrong ſhout.
God holds his peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief like mine?

They leade me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they leade me out agen.
Whom devils flie, thus is he toſſ'd of men:
Was ever grief like mine?

And now wearie of ſport, glad to ingroſſe
All ſpite in one, counting my life their loſſe,
They carrie me to my moſt bitter croſſe:
Was ever grief like mine?

My croſſe I bear my ſelf, untill I faint:
Then Simon bears it for me by conſtraint,
The decreed burden of each mortall Saint:
Was ever grief like mine?

O all ye who paſſe by, behold and ſee :
Man ſtole the fruit, but I muſt climbe the tree ;
The tree of life to all, but onely me :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of ſinne,
The greater world o' th' two ; for that came in
By words, but this by ſorrow I muſt win :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Such ſorrow, as if ſinful man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not ceaſe to kneel,
Till all were melted, though he were all ſteel.
Was ever grief like mine ?

But, O my God, my God ! why leav'ſt thou me,
The ſonne, in whom thou doſt delight to be ?
My God, my God———
Never was grief like mine.

Shame tears my ſoul, my bodie many a wound ;
Sharp nails pierce this, but ſharper that confound ;
Reproches, which are free, while I am bound :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Now heal thyſelf, Phyſician ; now come down.
Alas ! I did ſo, when I left my crown
And fathers ſmile for you, to feel his frown :
Was ever grief like mine ?

In healing not myſelf, there doth conſiſt
All that ſalvation, which ye now reſiſt ;
Your ſafetie in my ſickneſſe doth ſubſiſt :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Betwixt two theeves I ſpend my utmoſt breath,
As he that for ſome robberie ſuffereth,
Alas! what have I ſtollen from you? death:
Was ever grief like mine?

A king my title is, prefixt on high;
Yet by my ſubjects am condemn'd to die
A ſervile death in ſervile companie:
Was ever grief like mine?

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,
But more with malice: yet, when they did call,
With Manna, Angels food, I fed them all:
Was ever grief like mine?

They part my garments, and by lot diſpoſe
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd thoſe
Who ſought for help, never malicious foes:
Was ever grief like mine?

Nay, after death their ſpite ſhall further go;
For they will pierce my ſide, I full well know;
That as ſinne came, ſo Sacraments might flow:
Was ever grief like mine?

But now I die; now all is finiſhed.
My wo, mans weal:* and now I bow my head:
Onely let others ſay, when I am dead,
Never was grief like mine.

* Good

The Thankſgiving.

OH King of grief! (a title ſtrange, yet true,
To thee of all kings onely due)
Oh King of wounds! how ſhall I grieve for thee,
Who in all grief preventeſt me?
Shall I weep bloud? why, thou haſt wept ſuch ſtore,
That all thy body was one doore.
Shall I be ſcourged, flouted, boxed, ſold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why doſt thou part from me?
Was ſuch a grief as cannot be.
Shall I then ſing, ſkipping, thy dolefull ſtorie,
And ſide with thy triumphant glorie?
Shall thy ſtrokes be my ſtroking? thorns, my flower?
Thy rod, my poſie? croſſe, my bower?
But how then ſhall I imitate thee, and
Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand?
Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
And trie who ſhall victorious prove.
If thou doſt give me wealth; I will reſtore
All back unto thee by the poore.
If thou doſt give me honour; men ſhall ſee,
The honour doth belong to thee.
I will not marry; or, if ſhe be mine,
She and her children ſhall be thine.
My boſome friend, if he blaſpheme thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the reſt I give
Unto ſome Chapell, die or live.
As for thy paſſion—But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For thy predeſtination, I'le contrive,
That three years hence, if I ſurvive,

I'le build a ſpittle,* or mend common wayes,
But mend mine own without delayes.
Then I will uſe the works of thy creation,
As if I uſ'd them but for a faſhion.
The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare
Shall not perceive, that I am here.
My muſick ſhall finde thee, and ev'ry ſtring
Shall have his attribute to ſing;
That all together may accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmonie.
If thou ſhalt give me wit, it ſhall appeare,
If thou haſt giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will reade thy booke, and never move
Till I have found therein thy love;
Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on thee,
Oh my deare Saviour, Victorie!
Then for thy paſſion—I will do for that—
Alas, my God, I know not what.

The Repriſall.

I HAVE conſider'd it, and finde
There is no dealing with thy mighty paſſion?
For though I die for thee, I am behinde;
My ſinnes deſerve the condemnation.

O make me innocent, that I
May give a diſentangled ſtate and free;
And yet thy wounds ſtill my attempts defie,
For by thy death I die for thee.

* An old colloquial abbreviation of hoſpital.

Ah! was it not enough that thou
By thy eternall glorie didſt outgo me?
Couldſt thou not griefs ſad conqueſts me allow,
But in all victʼries overthrow me?

Yet by confeſſion will I come
Into the conqueſt. Though I can do nought
Againſt thee, in thee I will overcome
The man, who once againſt thee fought.*

The Agonie.

PHILOSOPHERS have meaſured mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of ſeas, of ſtates, and kings,
Walk'd with a ſtaffe to heav'n, and traced fountains:
But there are two vaſt, ſpacious things,
The which to meaſure it doth more behove:
Yet few there are that ſound them; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
Unto mount Olivet; there ſhall he ſee
A man ſo wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His ſkinne, his garments bloudie be.
Sinne is that preſſe† and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him aſſay,
And taſte that juice, which on the croſſe a pike
Did ſet again abroach;‡ then let him ſay
If ever he did taſte the like.

* The old man in the heart, ſubdued by grace.
† "I have trodden the wine-preſs alone."—Iſaiah lxiii. 3.
‡ A word of Chaucer, to tap.

Love is that liquour ſweet and moſt divine,
Which my God feels as bloud; but I, as wine.

The Sinner.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I ſeek
What I have treaſur'd in my memorie!
Since, if my ſoul make even with the week,
Each ſeventh note by right is due to thee.
I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But ſhreds of holineſſe, that dare not venture
To ſhew their face, ſince croſſe to thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.
In ſo much dregs the quinteſſence is ſmall:
The ſpirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, reſtore thine image, heare my call:
And though my hard heart ſcarce to thee can grone,
Remember that thou once didſt write in ſtone.

Good Friday.

OMY chief good,
How ſhall I meaſure out thy bloud?
How ſhall I count what thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I thy woes
Number according to thy foes?
Or, ſince one ſtarre ſhow'd thy firſt breath,
Shall all thy death?

Or ſhall each leaf,
Which falls in Autumne, ſcore* a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be ſigne,
Of the true vine?

Then let each houre
Of my whole life one grief devoure;
That thy diſtreſſe through all may runne,
And be my ſunne.

Or rather let
My ſeverall ſinnes their ſorrows get;
That as each beaſt his cure doth know,
Each ſinne may ſo.

Since bloud is fitteſt, Lord, to write
Thy ſorrows in, and bloudie fight;
My heart hath ſtore; write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and ſinne:

That when ſinne ſpies ſo many foes,
Thy whips, thy nails, thy wounds, thy woes,
All come to lodge there, ſinne may ſay,
No room for me, and flie away.

Sinne being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep poſſeſſion with thy grace;
Leſt ſinne take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

Redemption.

HAVING been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I reſolved to be bold,
And make a ſuit unto him, to afford
A new ſmall-rented leaſe, and cancell th' old.

* Mark or notch.

In heaven at his manour I him ſought:
They told me there, that he was lately gone
About ſome land, which he had dearly bought
Long ſince on earth, to take poſſeſſion.

I ſtraight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
Sought him accordingly in great reſorts;
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a ragged noiſe and mirth

Of theeves and murderers: there I him eſpied,
Who ſtraight, Your ſuit is granted, ſaid, and died.

RECEIVED,
FEB 12 1903
Washington, D.C.

Sepulchre.

O BLESSED bodie! Whither art thou thrown?
No lodging for thee, but a cold hard ſtone?
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive thee?

Sure there is room within our hearts good ſtore;
For they can lodge tranſgreſſions by the ſcore:
Thouſands of toyes dwell there, yet out of doore
They leave thee.

But that which ſhews them large, ſhews them unfit.
Whatever ſinne did this pure rock commit,
Which holds thee now? Who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up ſtones to brain* thee,
And miſſing this, moſt falſely did arraigne thee;
Onely theſe ſtones in quiet entertain thee,
And order.

And as of old, the law by heav'nly art,
Was writ in ſtone; ſo thou, which alſo art
The letter of the word, find'ſt no fit heart
To hold thee.

Yet do we ſtill perſiſt as we began,
And ſo ſhould periſh, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold thee.

Eaſter.

RISE heart; thy Lord is riſen. Sing his praiſe
Without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewiſe
With him mayſt riſe:
That, as his death calcined thee to duſt,
His life may make thee gold, and much more juſt.

Awake, my lute, and ſtruggle for thy part
With all thy art
The croſſe taught all wood to reſound his name
Who bore the ſame.
His ſtretched ſinews taught all ſtrings, what key
Is beſt to celebrate this moſt high day.

* To beat out the brains; hence comes the modern phraſe, to "knock a ſcheme upon the head"

Conſort both heart and lute, and twiſt a ſong
Pleaſant and long :
Or ſince all muſick is but three parts vied*
And multiplied ;
O let thy bleſſed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his ſweet art.

I got me flowers to ſtraw thy way ;
I got me boughs off many a tree :
But thou waſt up by break of day,
And broughtſt thy ſweets along with thee.

The Sunne ariſing in the Eaſt,
Though he give light, and th' Eaſt perfume ;
If they ſhould offer to conteſt
With thy ariſing, they preſume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many ſunnes to ſhine endeavour ?
We count three hundred, but we miſſe :
There is but one, and that one ever.

* To "vie" was a term uſed in an old game of cards, called Gluck ; here it means the contraſts in muſic, where each variation appears to contend with the other.

Eaſter Wings.

LORD, who createdſt man in wealth and ſtore,
Though fooliſhly he loſt the ſame,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Moſt poor:

With thee
O let me riſe
As larks, harmoniouſly,
And ſing this day thy Victories:
Then ſhall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in ſorrow did beginne:
And ſtill with ſickneſſes and ſhame
Thou didſt ſo puniſh ſinne,
That I became
Moſt thinne.

With thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victorie,
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction ſhall advance the flight in me.

Holy Baptiſme.

AS he that ſees a dark and ſhadie grove,
Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the ſkie;
So when I view my ſinnes, mine eyes remove
More backward ſtill, and to that water flie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whoſe ſpring and rent
Is in my dear Redeemers pierced ſide.
O bleſſed ſtreams! either ye do prevent
And ſtop our ſinnes from growing thick and wide,

Or elſe give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption meaſures all my time,
And ſpreads the plaiſter equall to the crime:
You taught the book of life my name, that ſo,
Whatever future ſinnes ſhould me miſcall,
Your firſt acquaintance might diſcredit all.

Holy Baptiſme.

SINCE, Lord, to thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the paſſage, on my infancie
Thou didſt lay hold and antedate
My faith in me.

O let me ſtill
Write thee great God, and me a childe:
Let me be ſoft and ſupple to thy will,
Small to myſelf, to others milde,
Behither* ill.

Although by ſtealth
My fleſh get on; yet let her ſiſter
My ſoul bid nothing, but preſerve her wealth:
The growth of fleſh is but a bliſter;
Childhood is health.†

* On this ſide of, or except in anything evil.

† So Chryſoſtom: "The office of repentance is, when they have been made new, and then become old through ſins, to free them from their oldneſs, and make them new; but it cannot

Nature.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That thou haſt ought to do with me.
O tame my heart;
It is thy higheſt art
To captivate ſtrong holds to thee.

If thou ſhalt let this venome lurk,
And in ſuggeſtions fume and work,
My ſoul will turn to bubbles ſtraight,
And thence by kinde
Vaniſh into a winde,
Making thy workmanſhip deceit.

O ſmooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear;
Or make a new one, ſince the old
Is ſapleſſe grown,
And a much fitter ſtone
To hide my duſt, then thee to hold.

Sinne.

LORD, with what care haſt thou begirt us round!
Parents firſt ſeaſon us: then ſchoolmaſters
Deliver us to laws; they ſend us bound
To rules of reaſon, holy meſſengers,

bring them to their former brightneſs; for then the whole was good."

Pulpits and ſundayes, ſorrow* dogging ſinne,
Afflictions ſorted, anguiſh of all ſizes,
Fine nets and ſtratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of ſurpriſes,

Bleſſings beforehand, tyes of gratefulneſſe,
The ſound of glorie ringing in our eares;
Without, our ſhame; within, our conſciences;
Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all theſe fences and their whole aray
One cunning boſome-ſinne blows quite away.

Affliction.†

WHEN firſt thou didſt entice to thee my heart,
I thought the ſervice brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Beſides what I might have
Out of my ſtock of naturall delights,
Augmented with thy gracious benefits.

* Fear dread events that dog them both.—COMUS, 405.

† "He would often ſay, 'he had too thoughtful a wit; a wit like a penknife, in too narrow a ſheath, too ſharp for his body.' But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the Univerſity, or to travel; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he could by no means ſatiſfy his own deſires at ſo dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful ſon to ſo affectionate a mother; but did always ſubmit to her wiſdom. And what I have now ſaid may partly appear in a copy of verſes in his printed Poems; it is one of thoſe that bear the title of 'Affliction.'"—ISAAK WALTON.

I looked on thy furniture ſo fine,
And made it fine to me;
Thy glorious houſhold-ſtuffe did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto thee.
Such ſtarres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleaſures could I want, whoſe King I ſerved,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reſerved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my ſudden ſoul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceneſſe ſeek thy face:

At firſt thou gav'ſt me milk and ſweetneſſes;
I had my wiſh and way:
My days were ſtraw'd with flow'rs and happineſſes;
There was no moneth* but May.
But with my yeares ſorrow did twiſt and grow,
And made a party unawares for wo.

My fleſh began† unto my ſoul in pain,
Sickneſſes cleave my bones,
Conſuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my ſoul: I ſcarce beleeved,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

* Month.

† An old idiom ſtill uſed in Scotland; it is found in Shakeſpere:—

"Then 'began' the tempeſt to my ſoul."
Richard III., Act i. ſc. 4.

When I got health, thou took'ſt away my life,
And more; for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was loſt; a blunted knife
Was of more uſe then I.
Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry ſtorm and winde.

Whereas my birth and ſpirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didſt betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of ſtrife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the ſiege to raiſe,
Not ſimpring all mine age,
Thou often didſt with Academick praiſe
Melt and diſſolve my rage.
I took thy ſweetened pill, till I came neare;
I could not go away, nor perſevere.

Yet leſt perchance I ſhould too happie be
In my unhappineſſe,
Turning my purge to food, thou throweſt me
Into more ſickneſſes.
Thus doth thy power croſs-bias* me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will ſhow:
I reade, and ſigh, and wiſh I were a tree;
For ſure then I ſhould grow

* An image taken from the bowling-green. So Donne, ſpeaking of little ſins leading a man to greater: "it is impoſſible to say where a bowl may lie, that is let fall down a hill, though it be let never ſo gently out of the hand."—SERM. cliii.

To fruit or ſhade: at leaſt ſome bird would truſt
Her houſhold to me, and I ſhould be juſt.

Yet, though thou troubleſt me, I muſt be meek;
In weakneſſe muſt be ſtout.
Well, I will change the ſervice, and go ſeek
Some other maſter out.
Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

Repentance.

LORD, I confeſſe my ſinne is great;
Great is my ſinne. Oh! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentarie bloom;
Whoſe life ſtill preſſing
Is one undreſſing,
A ſteadie aiming at a tombe.

Mans age is two houres work, or three;
Each day doth round about us ſee.
Thus are we to delights: but we are all
To ſorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adams fall.

O let thy height of mercie then
Compaſſionate ſhort-breathed men,
Cut me not off for my moſt foul tranſgreſſion:
I do confeſſe
My fooliſhneſſe;
My God, accept of my confeſſion.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou haſt pour'd into my ſoul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair weather:
For if thou ſtay,
I and this day,
As we did riſe, we die together.

When thou for ſinne rebukeſt man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan:
Bitterneſſe fills our bowels; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carrie with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt ſinne and grief deſtroy;
That ſo the broken bones may joy,*
And tune together in a well-ſet ſong,
Full of his praiſes
Who dead men raiſes.
Fractures well cur'd make us more ſtrong.

Faith.

LORD, how couldſt thou ſo much appeaſe
Thy wrath for ſinne, as when mans ſight was dimme,
And could ſee little, to regard his eaſe
And bring by Faith all things to him?

* "Thou ſhalt make me hear of joy and gladneſs, that the bones which thou haſt broken may rejoice."—Psa. li. 9.

Hungrie I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a moſt delicious feaſt;
I had it ſtraight, and did as truly eat,
As ever did a welcome gueſt.

There is a rare outlandiſh root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
That apprehenſion cur'd ſo well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owed thouſands and much more:
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Beleeves ſo too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any thing, or all
That I beleeve is in the ſacred ſtorie:
And where ſinne placeth me in Adams fall,
Faith ſets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower than the common manger?
Faith puts me there with him, who ſweetly took
Our fleſh and frailtie, death and danger.

If bliſſe had lien in art or ſtrength,
None but the wiſe or ſtrong had gained it:
Where now by Faith all arms are of a length;
One ſize doth all conditions fit.

A peaſant may beleeve as much
As a great Clerk, and reach the higheſt ſtature.
Thus doſt thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no reall light
Inherent in them, thou didſt make the ſunne,
Impute a luſtre, and allow them bright:
And in this ſhew, what Chriſt hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushie groves, pricking the lookers eie,
Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene:
And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my bodie run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

Prayer.

PRAYER, the Churches banquet, Angels age,
Gods breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth;

Engine against th' Almightie, sinner's towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune, which all things heare and fear;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well dresst,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the souls bloud,
The land of spices, something understood.

The Holy Communion.

NOT in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now thyself convey;
For so thou should'st without me still have been,
Leaving within me sinne:

But by the way of nouriſhment and ſtrength,
Thou creep'ſt into my breaſt;
Making thy way my reſt,
And thy ſmall quantities my length;
Which ſpread their forces into every part,
Meeting ſinnes force and art.

Yet can theſe not get over to my ſoul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our ſouls and fleſhly hearts;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebel-fleſh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both ſinne and ſhame.

Onely thy grace, which with theſe elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the ſouls moſt ſubtile* rooms:
While thoſe to ſpirits refin'd, at doore attend
Deſpatches from their friend.

Give me my captive ſoul, or take
My body alſo thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that ſinne turn'd fleſh to ſtone,
And all our lump to leaven;
A fervent ſigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For ſure when Adam did not know
To ſinne, or ſinne to ſmother;
He might to heav'n from Paradiſe go,
As from one room t' another.

* The moſt fine, delicate, or retired feelings.

Thou haſt reſtor'd us to this eaſe
By this thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to, when I pleaſe,
And leave th' earth to their food.

Antiphon.*

Cho. LET all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
His praiſe may thither flie:
The earth is not to low,
His praiſes there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Vers. The church with pſalms muſt ſhout,
No doore can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Muſt bear the longeſt part.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner ſing,
My God and King.

Love.

I.

IMMORTALL Love, authour of this great frame,
Sprung from that beautie which can never fade;
How hath man parcel'd out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that duſt which thou haſt made.

* The Chant, or ſinging of a choir in church; in which ſtrain anſwers ſtrain.

While mortall love doth all the title gain!
Which ſiding with invention, they together
Bear all the ſway, poſſeſſing heart and brain,
(Thy workmanſhip) and give thee ſhare in neither.

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiſeth wit:
The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
Thou ſtanding by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

Who ſings thy praiſe? onely a ſkarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II.

IMMORTALL Heat, O let thy greater flame
Attract the leſſer to it: let thoſe fires
Which ſhall conſume the world, firſt make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts ſuch true deſires,

As may conſume our luſts, and make thee way.
Then ſhall our hearts pant thee; then ſhall our brain
All her invention on thine Altar lay,
And there in hymnes ſend back thy fire again:

Our eies ſhall ſee thee, which before ſaw duſt;
Duſt blown by wit, till that they both were blinde:
Thou ſhalt recover all thy gods in kinde,
Who wert diſſeized* by uſurping luſt:

All knees ſhall bow to thee; all wits ſhall riſe,
And praiſe him who did make and mend our eies.

* Diſpoſſeſſed.

The Temper.

HOW ſhould I praiſe thee, Lord! how ſhould my rymes
Gladly engrave thy love in ſteel,
If what my ſoul doth feel ſometimes,
My ſoul might ever feel!

Although there were ſome fourtie heav'ns or more,
Sometimes I peere* above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a ſcore,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to ſuch a vaſt extent;
Thoſe diſtances belong to thee:
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt thou meet arms with man, that thou doſt ſtretch
A crumme of duſt from heav'n to hell?
Will great God meaſure with a wretch?
Shall he thy ſtature ſpell?

O let me, when thy roof my ſoul hath hid,
O let me rooſt and neſtle there:
Then of a ſinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take thy way; for ſure thy way is beſt:
Stretch or contract me thy poore debter:
This is but tuning of my breaſt,
To make the muſick better.

* And hell itſelf will paſs away,
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering day."
Milton: ODE ON NATIVITY, 140.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with duſt,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and truſt,
Make one place everywhere.

The Temper.

IT cannot be. Where is that mightie joy,
Which juſt now took up all my heart?
Lord! if thou muſt needs uſe thy dart,
Save that, and me; or ſin for both deſtroy

The groſſer world ſtands to thy word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace
Thou ſuddenly doſt raiſe and race,†
And every day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May alſo fix their reverence:
For when thou doſt depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and ſit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee:
Though elements change, and heaven move;
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a ſtanding Majeſtie in me.

* Lord Herbert of Cherbury tells us that the only fault of his brother George was a quick and paſſionate temper.

† Set out.

Jordan.

WHO ſayes that fictions onely and falſe hair
Become a verſe? Is there in truth no beautie?
Is all good ſtructure in a winding ſtair?
May no lines paſſe, except they do their dutie
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verſe, except enchanted groves
And ſudden arbours ſhadow coarſe-ſpunne lines?
Muſt purling ſtreams refreſh a lover's loves?
Muſt all be vail'd, while he that reades, divines,
Catching the ſenſe at two removes?

Shepherds are honeſt people let them ſing:
Riddle who liſt, for me, and pull for Prime.†
I envie no mans nightingale or ſpring;
Nor let them puniſh me with loſs of ryme,
Who plainly ſay, My God, My King.

Employment.

IF as a flowre doth ſpread and die,
Thou wouldſt extend me to ſome good,
Before I were by froſts extremitie
Nipt in the bud;

The ſweetneſſe and the praiſe were thine;
But the extenſion and the room,
Which in thy garland I ſhould fill, were mine
At thy great doom.

* Donne, in his ſecond ſatire, ſpeaks of "Maids pulling prime," but Nares was unable to explain the phraſe.

For as thou doſt impart thy grace,
The greater ſhall our glorie be.
The meaſure of our joyes is in this place,
The ſtuffe with thee.

Let me not languiſh then, and ſpend
A life as barren to thy praiſe
As is the duſt, to which that life doth tend,
But with delaies.

All things are buſie; only I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor flowres to make that, nor the huſbandrie
To water theſe.

I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed.
Lord, place me in thy conſort; give one ſtrain
To my poore reed.

The Holy Scriptures.

PART I.

OH Book! infinite ſweetneſſe! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain,
Precious for any grief in any part;
To cleare the breaſt, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
A full eternitie: thou art a maſſe
Of ſtrange delights, where we may wiſh and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glaſſe,

That mends the lookers eyes: this is the well
That waſtes what it ſhows. Who can indeare
Thy praiſe too much? thou art heav'ns Lidger* here,
Working againſt the ſtates of death and hell.

Thou art joyes handſell:† heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

PART II.

OH that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glorie!
Seeing not only how each verſe doth ſhine,
But all the conſtellations of the ſtorie.

This verſe marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as diſperſed herbs do match ‡ a potion,
Theſe three make up ſome Chriſtians deſtinie.

Such are thy ſecrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing
Thy words do finde me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me underſtood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do miſſe
This book of ſtarres lights to eternall bliſſe.

* Leaguer, or confederate.

† An earneſt of ſomething to follow.

‡ All the editions read watch, which is evidently wrong; match ſeems to make the line intelligible; the ſcattered herbs brought together from different places compoſe or make up the potion, or medicinal drink.

Whitſunday.

LISTEN ſweet Dove unto my ſong,
And ſpread thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart ſo long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.

Where is that fire which once deſcended
On thy Apoſtles? thou didſt then
Keep open houſe, richly attended,
Feaſting all comers by twelve choſen men.

Such glorious gifts thou didſt beſtow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare:
The ſtarres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and ſerve here.

The ſunne, which once did ſhine alone,
Hung down his head, and wiſht for night,
When he beheld twelve ſunnes for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

But ſince thoſe pipes of gold, which brought
That cordiall water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of thoſe who did themſelves through their ſide wound

Thou ſhutt'ſt the doore, and keep'ſt within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink:
And if the braves of conqu'ring ſinne
Did not excite thee, we ſhould wholly ſink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the ſame;
The ſame ſweet God of love and light:
Reſtore this day, for thy great name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

Grace.

MY ſtock lies dead, and no increaſe
Doth my dull huſbandrie improve
O let thy graces without ceaſe
Drop from above!

If ſtill the ſunne ſhould hide his face,
Thy houſe would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works nights captives: O let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And ſhall the dew outſtrip thy dove?
The dew, for which graſſe cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is ſtill working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my ſoul
Drop from above.

Sinne is ſtill hammering my heart
Unto a hardneſſe, void of love:
Let ſuppling grace, to croſſe his art,
Drop from above.

O come! for thou doſt know the way.
Or if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me, where I need not ſay—
Drop from above.

Praiſe.

TO write a verſe or two, is all the praiſe,
That I can raiſe:
Mend my eſtate in any wayes,
Thou ſhalt have more.

I go to Church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie;
Or, if I mount unto the ſkie,
I will do more.

Man is all weakneſſe; there is no ſuch thing
As Prince or King:
His arm is ſhort; yet with a ſling
He may do more.

A herb deſtill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the ſame floore,
To a brave ſoul: Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O raiſe me then! poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have a work, as well as they,
And much, much more.

Affliction.

KILL me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; ſince thy one death for me
Is more than all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each hour of Methuſalems ſtay.

If all mens tears were let
Into one common ſewer, ſea, and brine;
What were they all, compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were ſet,
They would diſcolour thy moſt bloudy ſweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord conceal it not: and as thou art
All my delight, ſo all my ſmart:
Thy croſſe took up in one,
By way of impreſt, all my future mone.

Mattens.*

I CANNOT ope mine eyes,
But thou art ready there to catch
My morning-ſoul and ſacrifice:
Then we muſt needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious ſtone,
Or ſtarre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all theſe things, or all of them in one?

* Morning worſhip.

My God, what is a heart,
That thou ſhouldſt it ſo eye, and woo,
Powring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadſt nothing els to do?

Indeed man's whole eſtate
Amounts (and richly) to ſerve thee:
He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet ſtudies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I ſee,
May both the work and workman ſhow:
Then by a ſunne-beam I will climb to thee.

Sinne.

O THAT I could ſinne once ſee!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath ſome good in him, all agree.
Sinne is flat oppoſite to th' Almighty, ſeeing
It wants the good of vertue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had,
If apparitions make us ſad,
By ſight of ſinne we ſhould grow mad.
Yet as in ſleep we ſee foul death, and live;
So devils are our ſinnes in proſpective

Even-ſong.

BLEST be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be buſie, and to play.
But much more bleſt be God above,

Who gave me ſight alone,
Which to himſelf he did denie:
For when he ſees my waies, I dy;
But I have got his ſonne, and he hath none.

What have I brought thee home
For this thy love? have I diſcharged the debt,
Which this dayes favour did beget?
I ranne; but all I brought, was ſome.*

Thy diet, care, and coſt
Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
Of winde to thee whom I have croſt,
But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde.

Yet ſtill thou goeſt on,
And now with darkneſſe cloſeſt wearie eyes,
Saying to man, It doth ſuffice:
Henceforth repoſe; your work is done.

Thus in thy Ebony box
Thou doſt incloſe us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our diſorder'd clocks.

* Foam.

I muſe, which ſhows more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, thou art all love.
Not one poore minute 'ſcapes thy breaſt,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I reſt.

Church-monuments.

WHILE that my ſoul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intombe my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of deaths inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt. Therefore I gladly truſt

My bodie to this ſchool, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and finde his birth
Written in duſtie heraldrie and lines;
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at Jeat,* and Marble put for ſignes,

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſſe thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Deare fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtemme
And true deſcent; that when thou ſhalt grow fat,

* Jet.

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſſe, which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt. Mark here below,
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou mayſt fit thyſelf againſt thy fall.

Church Muſick.

SWEETEST of ſweets, I thank you: when diſpleaſure
Did through my bodie wound my minde,
You took me thence; and in your houſe of pleaſure
A daintie lodging me aſſign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
Riſing and falling with your wings:
We both together ſweetly live and love,
Yet ſay ſometimes, God help poore Kings.

Comfort, 'Ile die; for if you poſte from me,
Sure I ſhall do ſo, and much more:
But if I travell in your companie,
You know the way to heavens doore.

Church-lock and key.

I KNOW it is my ſinne, which locks thine eares,
And bindes thy hands!
Out-crying my requeſts, drowning my tears;
Or elſe the chilneſſe of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,
And mend it ſtill;
So I do lay the want of my deſire,
Not on my ſinnes, or coldneſſe, but thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for his blouds ſake,
Which pleads for me:
For though ſinnes plead too, yet like ſtones they make
His blouds ſweet current much more loud to be.

The Church-floore.

MARK you the floore? that ſquare and ſpeckled ſtone,
Which looks ſo firm and ſtrong,
Is Patience:

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
Humilitie:

The gentle riſing, which on either hand
Leads to the Quire above,
Is Confidence:

But the ſweet cement, which in one ſure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love
And Charitie.

Hither ſometimes Sinne ſteals, and ſtains
The marbles neat and curious veins:
But all is cleanſed when the marble weeps.

Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
Blows all the duſt about the floore:
But while he thinks to ſpoil the room, he ſweeps.
Bleſt be the Architect, whoſe art
Could build ſo ſtrong in a weak heart.

The Windows.

LORD, how can man preach thy eternall word?
He is a brittle crazie glaſſe:
Yet in thy temple thou doſt him afford
This glorious and tranſcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou doſt anneal* in glaſſe thy ſtorie,
Making thy life to ſhine within
The holy Preachers, then the light and glorie
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which elſe ſhows watriſh, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A ſtrong regard and aw: but ſpeech alone
Doth vaniſh like a flaring thing,
And in the eare, not conſcience ring.

Trinitie Sunday.

LORD, who haſt form'd me out of mud,
And haſt redeem'd me through thy bloud,
And ſanctifi'd me to do good;

* Annealing is heating glaſs, that the colours may be fixed.

Purge all my ſinnes done heretofore;
For I confeſſe my heavie ſcore,
And I will ſtrive to ſinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charitie;
That I may runne, riſe, reſt with thee.

Content.

PEACE mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breaſt.
Who cannot on his own bed ſweetly ſleep,
Can on anothers hardly reſt.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry queſt* and call
Of an untrained hope or paſſion.
To court each place or fortune that doth fall,
Is wantonneſſe in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t' it ſelf alone:
But when it would appeare to others eye,
Without a knock it never ſhone.

Give me the pliant mind, whoſe gentle meaſure
Complies and ſuits with all eſtates;
Which can let looſe to a crown, and yet with pleaſure
Take up within a cloiſters gates.

* Search, or act of ſeeking. Milton uſes the word in the Arcades:

"Fair ſilver-buſkin'd Nymphs as great and good;
I know this 'queſt' of yours."

This ſoul doth ſpan the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre :
Where in each room of the well-furniſht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine dayes wonder :
And after death the fumes* that ſpring
From private bodies, make as big a thunder
As thoſe which riſe from a huge King.

Onely thy Chronicle is loſt : and yet
Better by worms be all once ſpent,
Than to have helliſh moths ſtill gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whoſe brunt thou feel'ſt alone,
Are chaw'd by others pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digeſtion,
Thy nouriſht fame is weak or ſtrong.

Then ceaſe diſcourſing ſoul, till thine own ground ;
Do not thyſelf or friends importune.
He that by ſeeking hath himſelf once found,
Hath ever found a happie fortune.

The Quidditie.†

MY God, a verſe is not a crown ;
No point of honour, or gay ſuit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good ſword, nor yet a lute :

* Vapours.

† Originally a ſchool term for the nature or eſſence of a thing ; but often uſed as a ſynonyme for a quip or quirk.

It cannot vault, or dance, or play;
It never was in France or Spain;
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great ſtable or demain.*

It is no office, art, or news;
Nor the Exchange, or buſie Hall:
But it is that which while I uſe,
I am with thee, and Moſt take all.

Humilitie.

I SAW the Vertues ſitting hand in hand
In ſev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beaſts and fowls, by their command,
Preſented tokens of ſubmiſſion.
Humilitie, who ſat the loweſt there
To execute their call,
When by the beaſts the preſents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angrie Lion did preſent his paw,
Which by conſent was giv'n to Manſuetude.†
The fearful Hare her eares, which by their law
Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.
The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain,
That went to Temperance.
On Juſtice was beſtow'd the Foxes brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

* Domain. † Gentleneſs.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacocks plume,
(For he would not) as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out; which when the beasts espied,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then saying, Here it is
For which ye wrangle, made them turn their frown
Against the beasts: so joyntly bandying,*
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd† them, double gifts to bring
At the next Session-day.

Frailtie.

LORD, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is styled honour, riches, or fair eyes;
But is fair dust!
I surname them guilded clay,
Deare earth, fine grasse or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

* Contending together. † To punish by fine.

But when I view abroad both Regiments,
The worlds, and thine;
Thine clad with ſimpleneſſe, and ſad events;
The other fine,
Full of glorie and gay weeds,
Brave language, braver deeds:
That which was duſt before, doth quickly riſe,
And prick mine eyes.

O brook not this, leſt if what even now
My foot did tread,
Affront thoſe joyes, wherewith thou didſt endow,
And long ſince wed
My poore ſoul, ev'n ſick of love;
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer, heav'n and thee
Planted in me.

Conſtancie.*

WHO is the honeſt man?
He that doth ſtill and ſtrongly good purſue,
To God, his neighbour, and himſelf moſt true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whoſe honeſtie is not
So looſe or eaſie, that a ruffling winde
Can blow away, or glittering look it blinde:
Who rides his ſure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

* See the fifteenth Pſalm.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor ſeeks, nor ſhunnes them; but doth calmly ſtay
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a ſumme,
What place or perſon calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or wooe,
To uſe in any thing a trick or ſleight;
For above all things he abhorres deceit:
His words and works and faſhion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and ſtraight.

Who never melts or thaws
At cloſe tentations:* when the day is done,
His goodneſſe ſets not, but in dark can runne:
The ſunne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue; Vertue is his Sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With ſick folks, women, thoſe whom paſſions ſway,
Allows for that, and keeps his conſtant way:
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias, from his will
To writhe his limbes, and ſhare, not mend the ill.
This is the Mark-man, ſafe and ſure,
Who ſtill is right, and prayes to be ſo ſtill.

* Trials or temptations.

Affliction.

MY heart did heave, and there came forth, O God!
By that I knew that thou waſt in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a ſcepter of the rod:
Hadſt thou not had thy part,
Sure the unruly ſigh had broke my heart.

But ſince thy breath gave me both life and ſhape,
Thou knowſt my tallies;* and when there's aſſign'd
So much breath to a ſigh, what's then behinde?
Or if ſome yeares with it eſcape,
The ſigh† then onely is
A gale to bring me ſooner to my bliſſe.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art ſtill
Conſtant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
And in thy members ſuffer ill.
They who lament one croſſe,
Thou dying dayly, praiſe thee to thy loſſe.

* A tally is a ſtick, cut to agree in ſhape with another ſtick, for the purpoſe of keeping accounts. Herbert remembered the Pſalmiſt's prayer, "So teach us to number our days," &c. The tallies of a life are the reckonings kept of it.

† Referring to the popular belief that the ſtrength is impaired by ſighing; ſo Shakeſpere (Hamlet, Act iv.:)

"And then this ſhould is like a ſpendthrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing."

AFFLICTION

The Starre.

BRIGHT ſpark, ſhot from a brighter place,
Where beams ſurround my Saviours face,
Canſt thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet, if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;
For thou canſt make a debter,
And make it better.

Firſt with thy fire-work burn to duſt
Folly, and worſe than folly, luſt:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it ſhine.

So diſengag'd from ſinne and ſickneſſe,
Touch it with thy celeſtial quickneſſe,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinitie of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didſt bow.

Get me a ſtanding there, and place
Among the beams, which crown the face
Of him, who dy'd to part
Sinne and my heart:

That ſo among the reſt I may
Glitter, and curle, and winde as they:
That winding is their faſhion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy, by gaining me
To flie home like a laden bee
Unto that hive of beams,
And garland-ſtreams

Sunday.

O DAY moſt calm, moſt bright,
The fruit of this, the next worlds bud,
Th' indorſement of ſupreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his bloud;
The couch of time; cares balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth ſhow the way.

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man; whoſe face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-daies are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to ſtoup and bow,
Till thy releaſe appeare.

Man had ſtraight forward gone
To endleſſe death; but thou doſt pull
And turn us round to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not chooſe but look on ſtill;
Since there is no place ſo alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are,
On which heav'ns palace arched lies:
The other dayes fill up the ſpare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In Gods rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of mans life,*
Threaded together on times ſtring,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate ſtands ope;
Bleſſings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull than hope.

This day my Saviour roſe,
And did incloſe this light for his:
That, as each beaſt his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miſſe.
Chriſt hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for thoſe
Who want herbs for their wound.

* "The Sunday before his death, he roſe ſuddenly from his bed, or couch, called for one of his inſtruments, took it into his hand, and ſaid:

'My God, my God,
My muſic ſhall find thee,
And every thing
Shall have his attribute to ſing.

and having tuned it, he played and ſung, 'The Sundays of Man's Life,' &c.—ISAAK WALTON.

The reſt of our Creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the ſame ſhake, which at his paſſion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samſon bore the doores away,
Chriſts hands, though nail'd, wrought our ſalvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightneſſe of that day
We ſullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we caſt away,
Having a new at his expenſe,
Whoſe drops of bloud paid the full price,
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradiſe.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from ſev'n to ſev'n,
Till that we both, being toſſ'd from earth,
Flie hand in hand to heav'n!

Avarice.

MONEY thou bane of bliſſe, and ſource of wo,
Whence com'ſt thou, that thou art ſo freſh and fine?
I know thy parentage is baſe and low:
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didſt ſo little contribute
To this great kingdome, which thou now haſt got,
That he was fain, when thou wert deſtitute,
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou haſt got the face of man; for we
Have with our ſtamp and ſeal tranſferred our right;
Thou art the man, and man but droſſe to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Ana-{MARY / ARMY}gram.*

HOW well her name an Army doth preſent,
In whom the Lord of hoſts did pitch his tent!

To all Angels and Saints.

OH glorious ſpirits, who after all your bands
See the ſmooth face of God, without a frown,
Or ſtrict commands;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands:

Not out of envie or maliciouſneſſe
Do I forbear to crave your ſpeciall aid.
I would addreſſe
My vows to thee moſt gladly, bleſſed Maid,
And Mother of My God, in my diſtreſſe:

* A play upon the letters of a name tranſpoſed.

Thou art the holy mine, whence came the gold,
The great reſtorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay:
Chiefly to thee would I my ſoul unfold.

But now, (alas!) I dare not; for our King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praiſe,
Bids no ſuch thing:
And where his pleaſure no injunction layes,
('Tis your own caſe) ye never move a wing.

All worſhip is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lyes no appeal
At the laſt houre.
Therefore we dare not from his garland ſteal,
To make a poſie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we ſhall not fare the worſe,
Who do not ſo;
Since we are ever ready to diſburſe,*
If any one our Maſters hand can ſhow.

Employment.

HE that is weary, let him ſit.
My ſoul would ſtirre
And trade in courteſies and wit,
Quitting the furre
To cold complexions needing it.

* To ſpend, or lay out.

Man is no ſtarre, but a quick coal
Of mortall fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint deſire,
Lets his own aſhes choke his ſoul.

When th' elements did for place conteſt
With him, whoſe will
Ordain'd the higheſt to be beſt:
The earth ſat ſtill,
And by the others is oppreſt.

Life is a buſineſſe, not good cheer;
Ever in warres.
The ſunne ſtill ſhineth there or here,
Whereas the ſtarres
Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an Orenge-tree,
That buſie plant!
Then ſhould I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dreſſed me.

But we are ſtill too young or old;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold:
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increaſe our cold

Deniall.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
Thy ſilent eares;
Then was my heart broken, as was my verſe;
My breaſt was full of fears
And diſorder,

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did flie aſunder:
Each took his way; ſome would to pleaſures go,
Some to the warres and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they ſay,
As to benumme
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come,
But no hearing.

O thou that ſhouldſt give duſt a tongue
To crie to thee,
And then not hear it crying! all day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my ſoul lay out of ſight,
Untun'd, unſtrung:
My feeble ſpirit unable to look right,
Like a nipt bloſſome, hung
Diſcontented.

O cheer and tune my heartleſſe breaſt,
Deferre no time ;
That ſo thy favours granting my requeſt,
They and my minde may chime,
And mend my ryme.

Chriſtmas.

ALL after pleaſures as I rid one day
My horſe and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
With full crie of affections, quite aſtray ;
I took up in the next inne I could finde.

There when I came, whom found I but my deare,
My deareſt Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleaſures brought me to him, readie there
To be all paſſengers moſt ſweet relief ?

O Thou, whoſe glorious, yet contracted light,
Wrapt in nights mantle, ſtole into a manger ;
Since my dark ſoul and brutiſh is thy right,
To Man of all beaſts be not thou a ſtranger :

Furniſh and deck my ſoul, that thou mayſt have
A better lodging, then a rack or grave.

THE ſhepherds ſing ; and ſhall I ſilent be ?
My God, no hymne for thee ?
My ſoul's a ſhepherd too : a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The paſture is thy word ; the ſtreams thy grace
Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
Out-ſing the day-light houres.
Then we will chide the ſunne for letting night
Take up his place and right:
We ſing one common Lord; wherefore he ſhould
Himſelf the candle hold.
I will go ſearching, till I finde a ſunne
Shall ſtay, till we have done;
A willing ſhiner, that ſhall ſhine as gladly
As froſt-nipt ſunnes look ſadly.
Then we will ſing, and ſhine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams ſhall cheer my breaſt, and both ſo twine,
Till ev'n his beams ſing, and my muſic ſhine.

Ungratefulneſſe.

LORD, with what bountie and rare clemencie
Haſt thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If thou hadſt let us runne,
Gladly had man ador'd the ſunne,
And thought his god moſt brave;
Where now we ſhall be better gods than he.

Thou haſt but two rare cabinets full of treaſure,
The Trinitie, and Incarnation;
Thou haſt unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of thy creation
Unto thyſelf in everlaſting pleaſure.

The ſtatelier cabinet is the Trinitie,
Whoſe ſparkling light acceſs denies:
Therefore thou doſt not ſhow
This fully to us, till death blow

The duſt into our eyes;
For by that powder thou wilt make us ſee.

But all thy ſweets are packt up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow;
That as the firſt affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Becauſe this box we know;
For we have all of us juſt ſuch another.

But man is cloſe, reſerv'd, and dark to thee;
When thou demandeſt but a heart,
He cavils inſtantly.
In his poore cabinet of bone
Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding thee, who gaveſt two for one.

Sighs and Grones.

DO not uſe me
After my ſinnes! look not on my deſert,
But on thy glorie! then thou wilt reform,
And not refuſe me: for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a ſillie worm:
O do not bruiſe me;

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill ſteward make?
I have abuſ'd thy ſtock, deſtroy'd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens: my head did ake,
Till it found out how to conſume thy goods:
O do not ſcourge me!

O do not blind me!
I have deſerv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers; becauſe my luſt
Hath ſtill ſow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
But I am frailtie, and already duſt:
O do not grinde me!

O do not fill me
With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath!
For thou haſt other veſſels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
Ev'n unto death: ſince he di'd for my good,
O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me!
For thou haſt life and death at thy command;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feaſt and rod,
Cordiall and Corroſive:* put not thy hand
Into the bitter box; but O my God,
My God, relieve me!

The World.

LOVE built a ſtately houſe; where Fortune came:
And ſpinning phanſies, ſhe was heard to ſay,
That her fine cobwebs did ſupport the frame,
Whereas they were ſupported by the ſame:
But Wiſdome quickly ſwept them all away.

Then Pleaſure came, who liking not the faſhion,
Began to make Balcones,† Terraces,
Till ſhe had weakened all by alteration:
But rev'rend laws, and many a proclamation
Reformed all at length with menaces.

* Whatever waſtes away. † Balconies.

Then enter'd ſinne, and with that Sycomore,
Whoſe leaves firſt ſheltred man from drought and dew,
Working and winding ſlily evermore,
The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore:
But Grace ſhor'd* theſe, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sinne combined with Death in a firm band,
To raſe the building to the very floore:
Which they effected, none could them withſtand;
But Love and Grace took Glorie by the hand,
And built a braver Palace then before.

Coloſſ. iii. 3.

OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

MY words and thoughts do both expreſſe this notion,
That Life hath with the ſun a double motion.
The firſt Is ſtraight, and our diurnall† friend;
The other Hid, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt In fleſh, and tends to earth:
The other winds towards Him, whoſe happie birth
Taught me to live here ſo, That ſtill one eye
Should aim and ſhoot at that which Is on high;
Quitting with daily labour all My pleaſure,
To gain at harveſt an eternall Treaſure.

Vanitie.

THE fleet Aſtronomer can bore
And thread the ſpheres with his quick-piercing minde:
He views their ſtations, walks from doore to doore,
Surveys, as if he had deſign'd

* Propped, or ſupported. † Daily.

To make a purchaſe there: he ſees their dances,
And knoweth long before,
Both their full-ey'd aſpects, and ſecret glances.

The nimble Diver with his ſide
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearely-earned pearl, which God did hide
On purpoſe from the ventrous wretch;
That he might ſave his life, and alſo hers,
Who with exceſſive pride
Her own deſtruction and his danger wears.

The ſubtil Chymick can deveſt
And ſtrip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow* principles within their neſt:
There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
They appeare trim and dreſt
To ordinarie ſuitours at the doore.

What hath not man ſought out and found,
But his deare God? who yet his glorious law
Emboſomes in us, mellowing the ground
With ſhowers and froſts, with love and aw;
So that we need not ſay, Where's this command?
Poore man! thou ſearcheſt round
To finde out death, but miſſeſt life at hand.

Lent.

WELCOME, deare feaſt of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
But is compoſ'd of paſſion.

* Unfeathered.

The Scriptures bid us faſt; the Church ſays, now:
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldſt allow
To ev'ry Corporation.

The humble ſoul compoſ'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines diſagree:
He ſayes, in things which uſe hath juſtly got,
I am a ſcandall to the Church, and not
The Church is ſo to me.

True Chriſtians ſhould be glad of an occaſion
To uſe their temperance, ſeeking no evaſion,
When good is ſeaſonable;
Unleſſe Authoritie, which ſhould increaſe
The obligation in us, make it leſſe,
And Power it ſelf diſable.

Beſides the cleanneſſe of ſweet abſtinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a ſmall expenſe,
A face not fearing light:
Whereas in fulneſſe there are fluttiſh fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and diſhoneſt rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then thoſe ſame pendant* profits, which the ſpring
And Eaſter intimate, enlarge the thing,
And goodneſſe of the deed.
Neither ought other mens abuſe of Lent
Spoil the good uſe; leſt by that argument
We forfeit all our creed.

* Profits hanging like fruits, to be gathered in due ſeaſon.

It's true, we cannot reach Chriſts forti'th day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to reſt:
We cannot reach our Saviours puritie;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy ev'n as he."
In both let's do our beſt.

Who goeth in the way which Chriſt hath gone,
Is much more ſure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-wayes.
Perhaps my God, though he be farre before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May ſtrengthen my decayes.

Yet, Lord, inſtruct us to improve our faſt
By ſtarving ſinne and taking ſuch repaſt
As may our faults controll:
That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
Not in his parlour; banquetting the poore,
And among thoſe his ſoul.

Vertue.*

SWEET day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The bridal of the earth and ſkie:
The dew ſhall weep thy fall to night;
For thou muſt die.

* Piſcator.—"And now, ſcholar! My direction for thy fiſhing is ended with this ſhower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and ſee how pleaſantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth ſmells as ſweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Herbert ſays of ſuch days and ſhowers as theſe; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them.

"Sweet day—ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright."

WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER ch. v.

Sweet roſe, whoſe hue angrie and brave
Bids the raſh gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou muſt die.

Sweet ſpring, full of ſweet days and roſes,
A box where ſweets compacted lie,
My muſick ſhows ye have your cloſes,
And all muſt die.

Onely a ſweet and vertuous ſoul,
Like ſeaſoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The Pearl.

Matt. xiii.

I KNOW the wayes of learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the preſſe, and make it runne;
What reaſon hath from nature borrowed,
Or of itſelf, and like a good huſwife,* ſpunne
In laws and policie; what the ſtarres conſpire,
What willing nature ſpeaks, what forc'd by fire;
Both th' old diſcoveries, and the new-found ſeas,
The ſtock and ſurplus, cauſe and hiſtorie:
All theſe ſtand open, or I have the keyes:
Yet I love thee.

* Coarſe complexions
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teaſe the huſwife's wool.

COMUS, 56.

I know the wayes of honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courteſie and wit:
In vies of favours whether partie gains,
When glorie ſwells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expreſſions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, whereſoe're it goes:
How many drammes of ſpirit there muſt be
To ſell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of pleaſure, the ſweet ſtrains,
The lullings and the reliſhes of it;
The propoſitions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and muſick mean; what love and wit
Have done theſe twentie hundred years, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled ſtore:
My ſtuffe is fleſh, not braſſe; my ſenſes live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love thee.

I know all theſe, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not ſealed, but with open eyes
I flie to thee, and fully underſtand
Both the main ſale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumſtances that may move;
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But thy ſilk twiſt let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

Affliction.

BROKEN in pieces all aſunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the ſpace
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a caſe of knives,
Wounding my heart
With ſcattered ſmart;
As wat'ring pots give flowers their lives.
Nothing their furie can controll,
While they do wound and prick my ſoul.

All my attendants are at ſtrife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face:
Nothing performs the taſk of life:
The elements are let looſe to fight,
And while I live, trie out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And alſo thee,
Who art my life: diſſolve the knot,
As the ſunne ſcatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then ſhall thoſe powers, which work for griefe,
Enter thy pay,
And day by day
Labour thy praiſe, and my relief;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

Man.

MY God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a ſtately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What houſe more ſtately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whoſe creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: He is a tree, yet bears no fruit.
A beaſt, yet is, or ſhould be more:
Reaſon and ſpeech we onely bring.
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the ſcore.

Man is all ſymmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world beſides:
Each part may call the fartheſt, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got ſo farre,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes diſmount the higheſt ſtarre:
He is in little all the ſphere.
Herbs gladly cure our fleſh, becauſe that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow;
The earth doth reſt, heav'n move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we ſee, but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treaſure:
The whole is, either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleaſure.

The ſtarres have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the ſunne withdraws :
Muſick and light attend our head,
All things unto our fleſh are kinde
In their deſcent and being ; to our minde
In their aſcent and cauſe.

Each thing is full of dutie :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Diſtinguiſhed, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
Both are our cleanlineſſe.* Hath one ſuch beautie ?
Then how are all things neat !

More ſervants wait on Man,
Than he'l take notice of : in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him,
When ſickneſſe makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love ! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

* Mr. Coleridge ſays—"I underſtand this but imperfectly—diſtinguiſhed—they form an iſland ?" may we not rather ſeek an interpretation in the firſt chapter of Geneſis (9. 10) ; the waters diſtinguiſhed, are the waters ſeparated from the dry land, which then appears and becomes the habitation of man ; the waters united, are the gathering together of the waters which God called ſeas ; below, they are our fountains and ſtreams to drink ; above, they are our meat, becauſe the huſbandman waiteth for the early and the latter rain. Both are our cleanlineſs. In the verses on Lent, Herbert had ſpoken of 'the cleanneſs of ſweet abſtinence,' the gentle thoughts and emotions which it gives, and the 'face not fearing light.' Perhaps in this poem he employs cleanlineſs in the ſame wide ſenſe ; as expreſſing the beauty, freſhneſs, purity, and delight of which water, in its many ſhapes and bleſſings, is made the miniſter to mankind."

Since then, my God, thou haſt
So brave a Palace built; O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at laſt!
Till then, afford us ſo much wit;
That, as the world ſerves us, we may ſerve thee,
And both thy ſervants be.

Antiphon.

CHOR. PRAISED be the God of love,
MEN. Here below,
ANG. And here above:
CHOR. Who hath dealt his mercies ſo,
ANG. To his friend,
MEN. And to his foe;

CHOR. That both grace and glorie tend
ANG. Us of old,
MEN. And us in th' end.
CHOR. The great Shepherd of the fold
ANG. Us did make,
MEN. For us was ſold.

CHOR. He our foes in pieces brake:
ANG. Him we touch;
MEN. And him we take.
CHOR. Wherefore ſince that he is ſuch,
ANG. We adore,
MEN. And we do crouch.

CHOR. Lord, thy praiſes ſhould bee more.
MEN. We have none,
ANG. And we no ſtore.
CHOR. Praiſed be the God alone
Who hath made of two folds one.

Unkindneſſe.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendſhip, firſt I think, if that agree,
Which I intend,
Unto my friends intent and end.
I would not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

If any touch my friend, or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blaſted fame
From the leaſt ſpot or thought of blame
I could not uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

My friend may ſpit upon my curious floore:
Would he have gold? I lend it inſtantly;
But let the poore,
And thou within them ſtarve at doore.
I cannot uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my intereſt, and leave it free:
But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee diſplace;
Nor would I uſe a friend, as I uſe Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou haſt done fulfill?
O write in braſs, My God upon a tree
His bloud did ſpill,
Onely to purchaſe my good-will:
Yet uſe I not my foes, as I uſe thee.

Life.

I MADE a poſie,* while the day ran by:
Here will I ſmell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did becken to the flowers, and they
By noon moſt cunningly did ſteal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Times gentle admonition;
Who did ſo ſweetly deaths ſad taſte convey,
Making my minde to ſmell my fatall day,
Yet ſugring the ſuſpicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, ſweetly your time ye ſpent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for ſmell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow ſtraight without complaints or grief,
Since if my ſcent be good, I care not if
It be as ſhort as yours.

Submiſſion.

BUT that thou art my wiſdome, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My minde would be extreamly ſtirr'd
For miſſing my deſigne.

* Poſie is a contraction of poeſy; here it means a wreath, or cluſter of flowers.

Were it not better to beſtow
Some place and power on me?
Then ſhould thy praiſes with me grow,
And ſhare in my degree.

But when I thus diſpute and grieve,
I do reſume my ſight;
And pilfring what I once did give,
Diſſeize* thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou ſhouldſt me raiſe,
That I ſhould then raiſe thee?
Perhaps great places and thy praiſe
Do not ſo well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I ſtand;
I will no more adviſe:
Onely do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou haſt both mine eyes.

Juſtice.

I CANNOT ſkill of theſe thy ways:
Lord, thou didſt make me, yet thou woundeſt me:
Lord, thou doſt wound me, yet thou doſt relieve me:
Lord, thou relieveſt, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou doſt kill me, yet thou doſt reprieve me.

* Deprive.

But when I mark my life and praiſe,
Thy juſtice me moſt fitly payes:
For, I do praiſe thee, yet I praiſe thee not:
My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers ſtray:
I would do well, yet ſinne the hand hath got:
My ſoul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
I cannot ſkill of theſe my ways.

Charms and Knots.

WHO reade a chapter when they riſe,
Shall ne'ere be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor mans rod, when thou doſt ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who ſhuts his hand, hath loſt his gold:
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aſperſions throw a ſtone
At th' head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Findes himſelf there, and ſeeks to riſe.

When th' hair is ſweet through pride or luſt,
The powder doth forget the duſt.

Take one from ten, and what remains?*
Ten ſtill, if ſermons go for gains.

In ſhallow waters heav'n doth ſhow:
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

Affliction.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradiſe was not ſo firm,
As was and is thy floting Ark; whoſe ſtay
And anchor thou art onely, to confirm
And ſtrengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do riſe, and tempeſts rage.

At firſt we lived in pleaſure;
Thine own delights thou didſt to us impart:
When we grew wanton, thou didſt uſe diſpleaſure
To make us thine: yet that we might not part,
As we at firſt did board with thee,
Now thou wouldſt taſte our miſerie.

There is but joy and grief;
If either will convert us, we are thine:
Some Angels uſ'd the firſt; if our relief
Take up the ſecond, then thy double line
And ſev'rall baits in either kinde
Furniſh thy table to thy minde.

* The meaning is that the tythes of the Prieſt are repaid by his ſervices. The thought is found in Proverbs (iii. 9, 10): "Honour the Lord with thy ſubſtance, and with the firſt fruits of all thine increaſe; ſo ſhall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy preſſes ſhall burſt out with new wine."

Affliction then is ours;
We are the trees, whom ſhaking faſtens more,
While bluſtring windes deſtroy the wanton bowres,
And ruffle all their curious knots and ſtore.
My God, ſo temper joy and wo,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow.

Mortification.*

HOW ſoon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a cheſt of ſweets,
To ſwaddle infants, whoſe young breath
Scarce knows the way;
Thoſe clouts are little winding ſheets,
Which do conſigne and ſend them unto death.

When boyes go firſt to bed,
They ſtep into their voluntarie graves;
Sleep bindes them faſt; onely their breath
Makes them not dead.
Succeſſive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

* In this time of his decay he would often ſpeak to this purpoſe: "I now look back upon the pleaſures of my life paſt, and ſee the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, and muſic, and pleaſant converſation, are now all paſſed by me like a dream, or as a ſhadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I ſee that as my father and generation hath done before me, ſo I alſo ſhall now ſuddenly (with Job) make my bed alſo in the dark; and I praiſe God I am prepared for it, and I praiſe him that I am not to learn patience now I ſtand in ſuch need of it, and that I have practiſed MORTIFICATION, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally.'"—ISAAK WALTON.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for muſick, while his veins do ſwell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie;
That muſick ſummons to the knell,
Which ſhall befriend him at the houſe of death.

When man grows ſtaid and wiſe,
Getting a houſe and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb incloſure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would ſpeak;
A chair or litter ſhows the biere,
Which ſhall convey him to the houſe of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a ſolemnitie,
And dreſt his hearſe, while he has breath
As yet to ſpare.
Yet, Lord, inſtruct us ſo to die
That all theſe dyings may be life in death.

Decay.

SWEET were the days, when thou didſt lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, ſit with Gideon,
Adviſe with Abraham, when thy power could not
Encounter Moſes ſtrong complaints and moan:
Thy words were then, Let me alone.

One might have ſought and found thee preſently
At ſome fair oak, or buſh, or cave, or well:
Is my God this way? No, they would reply;
He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
Liſt, ye may heare great Aarons bell.

But now thou doſt thyſelf immure and cloſe
In ſome one corner of a feeble heart:
Where yet both Sinne and Satan, thy old ſoes,
Do pinch and ſtraiten thee, and uſe much art
To gain thy thirds and little part.

I ſee the world grows old, when as the heat
Of thy great love once ſpread, as in an urn
Doth cloſet up itſelf, and ſtill retreat,
Cold ſinne ſtill forcing it, till it return
And calling Juſtice, all things burn.

Miſerie.

LORD, let the Angels praiſe thy name.
Man is a fooliſh thing, a fooliſh thing,
Folly and Sinne play all his game.
His houſe ſtill burns; and yet he ſtill doth ſing,
Man is but graſſe,
He knows it, fill the glaſſe.

How canſt thou brook his fooliſhneſſe?
Why, he'l not loſe a cup of drink for thee:
Bid him but temper his exceſſe;
Not he: he knows, where he can better be
As he will ſwear,
Then to ſerve thee in fear.

What ſtrange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own ? as if none knew, but he.
No man ſhall beat into his head
That thou within his curtains drawn canſt ſee : *
They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.

The beſt of men, turn but thy hand
For one poore minute, ſtumble at a pinne :
They would not have their actions ſcann'd,
Nor any ſorrow tell them that they ſinne,
Though it be ſmall,
And meaſure not their fall.

They quarrell † thee, and would give over
The bargain made to ſerve thee : but thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wing of thy milde Dove,
Not ſuff'ring thoſe
Who would, to be thy foes.

My God, man cannot praiſe thy name :
Thou art all brightneſſe, perfect puritie :
The ſunne holds down his head for ſhame,
Dead with eclipſes, when we ſpeak of thee.
How ſhall infection
Preſume on thy perfection ?

* "Thou art about my path, and about my bed."—Pſa. cxxxix. 2.

† "Quarrel" is found as a verb active in the elder poets: Ben Jonſon ("Every Man in his Humour") has it :

"And now that I had 'quarrelled'
My brother purpoſely.'

As dirtie hands foul all they touch,
And thoſe things moſt, which are moſt pure and fine:
So our clay hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To ſing thy praiſes, make them leſſe divine.
Yet either this,
Or none thy portion is.

Man cannot ſerve thee; let him go
And ſerve the ſwine: there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this vertue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night;
Theſe Preachers make
His head to ſhoot and ake.

Oh fooliſh man! where are thine eyes?
How haſt thou loſt them in a crowd of cares?
Thou pull'ſt the rug, and wilt not riſe,
No not to purchaſe the whole pack of ſtarres:
There let them ſhine,
Thou muſt go ſleep, or dine.

The bird that ſees a daintie bowre
Made in the tree, where ſhe was wont to ſit,
Wonders and ſings, but not his power
Who made the arbor: this exceeds her wit.
But man doth know
The ſpring, whence all things flow:

And yet as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne:
They make his life a conſtant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ay, wretch! what verſe
Can thy ſtrange wayes rehearſe?

Indeed at firſt Man was a treaſure,
A box of jewels, ſhop of rarities,
A ring, whoſe poſie* was, My pleaſure:
He was a garden in a Paradiſe:
Glorie and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But ſinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of fleſh, without a foot or wing
To raiſe him to the glimpſe of bliſſe:
A ſick toſſ'd veſſel, daſhing on each thing;
Nay, his own ſhelf:
My God, I mean myſelf.

Jordan.

WHEN firſt my lines of heav'nly joyes made mention,
Such was their luſtre, they did ſo excell,
That I ſought out quaint words, and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burniſh, ſprout, and ſwell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the ſenſe, as if it were to ſell.

Thouſands of notions in my brain did runne,
Off'ring their ſervice, if I were not ſped:
I often blotted what I had begunne;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could ſeem too rich to clothe the ſunne,
Much leſſe thoſe joyes which trample on his head.

* The motto round a ring.

As flames do work and winde, when they aſcend;
So did I weave myſelf into the ſenſe.
But while I buſtled, I might hear a friend
Whiſper, How wide is all this long pretence!
There is in love a ſweetneſſe ready penn'd:
Copie out onely that, and ſave expenſe.

Prayer.

OF what an eaſie quick acceſſe,
My bleſſed Lord, art thou! how ſuddenly
May our requeſts thine eare invade!
To ſhew that ſtate diſlikes not eaſineſſe,
If I but lift mine eyes, my ſuit is made:
Thou canſt no more not heare, than thou canſt die

Of what ſupreme almightie power
Is thy great arm which ſpans the eaſt and weſt,
And tacks the centre to the ſphere!
By it do all things live their meaſur'd houre:
We cannot aſk the thing, which is not there
Blaming the ſhallowneſſe of our requeſt.

Of what unmeaſurable love
Art thou poſſeſt, who, when thou couldſt not die,
Wert fain to take our fleſh and curſe,
And for our ſakes in perſon ſinne reprove;
That by deſtroying that which ty'd thy purſe,
Thou mightſt make way for liberalitie!

Since then theſe three wait on thy throne,
Eaſe, Power, and Love; I value Prayer ſo,
That were I to leave all but one,

Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all ſhould go;
I and deare Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch loſt, an ell.

Obedience.

MY God, if writings may
Convey a Lordſhip any way
Whither the buyer and the ſeller pleaſe;
Let it not thee diſpleaſe,
If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines, as there doth need
To paſſe itſelf and all it hath to thee,
To which I do agree,
And here preſent it as my ſpeciall deed.*

If that hereafter Pleaſure
Cavill, and claim her part and meaſure,
As if this paſſed with a reſervation,
Or ſome ſuch words in faſhon;
I here exclude the wrangler from thy treaſure.

O let thy ſacred will
All thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as thy love ſhall ſway,
Reſigning up the rudder to thy ſkill.

* Herbert's Country Parſon was to be all to his pariſh, and not only a Paſtor, but a Lawyer alſo, (ch. xxiii.); here he adopts the legal expreſſion for a conveyance, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

Lord, what is man to thee,
That thou ſhouldſt minde a rotten tree?
Yet ſince thou canſt not chooſe but ſee my actions
So great are thy perfections,
Thou mayſt as well my actions guide, as ſee.

Beſides, thy death and bloud
Show'd a ſtrange love to all our good:
Thy ſorrows were in earneſt; no faint proffer,
Or ſuperficial offer
Of what we might not take, or be withſtood.

Wherefore I all forego:
To one word onely I say, No:
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a gift or donation,
Lord, let it now by way of purchaſe go.

He that will paſſe his land,
As I have mine, may ſet his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read;
And make the purchaſe ſpread
To both our goods, if he to it will ſtand.

How happie were my part,
If ſome kinde man would thruſt his heart
Into theſe lines; till in heav'ns court of rolls
They were by winged ſouls
Entred for both, farre above their deſert!

Conſcience.

PEACE pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look, but thou doſt call it foul:
Not a ſweet diſh, but thou doſt call it ſowre:
Muſick to thee doth howl.

By liſtning to thy chatting fears
I have both loſt mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I ſay,
My thoughts muſt work, but like a noiſeleſſe ſphere.
Harmonious peace muſt rock them all the day:
No room for pratlers there.
If thou perſiſteſt, I will tell thee,
That I have phyſick to expell thee.

And the receit ſhall be
My Saviours bloud: whenever at his board
I do but taſte it, ſtraight it cleanſeth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to ſcratch,
And at my actions carp, or catch.

Yet if thou talkeſt ſtill,
Beſides my phyſick, know there's ſome for thee:
Some wood and nails to make a ſtaffe, or bill,
For thoſe that trouble me:
The bloudie croſſe of my deare Lord
Is both my phyſick and my ſword.

Sion.

LORD, with what glorie waſt thou ſerv'd of old,
When Solomons temple ſtood and flouriſhed!
Where moſt things were of pureſt gold;
The wood was all embelliſhed
With flowers and carvings, myſticall and rare:
All ſhow'd the builders, crav'd the ſeers care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and ſtate,
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim
Something there was that ſow'd debate
Wherefore thou quitt'ſt thy ancient claim:
And now thy Architecture meets with ſinne;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art ſtruggling with a peeviſh heart,
Which ſometimes croſſeth thee, thou ſometimes it:
The fight is hard on either part.
Great God doth fight, he doth ſubmit.
All Solomons ſea* of braſſe and world of ſtone
Is not ſo deare to thee, as one good grone.

And truly braſſe and ſtones are heavie things,
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee:
But grones are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;
And ever as they mount, like larks they ſing:
The note is ſad, yet muſick for a king.

Home.

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is ſick,
While thou doſt ever, ever ſtay:
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhew thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

* And he made a molten ſea, ten cubits from the one brim to the other; it was round all about."—1 KINGS vii. 23.

How canſt thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The bloud did make, which thou didſt waſte?
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhow thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

When man was loſt, thy pitie lookt about,*
To ſee what help in th' earth or ſkie:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in thy boſom lie.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

There lay thy ſonne: and muſt he leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſſe, to remove
Thraldome from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poore apple for thy love?
O ſhow thyself, &c.

He did, he came: O my Redeemer, deare,
After all this canſt thou be ſtrange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare;
As if thy love could fail or change?
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

Yet if thou ſtayeſt ſtill, why muſt I ſtay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo? hence, all ye clouds, away,
Away; I muſt get up and ſee.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

* "And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold; therefore mine own arm brought ſalvation unto me."—ISAIAH lxiii. 5.

What is this weary world; this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth ſo faſt?
What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
Into a blackneſſe and diſtaſte?
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

With one ſmall ſigh thou gav'ſt me th' other day
I blaſted all the joyes about me:
And ſcouling on them as they pin'd away
Now come again, ſaid I, and flout me.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but buſh and brake,
Which way ſo-e're I look, I ſee.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dreſſe themſelves, and come to thee.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

We talk of harveſts; there are no ſuch things,
But when we leave our corn and hay:
There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
The laſt and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

Oh looſe this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free ſoul may uſe her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

What have I left, that I ſhould ſtay and grone?
The moſt of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O ſhow thyſelf, &c.

Come, deareſt Lord, paſſe not this holy ſeaſon,
My fleſh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verſe, when by the ryme and reaſon
The word is, Stay, ſays ever, Come.
O ſhow thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to thee!

The Britiſh Church.

I JOY, deare Mother, when I view,
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both ſweet and bright:

Beautie in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When ſhe doth write.

A fine aſpect in fit aray,
Neither too mean, nor yet too gay,
Shows who is beſt:

Outlandiſh looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
Or elſe undreſt.

She* on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiſſ'd ſo long her painted ſhrines,
That ev'n her face by kiſſing ſhines,
For her reward.

* The Church of Rome.

She* in the valley is ſo ſhie
Of dreſſing, that her hair doth lie
About her eares:

While ſhe avoids her neighbours pride,
She wholly goes on th' other ſide,
And nothing wears.

But, deareſt Mother, (what thoſe miſſe)
The mean thy praiſe and glorie is,
And long may be.

Bleſſed be God, whoſe love it was
To double-moat† thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

The Quip.‡

THE merrie world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in ſport to geere§ at me.

Firſt, Beautie crept into a roſe;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
Tell me, I pray, Whoſe hands are thoſe?
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking ſtill,
What tune is this, poore man? ſaid he:
I heard in Muſick you had ſkill:
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

* The Puritan.
† Like a caſtle with two moats, or ſtreams of water round it.
‡ A pleaſantry.
§ To ſeek or ſearch after, and alſo to mock.

THE QUIP

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In ſilks that whiſtled, who but he!
He ſcarce allow'd me half an eie:
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Converſation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be ſhort, make an oration.
But thou ſhalt anſwer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of thy deſigne
To anſwer theſe fine things ſhall come;
Speak not at large, ſay, I am thine,
And then they have their anſwer home.

Vanitie.

POORE ſilly ſoul, whoſe hope and head lies low;
Whoſe flat delights on earth do creep and grow:
To whom the ſtarres ſhine not ſo faire, as eyes;
Nor ſolid work, as falſe embroyderies;
Hark and beware, leſt what you now do meaſure,
And write for ſweet, prove a moſt ſowre diſpleaſure.

O heare betimes, leſt thy relenting
May come too late!
To purchaſe heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.
If ſouls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred flie:
For they can never be at reſt,
Till they regain their ancient neſt.

Then ſilly ſoul take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

The Dawning.

AWAKE ſad heart, whom ſorrow ever drowns:
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns;
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.
But thou doſt ſtill lament, and pine, and crie;
And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Ariſe ſad heart; if thou doſt not withſtand,
Chriſts reſurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riſeth, raiſeth thee:
Ariſe, ariſe;
And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes.
Chriſt left his grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

Jeſu.

JESU is in my heart, his ſacred name
Is deeply carved there: but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to ſeek:

And firſt I found the corner where was *J*
After, where *ES*, and next where *U* was graved.
When I had got theſe parcels, inſtantly
I ſat me down to ſpell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I eaſe you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

Buſineſſe.

CANST be idle? canſt thou play,
Fooliſh ſoul who ſinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and ſprings each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Haſt thou tears, or haſt thou none?

If, poore ſoul, thou haſt no tears;
Would thou hadſt no faults or fears!
Who hath theſe, thoſe ill forbears.

Windes ſtill work: it is their plot,
Be the ſeason cold, or hot:
Haſt thou ſighs, or haſt thou not?

If thou haſt no ſighs or grones,
Would thou hadſt no fleſh and bones!
Leſſer pains ſcape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Fooliſh ſoul, Who di'd for thee?

Who did leave his Fathers throne,
To aſſume thy fleſh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadſt di'd moſt wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He ſo farre thy good did plot,
That his own ſelf he forgot.
Did he die, or did he not?

If he had not di'd for thee,
Thou hadſt liv'd in miſerie.
Two lives worſe than ten deaths be.

And hath any ſpace of breath
'Twixt his ſinnes and Saviours death?

He that loſeth gold, though droſſe,
Tells to all he meets, his croſſe:
He that ſinnes, hath he no loſſe?

He that findes a ſilver vein,
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviours death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels,
Neither ſinne nor Saviour feels.

Dialogue.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my ſoul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly ſhould I then controll
Any thought of waving.*

* Wavering.

But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch ſo full of ſtains;
What delight or hope remains?

What (childe), is the ballance thine,
Thine the poiſe and meaſure?
If I ſay, Thou ſhalt be mine,
Finger not my treaſure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely he,
Who for man was ſold, can ſee,
That tranſferr'd th' accounts to me.

But as I can ſee no merit,
Leading to this favour:
So the way to fit me for it,
Is beyond my favour.
As the reaſon then is thine;
So the way is none of mine:
I diſclaim the whole deſigne:
Sinne diſclaims and I reſigne

That is all, if that I could
Get without repining;
And my clay, my creature, would
Follow my reſigning:
That as I did freely part
With my glorie and deſert,
Left all joyes to feel all ſmart——
Ah! no more: thou break'ſt my heart.

Dulneſſe.

WHY do I languiſh thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickneſſe, that I may with mirth
Praiſe thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious ſtrain
Can praiſe his faireſt fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
Curl o'er again:

Thou art my lovelineſſe, my life, my light,
Beautie alone to me:
Thy bloudy death, and undeſerv'd, makes thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,
That thoſe thy form doth ſhew,
The very duſt, where thou doſt tread and go
Makes beauties here;

Where are my lines then? my approaches? views?
Where are my window ſongs?
Lovers are ſtill pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muſe.

But I am loſt in fleſh, whoſe ſugred lyes
Still mock me, and grow bold:
Sure thou didſt put a minde there, if I could
Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare thy gift, that with a conſtant wit
I may but look towards thee:
Look onely; for to love thee, who can be,
What angel fit?

Love-joy.

AS on a window late I caſt mine eye,
I ſaw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd* on every bunch. One ſtanding by
Aſk'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To ſpend my judgment) ſaid, It ſeem'd to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charitie; Sir, you have not miſſ'd,
The man reply'd; it figures JESUS CHRIST.

Providence.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
Strongly and ſweetly moveſt! ſhall I write,
And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill; ſhall they not do thee right?

Of all the creatures both in ſea and land,
Onely to man thou haſt made known thy wayes,
And put the penne alone into his hand,
And made him Secretarie of thy praiſe.

* Burnt in.

Beasts fain would sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the worlds high Priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and windes that blow.

He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise thee fain;
And doth commit a world of sinne in one.

The beasts say, Eat me, but, if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise.
The trees say, Pull me: but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is vours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but thine.

For either thy command, or thy permission
Lay hands on all: they are thy right and left:
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft;

Nothing eſcapes them both: all muſt appeare,
And be diſpoſ'd, and dreſſ'd, and tun'd by thee,
Who ſweetly temper'ſt all. If we could heare
Thy ſkill and art, what muſick would it be!

Thou art in ſmall things great, not ſmall in any:
Thy even praiſe can neither riſe, nor fall.
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many:
For thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempeſts are calm to thee, they know thy hand,
And hold it faſt, as children do their fathers,
Which crie and follow. Thou haſt made poore ſand
Check the proud ſea, e'vn when it ſwells and gathers.

Thy cupboard ſerves the world: the meat is ſet,*
Where all may reach: no beaſt but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking: fiſhes have their net:
The great prey on the leſſe, they on ſome weed.

Nothing ingendered doth prevent his meat;
Flies have their table ſpread, ere they appeare;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do ſleep, and envie not their cheer.

How finely doſt thou times and ſeaſons ſpin,
And make a twiſt checker'd with night and day!
Which as it lengthens windes, and windes us in,
As bowls go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wiſdome for his good.
The pigeons feed their tender off-ſpring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

* "Theſe wait all upon thee, that thou mayeſt give them meat in due ſeaſon."—Psa. civ. 27.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruiſe
Their maſters flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit to uſe:
So both the flower doth ſtay, and hony run.

Sheep eat the graſſe, and dung the ground for more:
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for ſoil:
Springs vent their ſtreams, and by expenſe get ſtore:
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expreſſe the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and ſtones?
Is there an herb for that? O that thy care
Would ſhow a root, that gives expreſſions!

And if an herb hath power, what hath the ſtarres?
A roſe, beſides his beautie, is a cure.
Doubtleſſe our plagues and plentie, peace and warres,
Are there much ſurer than our art is ſure.

Thou haſt hid metals: man may take them thence;
But at his perill: when he digs the place,
He makes a grave; as if the thing had ſenſe,
And threatened man, that he ſhould fill the ſpace.

Ev'n poyſons praiſe thee. Should a thing be loſt?
Should creatures want, for want of heed their due?
Since where are poyſons, antidotes are moſt;
The help ſtands cloſe, and keeps the fear in view.

The ſea, which ſeems to ſtop the traveller,
Is by a ſhip the ſpeedier paſſage made.
The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to ſerve his trade.

And as thy houſe is full, ſo I adore
Thy curious art in marſhalling thy goods.
The hills with health abound, the vales with ſtore;
The South with marble; North with furres and woods.

Hard things are glorious; eaſie things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare,
Men therefore ſeek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy froſts with ſummer-fruits compare.

Light without winde is glaſſe: warm without weight
Is wooll and furres: cool without cloſeneſſe, ſhade:
Speed without pains, a horſe: tall without height,
A ſervile hawk: low without loſſe, a ſpade.

All countries have enough to ſerve their need:
If they ſeek fine things, thou doſt make them run
For their offence; and then doſt turn their ſpeed
To be commerce and trade from ſunne to ſunne.

Nothing wears clothes, but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing uſeth fire,
But Man alone, to ſhow his heav'nly breed:
And onely he hath fuell in deſire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'ſt a ſea of wet:
When that lay gather'd, thou didſt broach* the mountains:
When yet ſome places could no moiſture get,
The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good fountains.

* To pierce a veſſel in order to draw out the liquor. Biſhop Pearſon employs the word in the ſame ſenſe as Herbert: "When his rod had ceaſed to 'broach' the rocks."—ON THE CREED, Art. 1.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers; but gently ſpend
Your hony drops: preſſe not to ſmell them here;
When they are ripe their odour will aſcend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appeare.

How harſh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need leſſe reparation.
How ſmooth are ſilks compared with a ſtake,
Or with a ſtone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes thou doſt divide thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite. The Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, ſail and needle, all in one.

Moſt herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry,
Cold fruits warm kernells help againſt the winde.
The lemmons juice and rinde cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth looſe, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not, but expreſſe a feaſt,
Where all the gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fiſh and fleſh; bats, bird and beaſt:
Sponges, nonſenſe and ſenſe; mines, th' earth and plants.

To ſhow thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worſe than ours, ſometimes thou ſhifteſt hands.
Moſt things move th' under-jaw; the Crocodile not.
Moſt things ſleep lying, th' Elephant leans or ſtands.

But who hath praiſe enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expreſſe thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, which are ſo many,
And ſo complete, but onely he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have ſev'rall wayes,
Yet in their being joyn with one advice
To honour thee: and ſo I give thee praiſe
In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in uſe and name
It go for one, hath many wayes in ſtore
To honour thee; and ſo each hymne thy fame
Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

Hope.

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine: but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did preſent:
And he an optick* ſent.
With that I gave a viall full of tears:
But he a few green eares.
Ah Loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

Sinnes round.

SORRIE I am, my God, ſorrie I am,
That my offences courſe it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a buſie flame,
Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

* An inſtrument of ſight.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
Which ſpit it forth like the Sicilian* hill.
They vent the wares, and paſſe them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words ſuffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do joyn to finiſh the inventions:

My hands do joyn to finiſh the inventions:
And ſo my ſinnes aſcend three ſtories high,
As Babel grew, before there were diſſentions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not: for they ſupplie
New thoughts of ſinning; wherefore, to my ſhame
Sorrie I am, my God, ſorrie I am.

Time.

MEETING with Time, ſlack thing, ſaid I,
Thy ſithe is dull; whet it for ſhame.
No marvell Sir, he did replie,
If it at length deſerve ſome blame:
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twentie for one too ſharp do finde it.

Perhaps ſome ſuch of old did paſſe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy ſithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Chriſts coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his bleſſing thou art bleſt:
For where thou onely wert before
An excutioner at beſt,
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more.

* Mount Ætna.

An uſher to convey our ſouls
Beyond the utmoſt ſtarres and poles.

And this is that makes life ſo long,
While it detains us from our God.
Ev'n pleaſures here increaſe the wrong:
And length of dayes lengthens the rod.
Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what ſtrange length muſt that needs be,
Which ev'n eternitie excludes!
Thus farre Time heard me patiently:
Then chafing ſaid, This man deludes:
What do I here before his doore?
He doth not crave leſſe time, but more.

Gratefulneſſe.

O THOU that haſt giv'n ſo much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occaſion more,
And ſayes, If he in this be croſt,
All thou haſt giv'n him heretofore
Is loſt.

But thou didſt reckon, when at firſt
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worſt
To ſave.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
Tears ſullying thy tranſparent rooms
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This not withſtanding, thou wentſt on
And didſt allow us all our noiſe:
Nay thou haſt made a ſigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou haſt not ſtill above
Much better tunes, then grones can make;
But that theſe countrey-aires thy love
Did take.

Whereſore I crie, and crie again;
And in no quiet canſt thou be,
Till I a thankfull heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankfull, when it pleaſeth me;
As if thy bleſſings had ſpare dayes:
But ſuch a heart, whoſe pulſe may be
Thy praiſe.

Peace.

SWEET Peace, where doſt thou dwell? I humbly
Let me once know. [crave.
I ſought thee in a ſecret cave,
And aſk'd, if Peace were there.
A hollow winde did ſeem to anſwer, No;
Go ſeek elſewhere.

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will ſearch out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and ſcatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did ſpy
A gallant flower,
The crown Imperiall:* Sure, ſaid I,
Peace at the root muſt dwell.
But when I digg'd, I ſaw a worme devoure
What ſhow'd ſo well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man:
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began;
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increaſe
Of flock and fold.

He ſweetly liv'd; yet ſweetneſſe did not ſave
His life from foes.
But after death out of his grave
There ſprang twelve ſtalks of wheat:
Which many wondring at, got ſome of thoſe
To plant and ſet.

* The flower with that name. Cowley, in his hymn to light, has a beautiful alluſion to it:—

"A crimſon garment in the roſe thou wear'ſt;
A crown of ſtudded gold thou bear'ſt;
The virgin lilies in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almoſt naked light."

It proſper'd ſtrangely, and did ſoon diſperſe
Through all the earth:
For they that taſte it do rehearſe,
That vertue lies therein;
A ſecret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of ſinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it: and that repoſe,
And peace which ev'ry where
With ſo much earneſtneſſe you do purſue,
Is onely there.

Confeſſion.

O WHAT a cunning gueſt
Is this ſame grief! within my heart I made
Cloſets; and in them many a cheſt;
And like a maſter in my trade,
In thoſe cheſts, boxes; in each box, a till:
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No ſcrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber worke and winde,
As God's afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath deſigned.
They are too ſubtill for the ſubt'lleſt hearts;
And fall, like rheumes, upon the tendreſt parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and caſt about:
And till they foot and clutch their prey,

They never cool, much leſſe give out.
No ſmith can make ſuch locks, but they have keyes;
Cloſets are halls to them; and hearts, high-wayes.

Onely an open breaſt
Doth ſhut them out, ſo that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot reſt,
But quickly ſeek ſome new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no faſtning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and ſinnes,
Lord, I acknowledge; take thy plagues away:
For ſince confeſſion pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brighteſt day,
The cleareſt diamond: let them do their beſt,
They ſhall be thick and cloudie to my breaſt.

Giddineſſe.

OH, what a thing is man! how farre from power,
From ſettled peace and reſt!
He is ſome twentie ſev'rall men at leaſt
Each ſev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treaſure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of ſinne
Will loſe a pleaſure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And ſnudge* in quiet: now he ſcorns increaſe;
Now all day ſpares.

* Lie ſnug

He builds a houſe, which quickly down muſt go,
As if a whirlwinde blew
And cruſht the building: and it's partly true,
His minde is ſo.

O what a ſight were Man, if his attires
Did alter with his minde;
And, like a Dolphins ſkinne, his clothes combin'd
With his deſires!*

Surely if each one ſaw anothers heart,
There would be no commerce,
No ſale or bargain paſſe: all would diſperſe,
And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us: one creation
Will not ſuffice our turn:
Except thou make us dayly, we ſhall ſpurn
Our own ſalvation.

The Bunch of Grapes.

JOY, I did lock thee up: but ſome bad man
Hath let thee out again:
And, now, methinks, I am where I began
Sev'n years ago: one vogue and vein,†
One aire of thoughts uſurps my brain,
I did toward Canaan draw; but now I am
Brought back to the Red ſea, the ſea of ſhame.

* If his outward appearance changed like his mind and as often.

† Faſhion.

AFFELCTION
LOVE UNKNOWN

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travell'd, and ſaw no town;
So now each Chriſtian hath his journeys ſpann'd:
Their ſtorie pennes and ſets us down.
A ſingle deed is ſmall renown.
Gods works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient juſtice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds;
Our Scripture-dew drops faſt:
We have our ſands and ſerpents, tents and ſhrowds
Alas! our murmurings come not laſt.
But where's the cluſter?* where's the taſte
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I muſt borrow,
Let me as well take up their joy, as ſorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Bleſſed be God, who proſper'd Noahs vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good ſtore.
But much more him I muſt adore,
Who of the laws ſowre juice ſweet wine did make,
Ev'n God himſelf being preſſed for my ſake.

Love-unknown.†

DEARE friend, ſit down, the tale is long and ſad:
And in my faintings I preſume your love
Will more complie, than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom ſome grounds, which may improve,

* Numbers xiii. 23.

† Mr. Coleridge mentions this poem "as a ſtriking example and illuſtration that the characteriſtic fault of our elder poets is the reverſe of that which diſtinguiſhes too many of our recent verſifiers; the one conveying the moſt fantaſtic thoughts in the moſt

I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To him I brought a diſh of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
(I ſigh to ſay)
Lookt on a ſervant, who did know his eye
Better than you know me, or (which is one)
Then I myſelf. The ſervant inſtantly
Quitting the fruit, ſeiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A ſtream of bloud, which iſſu'd from the ſide
Of a great rock: I well remember all,
And have good cauſe: there it was dipt and dy'd,
And waſht, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. Your heart was foul, I fear.
Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
Many a fault more than my leaſe will bear;
Yet ſtill aſkt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you ſhall heare. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
(I ſigh to tell)
Walkt by myſelf abroad, I ſaw a large
And ſpacious fornace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whoſe verge
Was in great letters ſet Affliction.
The greatneſſe ſhew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a ſacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus preſent,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, ſlipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the ſcalding pan;
My heart, that brought it (do you underſtand?)
The offerers heart. Your heart was hard, I fear.

correct and natural language; the other, in the moſt fantaſtic language, conveying the moſt trivial thoughts. The latter is a riddle of words, the former an enigma of thoughts."—BIOG. Lit. ii. 98.

Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to ſpread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug, then ſcalding water,
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did ſteal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and moſt divine
To ſupple hardneſſes. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, ſoon I fled
Unto my houſe, where to repair the ſtrength
Which I had loſt, I haſted to my bed:
But when I thought to ſleep out all theſe faults,
(I ſigh to ſpeak)
I found that ſome had ſtuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would ſay thorns. Deare, could my heart not break,
When with my pleaſures ev'n my reſt was gone?
Full well I underſtood, who had been there:
For I had giv'n the key to none, but one:
It muſt be he. Your heart was dull, I fear.
Indeed a ſlack and ſleepie ſtate of minde
Did oft poſſeſſe me, ſo that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did ſtay behinde.
But all my ſcores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. Truly, Friend,
For ought I heare, your Maſter ſhows to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did onely, what was old, renew:
The Caldron ſuppled, what was grown too hard:
The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull:
All did but ſtrive to mend, what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praiſe him to the full
Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick

Man's Medley.

HEARK, how the birds do ſing,
And woods do ring.
A creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly meaſure,
Mans joy and pleaſure
Rather hereafter, then in preſent, is.

To this life things of ſenſe
Make their pretence:
In th' other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In ſoul he mounts and flies,
In fleſh he dies.
He wears a ſtuffe whoſe thread is courſe and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And ſhould take place
After the trimming, not the ſtuffe and ground.

Not, that he may not here
Taſte of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and ſtraight lift up their head;
So muſt he ſip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joyes are double,
So is his trouble.
He hath two winters, other things but one:
Both froſts and thoughts do nip:
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greateſt griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
Happie is he, whoſe heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praiſe.

The Storm.

IF as the windes and waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My ſighs and tears as buſy were above;
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempeſtuous times
Amaze poore mortals, and object* their crimes.

Starres have their ſtorms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conſcience ſpurred by remorſe
Hath a ſtrange force:
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to aſſault thee, and beſiege thy doore.

There it ſtands knocking, to thy muſicks wrong,
And drowns the ſong.
Glorie and honour are ſet by till it
An anſwer get.
Poets have wrong'd poore ſtorms: ſuch dayes are beſt;
They purge the aire without, within the breaſt.

* Throw forward, ſo as to confront them.

Paradiſe.

I BLESSE thee, Lord, becauſe I GROW
Among thy trees, which in a ROW
To thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
Can blaſt my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the incloſure is thine ARM?

Incloſe me ſtill for fear I START.
Be to me rather ſharp and TART,
Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou doſt greater judgements SPARE,
And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitfull ARE,

Such ſharpnes ſhows the ſweeteſt FREND,
Such cuttings rather heal than REND,
And ſuch beginnings touch their END.

The Method.

POORE heart, lament.
For ſince thy God refuſeth ſtill,
There is ſome rub, ſome diſcontent,
Which cools his will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect, what thou doſt move;
For he is Power: and ſure he would;
For he is Love.

Go ſearch this thing,
Tumble thy breaſt, and turn thy book:
If thou hadſt loſt a glove or ring,
Wouldſt thou not look?

What do I ſee
Written above there? Yeſterday
I did behave me careleſſly,
When I did pray.

And ſhould Gods eare
To ſuch indifferents chained be,
Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God leſſe free?

But ſtay! what's there?
Late when I would have ſomething done,
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.

And ſhould Gods eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to thoſe
Who heare not him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
Seek pardon firſt, and God will ſay,
Glad heart rejoyce.

Divinitie.

AS men, for fear the ſtarres ſhould ſleep and nod,
And trip at night, have ſpheres ſuppli'd;
As if a ſtarre were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide:

Juſt ſo the other heav'n they alſo ſerve,
Divinities tranſcendent ſkie:
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
Reaſon triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wiſdome, which firſt broacht the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?
And jagg'd his ſeamleſſe coat, had that been fine,
With curious queſtions and diviſions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came.
At leaſt thoſe beams of truth, which onely ſave,
Surpaſſe in brightneſſe any flame.

Love God, and Love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
Do as you would be done unto.
O dark inſtructions, ev'n dark as day!
Who can theſe Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
Bid what he pleaſe; yet I am ſure,
To take and taſte what he doth there deſigne,
Is all that ſaves, and not obſcure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, fooliſh man;
Break all thy ſpheres, and ſave thy head;
Faith needs no ſtaffe of fleſh, but ſtoutly can
To heav'n alone both go, and leade.

Ephes. iv. 30.

"GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT," ETC.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sowre,
And crosse thy love?
Grieved for me? the God of strength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
I passe away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve:
Weep foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sinnes expresse; melt into dew.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore.
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more.
Almightie God doth grieve, he puts on sense:
I sinne not to my grief alone,
But to my Gods too; he doth grone.

O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
Which may with thee
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myſelf to tears and grief.
Ev'n endleſſe tears
Without relief.
If a cleare ſpring for me no time forbears,
But runnes, although I be not drie;
I am no Cryſtall, what ſhall I?

Yet if I wail not ſtill, ſince ſtill to wail
Nature denies;
And fleſh would fail,
If my deſerts were maſters of mine eyes:
Lord, pardon, for thy ſonne makes good
My want of tears with ſtore of bloud.

The Familie.

WHAT doth this noiſe of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do theſe loud complaints and pulling fears,
As if there were no rule or eares?

But, Lord, the houſe and familie are thine,
Though ſome of them repine.
Turn out theſe wranglers, which defile thy ſeat:
For where thou dwelleſt all is neat.

Firſt Peace and Silence all diſputes controll,
Then Order plaies* the ſoul;
And giving all things their ſet forms and houres,
Makes of wilde woods ſweet walks and bowres.

* Plays upon it like a muſical inſtrument, and brings it into tune.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth ſtand,
Expecting a command:
Then whom in waiting nothing ſeems more ſlow,
Nothing more quick when ſhe doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noiſe:
Yet ſpeak they louder, then diſtemper'd fears:
What is ſo ſhrill* as ſilent tears?

This is thy houſe, with theſe it doth abound:
And where theſe are not found
Perhaps thou com'ſt ſometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a conſtant ſtay.

The Size.

CONTENT thee, greedie heart.
Modeſt and moderate joyes to thoſe, that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are paſſing brave.
Let th' upper ſprings into the low
Deſcend and fall, and thou doſt flow.

* Clear ſpeaking, without harſhneſs: ſo we read of the waking of Adam from ſleep:—

"Which the only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſperſed, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough."

PARADISE LOST, v. 6.

What though ſome have a fraught *
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon ſail?
If thou haſt wherewithall to ſpice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To th' Iſle of ſpices, Is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, who was hungrie here.
Wouldſt thou his laws of faſting diſanull?
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to ſave it?
Wouldſt thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once:
But little do reſerve themſelves for more:
Thoſe have their hopes; theſe what they have renounce,
And live on ſcore;
Thoſe are at home; theſe journey ſtill,
And meet the reſt on Sions hill.

Thy Saviour ſentenc'd joy,
And in the fleſh condemn'd it as unfit,
At leaſt in lump: for ſuch doth oft deſtroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the preſent health reſtore.

A Chriſtians ſtate and caſe
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and ſpare,
Yet active ſtrength: whoſe long and bonie face
Content and care
Do ſeem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

* Freight.

Wherefore ſit down, good heart;
Graſp not at much, for fear thou loſeſt all.
If comforts fell according to deſert,
They would great froſts and ſnows deſtroy:
For we ſhould count, Since the laſt joy.

Then cloſe again the ſeam,
Which thou haſt open'd; do not ſpread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to minde thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whoſe meridian was engraven,
Theſe ſeas are tears, and Heav'n the haven.

Artillerie.

AS I one ev'ning ſat before my cell,
Me thought a ſtarre didſhoot into my lap.
I roſe, and ſhook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from ſmall fires comes oft no ſmall miſhap:
When ſuddenly I heard one ſay,
Do as thou uſeſt, diſobey,
Expell good motions from thy breaſt,
Which have the face of fire, but end in reſt.

I, who had heard of muſick in the ſpheres,
But not of ſpeech in ſtarres, began to muſe:
But turning to my God, whose miniſters
The ſtarres and all things are; If I refuſe
Dread Lord, ſaid I, ſo oft my good;
Then I refuſe not ev'n with bloud
To waſh away my ſtubborn thought:
For I will do, or ſuffer what I ought.

But I have alſo ſtarres and ſhooters too,
Born where thy ſervants both artilleries uſe.
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to thee; yet thou doſt refuſe.
Not but I am (I muſt ſay ſtill)
Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
Than thou to grant mine: but becauſe
Thy promiſe now hath ev'n ſet thee thy laws.

Then we are ſhooters both, and thou doſt deigne
To enter combate with us, and conteſt
With thine own clay. But I would parley* fain:
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breaſt.
Yet if thou ſhunneſt, I am thine:
I muſt be ſo, if I am mine.
There is no articling with thee:
I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

Church-rents and ſchiſmes.

BRAVE roſe, (alas!) where art thou? in the chair
Where thou didſt lately ſo triumph and ſhine,
A worm doth ſit, whoſe many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottome of the leaves: which when the winde
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd ſteps do cruſh and grinde
Their beauteous glories. Onely ſhreds of thee,
And thoſe all bitten, in thy chair I ſee.

* Confer.

Why doth my Mother bluſh? is ſhe the roſe,
And ſhows it ſo? Indeed Chriſts precious bloud
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much freſher than before.
But when debates and fretting jealouſies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turned your ruddie into pale and bleak:
Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your ſev'rall parts unlooſe and ſtart:
Which when your neighbours ſaw, like a north-winde
They ruſhed in, and caſt them in the dirt
Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
Where ſhall I get me eyes enough to weep,
As many eyes as ſtarres? ſince it is night,
And much of Aſia and Europe faſt aſleep,
And ev'n all Africk; would at leaſt I might
With theſe two poore ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

Juſtice.

O DREADFULL juſtice, what a fright and terrour
Waſt thou of old,
When ſinne and errour
Did ſhow and ſhape thy looks to me,
And through their glaſſe diſcolour thee!
He that did but look up, was proud and bold.

The diſhes* of thy balance ſeem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and ſcape
Did like ſome tott'ring engine ſhow:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the ſtouteſt hearts, the proudeſt wits.

But now that Chriſts pure vail preſents the ſight,
I ſee no fears:
Thy hand is white,
Thy ſcales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably deſcend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou ſtill didſt call on me,
Now I ſtill touch
And harp on thee
Gods promiſes hath made thee mine:
Why ſhould I juſtice now decline?
Againſt me there is none, but for me much.

The Pilgrimage.

I TRAVELL'D on, ſeeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of Deſperation
I left on th' one, and on the other ſide
The rock of Pride.

* The ſcales which Juſtice holds.

And ſo I came to phanſies medow ſtrow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my houre.
So to cares cops* I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wilde of paſſion; which
Some call the wold;
A waſted place, but ſometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
Save one good Angell, which a friend had ti'd
Cloſe to my ſide.

At length I got unto the gladſome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing ſtill,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackiſh waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abaſh'd and ſtruck with many a ſting
Of ſwarming fears,
I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King;
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart I roſe, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd:

My hill was further; ſo I flung away,
Yet heard a crie
Juſt as I went, None goes that way
And lives: If that be all, ſaid I,
After ſo foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

* Copſe.

The Holdfaſt.

I THREATENED to obſerve the ſtrict decree
Of my deare God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one, it could not be;
Yet I might truſt in God to be my light.

Then will I truſt, ſaid I, in him alone.
Nay, ev'n to truſt in him, was alſo his:
We muſt confeſſe, that nothing is our own.
Then I confeſſe that he my ſuccour is:

But to have nought is ours, not to confeſſe
That we have nought. I ſtood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expreſſe,
That all things were more ours by being his.
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Chriſt keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

Complaining.

DO not beguile my heart,
Becauſe thou art
My power and wiſdome. Put me not to ſhame,
Becauſe I am
Thy clay that weeps, thy duſt that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie;
The deed and ſtorie
Are both thy due: but I a ſilly flie,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art thou all juſtice, Lord:
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but thoſe of grief?

Let not thy wrathfull power
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life: or let thy gracious power
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and finde relief.

The Diſcharge.

BUSIE enquiring heart, what wouldſt thou know?
Why doſt thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous* eye
Look high and low;
And in thy lookings ſtretch and grow?

Haſt thou not made thy counts, and ſumm'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart?
Let what will fall:
That which is paſt who can recall?

Thy life is Gods, thy time to come is gone,
And his is right.
He is thy night at noon: he is at night
Thy noon alone.
The crop is his, for he hath ſown.

* Tempting, or inviting.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy buſineſſe his, and in thy life partake:
For thou canſt tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the preſent is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didſt not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldſt well ſee
What preſent things requir'd of thee,

They aſk enough; why ſhouldſt thou further go?
Raiſe not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come; for it will grow.

Man and the preſent fit: if he provide,
He breaks the ſquare.
This houre is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon deaths ſide:

For death each hour environs and ſurrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto thoſe grounds,
But thro' a Churchyard which them bounds.

Things preſent ſhrink and die: but they that ſpend
Their thoughts and ſenſe
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt looſe the chain,
And wake thy ſorrow ?
Wilt thou foreſtall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freſhly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come : or if it muſt,
Do not forecaſt :
while it cometh, it is almoſt paſt.
Away diſtruſt :
My God hath promiſ'd ; he is juſt.

Praiſe.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
I will love thee :
And that love may never ceaſe,
I will move thee.

Thou haſt granted my requeſt,
Thou haſt heard me :
Thou didſt note my working breaſt,
Thou haſt ſpar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmoſt art
I will ſing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my ſins againſt me cried,
Thou didſt cleare me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didſt heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in ſeven,
I will praiſe thee.
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raiſe thee.

Thou grew'ſt ſoft and moiſt with tears,
Thou relentedſt.
And when Juſtice call'd for fears,
Thou diſſentedſt.

Small it is, in this poore ſort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternitie is too ſhort
To extoll thee.

An Offering.

COME, bring thy gift. If bleſſings were as ſlow
As mens returns, what would become of fools?
What haſt thou there? a heart? but is it pure?
Search well, and ſee; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to beſtow:
In Chriſt two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number;
And ſingle things grow fruitfull by deſerts.
In public judgments one may be a nation.*
And fence a plague, while others ſleep and ſlumber.

* The crimes, or the faith of one, may bring a judgment, or a bleſſing, upon a whole people; as in the caſe of David.

But all I fear is leſt thy heart diſpleaſe,
As neither good, nor one: ſo oft diviſions
Thy luſts have made, and not thy luſts alone;
Thy paſſions alſo have their ſet partitions.
Theſe parcell out thy heart: recover theſe,
And thou mayſt offer many gifts in one.

There is a balſome, or indeed a bloud,
Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanſe and cloſe
All ſorts of wounds; of ſuch ſtrange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and ſeek no repoſe,
Until thou finde, and uſe it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift; and let thy hymne be this;

Since my ſadneſſe
Into gladneſſe,
Lord thou doſt convert,
O accept
What thou haſt kept,
As thy due deſert.

Had I many,
Had I any,
(For this heart is none)
All were thine
And none of mine,
Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
May give ſavour
To this poore oblation; *
And it raiſe
To be thy praiſe,
And be my ſalvation.

* Offering.

Longing.

WITH ſick and famiſht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
To thee my cries,
To thee my grones,
To thee my ſighs, my tears aſcend:
No end?

My throat, my ſoul is hoarſe;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which thou doſt curſe.
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddie; Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.
Mothers are kinde, becauſe thou art,
And doſt diſpoſe
To them a part:
Their infants, them; and they ſuck thee
More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare!
Lord of my ſoul, love of my minde,
Bow down thine eare!
Let not the winde
Scatter my words, and in the ſame
Thy name!

Look on my ſorrows round!
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what ſhames!
Conſider, Lord; Lord, bow thine eare,
And heare!

Lord Jeſu, thou didſt bow
Thy dying head upon the tree:
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord, heare! Shall he that made the eare
Not heare?

Behold thy duſt doth ſtirre;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee;
Wilt thou deferre
To ſuccour me,
Thy pile of duſt, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.
Haſt thou left all things to their courſe,
And laid the reins
Upon the horſe?
Is all lockt? hath a ſinners plea
No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their leaſe aſſign'd?
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble gueſts
Finde neſts.

Thou tarrieſt, while I die,
And fall to nothing: thou doſt reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief: Yet am I ſtil'd
Thy childe.

Lord, didſt thou leave thy throne,
Not to relieve? how can it be,
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were ſinne alive, good cauſe there were
To bear.

But now both ſinne is dead,
And all thy promiſes live and bide.
That wants his head;
Theſe ſpeak and chide,
And in thy boſome poure my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, heare my heart,
Which hath been broken now ſo long,
That ev'ry part
Hath got a tongue:
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.

My love, my ſweetneſſe, heare!
By theſe thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out thy dart,
And heal my troubled breaſt which cryes,
Which dyes.

The Bag.

AWAY deſpair; my gracious Lord doth heare,
Though windes and waves aſſault my keel.
He doth preſerve it; he doth ſteer,
Ev'n when the boat ſeems moſt to reel.

Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord Jesus di'd?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majesstick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to light;* and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bowe, the fire his spear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear;
He smil'd, and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.†

When he was come as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then, and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell sinne:
And having giv'n the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
And straight he turned, and to his brethren cry'd,

* To descend.

† The reader of Cowley will think that he has a conceit from the Davideis. We find Bishop Taylor writing on Good Friday:

"His Father's burning wrath did make
His very heart like melting wax to sweat
Rivers of blood,
Through the pure strainer of his skin."

If ye have any thing to ſend or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my father's hands and ſight
(Beleeve me) it ſhall ſafely come.
That I ſhall minde, what you impart;
Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will uſe me in this kinde, the doore
Shall ſtill be open; what he ſends
I will preſent, and ſomewhat more,
Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
Anything to me. Heark deſpair, away.

The Jews.

POORE nation, whoſe ſweet ſap, and juice
Our cyens* have purloined, and left you drie
Whoſe ſtreams we got by the Apoſtles ſluce,
And uſe in baptiſme, while ye pine and die:
Who by not keeping once, became a debter;
And now by keeping loſe the letter:

Oh that my prayers! mine, alas!
Oh that ſome Angel might a trumpet ſound:
At which the Church falling upon her face
Should crie ſo loud, untill the trump were drown'd
And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
That your ſweet ſap might come again!

* Scions.

The Collar.

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd No more;
I will abroad.
What? ſhall I ever ſigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Looſe as the winde, as large as ſtore.
Shall I be ſtill in ſuit?
Have I no harveſt but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not reſtore
What I have loſt with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my ſighs did drie it: there was corn,
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the yeare onely loſt to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blaſted?
All waſted?
Not ſo, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou haſt hands.
Recover all thy ſigh-blown age
On double pleaſures: leave thy cold diſpute
Of what is fit, and not forſake thy cage,
Thy rope of ſands,
Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didſt wink and wouldſt not ſee.
Away: take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears

To ſuit and ſerve his need,
Deſerves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde,
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, Childe;
And I reply'd, My Lord.

The Glimpſe.

WHITHER away delight?
Thou cam'ſt but now; wilt thou ſo ſoon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and ſmart
But one half houre of comfort for my heart?

Methinks delight ſhould have
More ſkill in muſick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a winde or wave,
They quickly go and come with leſſer crime:
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy ſhort abode and ſtay
Feeds not, but addes to the deſire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they ſay)
A neighbour ſpring to cool his inward heat;
Which by the ſprings acceſſe grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die;
But conſtant to his part,
When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
A ſlender thread a gentle gueſt will tie.

ASSURANCE

Yet if the heart that wept
Muſt let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the ſtock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to ſpinne,
The wheel ſhall go, ſo that thy ſtay be ſhort.
Thou knowſt how grief and ſinne
Diſturb the work. O make me not their ſport,
Who by thy coming may be made a Court!

Aſſurance.

O SPITEFUL bitter thought!
Bitterly ſpitefull thought! Couldſt thou invent
So high a torture! Is ſuch poyſon bought?
Doubtleſſe, but in the way of puniſhment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No ſuch rank poyſon can there be.

Thou ſaid'ſt but even now,
That all was not ſo fair, as I conceiv'd,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceiv'd:
Either the league was broke, or neare it;
And, that I had great cauſe to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyſon, if it had a tongue, expreſſe?
What is thy aim? wouldſt thou unlock the doore
To cold deſpairs, and gnawing penſiveneſſe?
Wouldſt thou raiſe devils? I ſee, I know,
I writ thy purpoſe long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee ſay it. O moſt gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myſelf, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppoſe
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my deſert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But alſo mine: as when the league was made,
Thou didſt at once thyſelf indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canſt fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks ſtand,
And rivers ſtirre, thou canſt not ſhrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things ſhall diſband,
Then ſhalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praiſe thy power.

Now fooliſh thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy ſhame: for thou haſt caſt a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for it ſelf love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

The Call.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all ſtrife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feaſt, my Strength:
Such a Light, as ſhows a feaſt:
Such a Feaſt, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his gueſt.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

Claſping of Hands.

LORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
If mine I am: and thine much more,
Than I or ought, or can be mine.
Yet to be thine, doth me reſtore;
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more.
Since this being mine, brings with it thine,
And thou with me doſt thee reſtore.
If I without thee would be mine,
I neither ſhould be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine:
So mine thou art, that ſomething more
I may preſume thee mine, then thine
For thou didſt ſuffer to reſtore
Not thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,
Since thou in death waſt none of thine,
Yet then as mine didſt me reſtore.
O be mine ſtill! ſtill make me thine;
Or rather make no Thine and Mine!

Praiſe.

LORD, I will mean and ſpeak thy praiſe,
Thy praiſe alone.
My buſie heart ſhall ſpin it all my dayes:
And when it ſtops for want of ſtore,
Then will I wring it with a ſigh or grone,
That thou mayſt yet have more.

When thou doſt favour any action,
It runnes, it flies:
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When thou doſt bleſſe, hath twelve: one wheel doth riſe
To twentie then, or more.

But when thou doſt on buſineſſe blow,
It hangs, it clogs:
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of doore.
Legs are but ſtumps, and Pharaohs wheels but logs,
And ſtruggling hinders more.

Thouſands of things do thee employ
In ruling all
This ſpacious globe: Angels muſt have their joy,
Devils their rod, the ſea his ſhore,
The windes their ſtint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heardſt my call, and more.

I have not loſt one ſingle tear:
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle* there

* "Thou telleſt my flittings, put my tears into thy bottle."—Ps. lvi. 8.

(As we have boxes for the poore)
Readie to take them in; yet of a ſize
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadſt ſlipt a drop
From thy right eye
(Which there did hang like ſtreamers neare the top
Of ſome fair church to ſhow the ſore
And bloudie battell which thou once didſt trie)
The glaſſe was full and more.

Wherefore I ſing. Yet ſince my heart,
Though preſſ'd, runnes thin;
O that I might ſome other hearts convert,
And ſo take up at uſe good ſtore:
That to thy cheſts there might be coming in
Both all my praiſe, and more!

Joſeph's Coat.

WOUNDED I ſing, tormented I indite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed, and reſt:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note: ſuch is his will
Who changeth all things, as him pleaſeth beſt.
For well he knows, if but one grief and ſmart
Among my many had his full career,
Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
And both would runne until they found a biere
To fetch the bodie; both being due to grief.
But he hath ſpoil'd the race; and giv'n to anguiſh
One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
To linger in me, and together languiſh.
I live to ſhew his power, who once did bring
My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to ſing.

The Pulley.

WHEN God at firſt made man,
Having a glaſſe of bleſſings ſtanding by;
Let us (ſaid he) poure on him all we can:
Let the worlds riches, which diſperſed lie,
Contract into a ſpan.

So ſtrength firſt made a way;
Then beautie flow'd, then wiſdome, honour, pleaſure:
When almoſt all was out, God made a ſtay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treaſure,
Reſt in the bottome lay.

For if I ſhould (ſaid he)
Beſtow this jewell alſo on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in ſtead of me,
And reſt in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both ſhould loſers be.

Yet let him keep the reſt,
But keep them with repining reſtleſneſſe:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at leaſt,
If goodneſſe leade him not, yet wearineſſe
May toſſe him to my breaſt.

The Prieſthood.

BLEST Order, which in power doſt ſo excell,
That with th' one hand thou lifteſt to the ſky,
And with the other throweſt down to hell
In thy juſt cenſures; fain would I draw nigh;
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-ſword
For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, ſacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: ſhould I preſume
To wear thy habit, the ſevere attire
My ſlender compoſitions might conſume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy Writ.

Yet have I often ſeen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I ſcorn'd to ſtand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of ſkilfull artiſts, for the boards of thoſe
Who make the braveſt ſhows.

But ſince thoſe great ones, be they ne're ſo great,
Come from the earth, from whence thoſe veſſels come;
So that at once both feeder, diſh, and meat,
Have one beginning and one finall ſumme:
I do not greatly wonder at the ſight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God ſuch veſſels are,
As ſerve him up, who all the world commands.
When God vouchſafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey him, who conveys their hands:
O what pure things, moſt pure muſt thoſe things be,
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it ſeem to ſhake
Through th' old ſinnes and new doctrines of our land.
Onely, ſince God doth often veſſels make
Of lowly matter for high uſes meet,
I throw me at his feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker ſeek
For ſome mean ſtuffe whereon to ſhow his ſkill:
Then is my time. The diſtance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Leſt good come ſhort of ill
In praiſing might, the poore do by ſubmiſſion
What pride by oppoſition.

The Search.

WHITHER, O, whither art thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My ſearches are my daily bread;
Yet never prove

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eies the ſkie:
And yet the ſphere
And centre both to me denie
That thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how ſtarres above
Simper and ſhine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poor I pine.

I ſent a ſigh to ſeek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow: but my ſcout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having ſtore)
Into a grone,
Becauſe the ſearch was dumbe before:
But all was one.

Lord, doſt thou ſome new fabrick mold
Which favour winnes,
And keeps thee preſent, leaving th' old
Unto their ſinnes!

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals thee ſtill?
What covert dare eclipſe thy face?
Is it thy will?

O let not that of any thing:
Let rather braſſe,
Or ſteel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will paſſe.

Thy will ſuch an intrenching is,
As paſſeth thought:
To it all ſtrength, all ſubtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will ſuch a ſtrange diſtance is,
As that to it
Eaſt and Weſt touch, the poles do kiſſe,
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief muſt be as large
As is thy ſpace,
Thy diſtance from me; ſee my charge,
Lord, ſee my caſe.

O take these barres, these lengths away;
Turn, and restore me:
Be not Almightie, let me say,
Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be neare;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appeare
To come between?

For as thy absence doth excell
All distance known:
So doth thy nearnesse bear the bell,
Making two one.

Grief.

O WHO will give me tears? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds, and rain:
My grief hath need of all the watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too drie for me,
Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
Of a lesse world? the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows: cease, be dumbe and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme:
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
Alas, my God!

The Croſſe.

WHAT is this ſtrange and uncouth thing
To make me ſigh, and ſeek, and faint, and die,
Untill I had ſome place, where I might ſing,
And ſerve thee; and not onely I,
But all my wealth, and familie might combine
To ſet thy honour up, as our deſigne.

And then when after much delay,
Much wreſtling, many a combate, this deare end,
So much deſir'd, is giv'n, to take away
My power to ſerve thee: to unbend
All my abilities, my deſignes confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my ſoul (the memorie
What I would do for thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmonie)
I am in all a weak diſabled thing,
Save in the ſight thereof, where ſtrength doth ſting.

Beſides, things ſort not to my will,
Ev'n when my will doth ſtudie thy renown:
Thou turneſt th' edge of all things on me ſtill,
Taking me up to throw me down:
So that, ev'n when my hopes ſeem to be ſped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow;

To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midſt of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradiſe to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, eaſe my ſmart!
Theſe contrarieties cruſh me: theſe croſſe actions
Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet ſince theſe thy contradictions
Are properly a croſſe felt by thy ſonne
With but foure words, my words, Thy will be done.

The Flower.*

HOW freſh, O Lord, how ſweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in ſpring;
To which, beſides their own demean,
The late-paſt froſts tributes of pleaſure bring.
Grief melts away
Like ſnow in May,
As if there were no ſuch cold thing.

* "The poem entitled 'The Flower' is eſpecially affecting, and to me ſuch a phraſe as 'reliſh verſing,' expreſſes a ſincerity, a reality which I would not willingly exchange for the more dignified, 'and once more love the muſe.'"—COLERIDGE to the painter COLLINS, (Life of Collins, i. 147.) In another place he calls it a "delicious poem;" and delicious it is in thought, muſic, and expreſſion; but I would not adopt Mr. Coleridge's gloſs upon the laſt line in the firſt ſtanza, "as if there had been no ſuch thing." The poet ſurely intended to exhibit grief, caſting off ſadneſs, and rejoicing in hope, juſt as if there were no ſhade and cold in the world to darken and chill her again.

Who would have thought my ſhrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenneſſe? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To ſee their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep houſe unknown.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a paſſing-bell.
We ſay amiſſe,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could ſpell.

O that I once paſt changing were,
Faſt in thy Paradiſe, where no flower can wither!
Many a ſpring I ſhoot up fair,
Offring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a ſpring-ſhowre,
My ſinnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a ſtraight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What froſt to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou doſt turn,
And the leaſt frown of thine is ſhown?

And now in age I bud again,
After ſo many deaths I live and write;
I once more ſmell the dew and rain,
And reliſh verſing: O my onely light,

It cannot be
That I am he,
On whom thy tempeſts fell all night.

Theſe are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us ſee we are but flowers that glide
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou haſt a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through ſtore.
Forfeit their Paradiſe by their pride.

Dotage.

FALSE glozing* pleaſures, caſks of happineſſe,
Fooliſh night-fires, womens and childrens wiſhes,
Chaſes in Arras,† guilded emptineſſe,
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,‡
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two diſhes;
Theſe are the pleaſures here.

True earneſt ſorrows, rooted miſeries,
Anguiſh in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, ſolid calamities,
Plain demonſtrations, evident and cleare,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone;
Theſe are the ſorrows here.

But oh the folly of diſtracted men,
Who griefs in earneſt, joyes in jeſt purſue;

* Flattering. † Hunting ſcenes embroidered.
‡ The ground on which a race is run, or a combat fought.

Preferring, like brute beaſts, a loathſome den
Before a court, ev'n that above ſo cleare,
Where are no ſorrows, but delights more true
Then miſeries are here!

The Sonne.

LET forrain nations of their language boaſt,
What fine varietie each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men and coaſt;
Who cannot dreſſe it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one onely name
To parents iſſue and the ſunnes bright ſtarre.
A ſonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
Chaſing the fathers dimneſſe, carried far
From the firſt man in th' Eaſt, to freſh and new
Weſtern diſcov'ries of poſteritie.
So in one word our Lords humilitie
We turn upon him in a ſenſe moſt true;
For what Chriſt once in humbleneſſe began,
We him in glorie call, The Sonne of Man.

A true Hymne.

MY joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would ſay
And ſtill it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With only this, My joy, my life, my crown.

Yet ſlight not theſe few words;
If truly ſaid, they may take part
Among the beſt in art.
The fineneſſe which a hymne or pſalme affords,
Is, when the ſoul unto the lines accords.

He who craves all the minde,
And all the ſoul, and ſtrength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Juſtly complains, that ſomewhat is behinde
To make his verſe, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
Although the verſe be ſomewhat ſcant,
God doth ſupplie the want.
As when th' heart ſays (ſighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and ſtops; God writeth, Loved.

The Anſwer.

MY comforts drop and melt like ſnow:
I ſhake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like ſummer-friends,
Flyes of eſtates and ſunne-ſhine. But to all,
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my proſecutions ſlack and ſmall;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his firſt bed of dirt, and means the ſky;
But cooling by the way, grows purſie and ſlow,
And ſettling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark ſtate of tears: to all, that ſo
Show me, and ſet me, I have one reply,
Which they that know the reſt, know more then I.

A Dialogue-Anthem.

CHRISTIAN, DEATH.

CHR. ALAS, poore death! where is thy glorie?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient ſting
DEA. Alas, poore mortall, void of ſtorie,
Go ſpell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.
CHR. Poore death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curſe being laid on him makes thee accurſt.
DEA. Let loſers talk, yet thou ſhalt die;
Theſe arms ſhall cruſh thee.
CHR. Spare not, do thy worſt.
I ſhall be one day better then before:
Thou ſo much worſe, that thou ſhalt be no more.

The Water-Courſe.

THOU who doſt dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions ſooneſt grow;
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail:
For who can look for leſſe, that loveth { Life. / Strife.
But rather turn the pipe, and waters courſe
To ſerve thy ſinnes, and furniſh thee with ſtore

Of ſov'raigne tears, ſpringing from true remorſe:
That ſo in pureneſſe thou mayſt him adore
Who gives to man, as he ſees fit, { Salvation. / Damnation.

Self-condemnation.

THOU who condemneſt Jewiſh hate,
For chooſing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glorie;
Look back upon thine own eſtate,
Call home thine eye (that buſie wanderer)
That choice may be thy ſtorie.*

He that doth love, and love amiſſe
This worlds delights before true Chriſtian joy,
Hath made a Jewiſh choice:
The world an ancient murderer is;
Thouſands of ſouls it hath and doth deſtroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a ſorrie wedding
Between his ſoul and gold, and hath preferr'd
Falſe gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemnes in reading:
For he hath ſold for money his deare Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent† the laſt great day,
And judge our ſelves. That light which ſin and paſſion
Did before dimme and choke,

* As if he ſaid:—What the Jews did may be told of you; your own wicked life, and denial of the Saviour being ſhown in the very ſtory you condemn.

† "Go before," as in the collect, "Prevent us, O Lord."

When once thoſe ſnuffes are ta'en away,
Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuſe or cloak.

Bitter-ſweet.

AH, my deare angrie Lord,
Since thou doſt love, yet ſtrike;
Caſt down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praiſe;
I will bewail, approve:
And all my ſowre-ſweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

The Glance.

WHEN firſt thy ſweet and gracious eye,
Vouchſaf'd ev'n in the midſt of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in ſinne;
I felt a ſugred ſtrange delight,
Paſſing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter ſtorm
My ſoul hath felt, ev'n able to deſtroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His ſwing and ſway:
But ſtill thy ſweet originall joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my ſoul,
And ſurging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
And got the day.

If thy firſt glance ſo pow.erfull be,
A mirth but open'd, and ſeal'd up again;
What wonders ſhall we feel, when we ſhall ſee
Thy full-ey'd love!
When thou ſhalt look us out of pain,
And one aſpect of thine ſpend in delight
More then a thouſand ſunnes diſburſe in light,
In heav'n above.

The Twenty-third Pſalme.

THE God of love my ſhepherd is,
And he that doth me feed:
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender graſſe,
Where I both feed and reſt;
Then to the ſtreams that gently paſſe:
In both I have the beſt.

Or if I ſtray, he doth convert,
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my deſert.
But for his holy name.

Yea, in deaths ſhadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy ſtaffe to bear.

Nay, thou doſt make me ſit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies ſight:
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy ſweet and wondrous love
Shall meaſure all my dayes;
And as it never ſhall remove,
So neither ſhall my praiſe.

Marie Magdalene.

WHEN bleſſed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whoſe precepts ſhe had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his ſteps ſhould be the ſtreet,
Wherein ſhe thenceforth evermore
With penſive humbleneſſe would live and tread:

She being ſtain'd herſelf, why did ſhe ſtrive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?

Why kept ſhe not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like ſeas, our ſinnes are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare ſoul, ſhe knew who did vouchſafe and deigne
To bear her filth; and that her ſinnes did daſh
Ev'n God himſelf: wherefore ſhe was not loth
As ſhe had brought wherewith to ſtain,
So to bring in wherewith to waſh:
And yet in waſhing one, ſhe waſhed both.

Aaron.

HOLINESSE on the head
Light and perfections on the breaſt,
Harmonious bells below raiſing the dead
To leade them unto life and reſt.
Thus are true Aarons dreſt.

Profaneneſſe in my head,
Defects and darkneſſe in my breaſt,
A noiſe of paſſions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no reſt:
Poore prieſt thus am I dreſt.

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breaſt,
Another muſick, making live, not dead,
Without whom I could have no reſt:
In him I am well dreſt.

Chriſt is my onely head,
My alone onely heart and breaſt,
My onely muſick, ſtriking me ev'n dead;
That to the old man I may reſt,
And be in him new dreſt.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breaſt,
My doctrine tun'd by Chriſt, (who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do reſt)
Come, people; Aaron's dreſt.

The Odour.

2 COR. II.

HOW ſweetly doth My Maſter ſound! My Maſter!
As Amber-greeſe leaves a rich ſcent
Unto the taſter:
So do theſe words a ſweet content,
An orientall fragrancie, My Maſter.

With theſe all day I do perfume my minde,
My mind ev'n thruſt into them both;
That I might finde
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of ſmells, that feeds and fats* my minde.

My Maſter, ſhall I ſpeak? O that to thee
My Servant were a little ſo,
As fleſh may be;
That theſe two words might creep and grow
To ſome degree of ſpicineſſe to thee!

* Fattens.

Then ſhould the Pomander,* which was before
A ſpeaking ſweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more:
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it ſweeter than before.

For when My Maſter, which alone is ſweet,
And ev'n in my unworthineſſe pleaſing,
Shall call and meet,
My Servant, as thee not diſpleaſing,
That call is but the breathing of the ſweet.

This breathing would with gains by ſweetning me
(As ſweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to thee.
And ſo this new commerce and ſweet
Should all my life employ, and buſie me.

The Foil

IF we could ſee below
The ſphere of vertue, and each ſhining grace,
As plainly as that above doth ſhow;
This were the better ſkie, the brighter place.

God hath made ſtarres the foil
To ſet off vertues; griefs to ſet off ſinning:
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

* A ball or powder of ſweet ſubſtances.

The Forerunners.

THE harbingers are come. See, ſee their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But muſt they have my brain? muſt they diſpark*
Thoſe ſparkling notions, which therein were bred?
Muſt dulneſſe turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, Thou art ſtill my God.

Good men ye be, to leave me my beſt room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there:
I paſſe not, I, what of the reſt become,
So, Thou art ſtill my God, be out of fear.
He will be pleaſed with that dittie;
And if I pleaſe him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell ſweet phraſes, lovely metaphors:
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of ſtews and brothels onely knew the doores,
Then did I waſh you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well dreſt and clad:
My God muſt have my beſt, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, ſugar-cane,
Hony of roſes, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath ſome fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a ſtie?
Fie, thou wilt ſoil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyſelf, and him that ſings the note.

Let fooliſh lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas, not with arras clothe their ſhame:

* To throw open a park.

Let follie ſpeak in her own native tongue.
True beautie dwells on high: ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
Beautie and beauteous words ſhould go together.

Yet if you go, I paſſe not; take your way:
For, Thou art ſtill my God, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embelliſhment can ſay.
Go birds of ſpring; let winter have his fee;
Let a bleak paleneſſe chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

The Roſe.

PRESSE me not to take more pleaſure
In this world of ſugred lies,
And to uſe a larger meaſure
Than my ſtrict, yet welcome ſize.
Firſt, there is no pleaſure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Bluſhing woes, that look as cleare,
As if they could beautie ſpare.

Or if ſuch deceits there be,
Such delights I meant to ſay;
There are no ſuch things to me,
Who have paſſ'd my right away.

But I will not much oppoſe
Unto what you now adviſe:
Onely take this gentle roſe,
And therein my anſwer lies.

What is fairer then a roſe?
What is ſweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmitie diſcloſe,
Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a roſe;
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the cloſe.

So this flower doth judge and ſentence
Worldly joyes to be a ſcourge:
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not phyſick chooſe:
Onely though I you oppoſe,
Say that fairly I refuſe,
For my anſwer is a roſe.

Diſcipline.

THROW away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my hearts deſire
Unto thine is bent:
I aſpire
To a full conſent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is ſwift of foot;
Love's a man of warre,
And can ſhoot,
And can hit from farre.

Who can ſcape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs muſt work on me.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.

The Invitation.

COME ye hither all, whoſe taſte
Is your waſte;
Save your coſt, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and dreſt,
And the feaſt,
God, in whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither all, whom wine
Doth define,*
Naming you not to your good:
Weep what ye have drunk amiſſe,
And drink this,
Which before ye drink is bloud.

Come ye hither all, whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your ſinnes to ſight:
Taſte and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on ſinne doth caſt the fright.

Come ye hither all, whom joy
Doth deſtroy,
While ye graze without your bounds:
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

* Give a character by qualities.

Come ye hither all, whoſe love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the ſkie:

Here is love, which, having breath
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
And I ſhall
Still invite, ſtill call to thee:
For it ſeems but juſt and right
In my ſight,
Where is all, there all ſhould be.

The Banquet.

WELCOME ſweet and ſacred cheer,
Welcome deare;
With me, in me, live and dwell:
For thy neatneſſe * paſſeth ſight,
Thy delight
Paſſeth tongue to taſte or tell.

O what ſweetneſſe from the bowl
Fills my ſoul,
Such as is, and makes divine!
Is ſome ſtarre (fled from the ſphere)
Melted there,
As we ſugar melt in wine?

* Milton has the word in his ſonnet to Mr. Lawrence:—
"What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us light and choice,
Of Attic taſte."
And in L'Allegro (p. 86):—
"Which the neat-handed Phyllis dreſſes."

Or hath ſweetneſſe in the bread
Made a head
To ſubdue the ſmell of ſinne,
Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving
All their living,
Leſt the enemie ſhould winne?

Doubtleſſe neither ſtarre nor flower
Hath the power
Such a ſweetneſſe to impart:
Onely God, who gives perfumes,
Fleſh aſſumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruiſ'd are better ſcented;
God, to ſhow how farre his love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is preſented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on earth
In delights of earth was drown'd;
God took bloud, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And ſo found me on the ground.

Having raiſ'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly he doth meet my taſte.
But I ſtill being low and ſhort,
Farre from court,
Wine becomes a wing at laſt.

For with it alone I flie
To the ſkie:
Where I wipe mine eyes, and ſee
What I ſeek for, what I ſue;
Him I view
Who hath done ſo much for me.

Let the wonder of this pitie
Be my dittie,
And take up my lines and life:
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the ſtrife.

The Poſie.*

LET wits conteſt,
And with their words and poſies windows fill;
Leſſe than the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write:
Whether I ſing,
Or ſay, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention reſt;
Compariſons go play; wit uſe thy will:
Leſſe than the leaſt
Of all God's mercies, is my poſie ſtill.

* The motto.

A Parodie.

SOULS joy, when thou art gone
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Becauſe thou doſt abide with me,
And I depend on thee;

Yet when thou doſt ſuppreſſe
The cheerfulneſſe
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not ſtirre abroad,
But leave me to my load:

O what a damp and ſhade
Doth me invade!
No ſtormie night
Can ſo afflict, or ſo affright,
As thy eclipſed light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw,
Leſt want of aw
Make ſinne appeare;
And when thou doſt but ſhine leſſe cleare,
Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sinne doth rave,
And falſly boaſt,
That I may ſeek, but thou art loſt;
Thou and alone thou know'ſt

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half beleeve,
That Sinne ſays true: but while I grieve
Thou com'ſt and doſt relieve.

The Elixer.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to ſee,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beaſt,
To runne into an action;
But ſtill to make thee prepoſſeſt,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glaſſe,
On it may ſtay his eye;
Or if he pleaſeth, through it paſſe,
And then the heav'n eſpie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be ſo mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy ſake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A ſervant with this clauſe
Makes drudgery divine:
Who ſweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous ſtone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for leſſe be told.

A Wreath.

A WREATHED garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knoweſt all my wayes,
My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live; for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
Than deceit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
Give me ſimplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
Know them and practiſe them: then ſhall I give
For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praiſe.

Death.

DEATH, thou waſt once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The ſad effect of ſadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldſt not ſing.

For we conſider'd thee as at ſome ſix
Or ten years hence,
After the loſſe of life and ſenſe,
Fleſh being turn'd to duſt, and bones to ſticks.

We lookt on this ſide of thee, ſhooting ſhort;
Where we did finde
The ſhels of fledge ſouls left behinde,
Dry duſt, which ſheds no tears, but may extort.

But ſince our Saviours death did put ſome bloud
Into thy face;
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in requeſt, much ſought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at dooms-day;
When ſouls ſhall wear their new aray.
And all thy bones with beautie ſhall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as ſleep, and truſt
Half that we have
Unto an honeſt faithfull grave;
Making our pillows either down, or duſt.

Dooms-day.

COME away,
Make no delay.
Summon all the duſt to riſe,
Till it ſtirre, and rubbe the eyes;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whiſpring, Live you, brother?

Come away,
Make this the day.
Duſt, alas, no muſick feels,
But thy trumpet: then it kneels,

As peculiar notes and ſtrains
Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
O make no ſtay!
Let the graves make their confeſſion,
Leſt at length they plead poſſeſſion:
Fleſhes ſtubbornneſſe may have
Read that leſſon to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth ſtray.
Some to the windes their bodie lend,
And in them may drown a friend:
Some in noiſome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the world.
Lord, thy broken conſort raiſe,
And the muſick ſhall be praiſe.

Judgement.

ALMIGHTIE Judge, how ſhall poore wretches
Thy dreadfull look, [brook
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When thou ſhalt call
For ev'ry mans peculiar book?

What others mean to do, I know not well;
Yet I heare tell,

That ſome will turn thee to ſome leaves therein
So void of ſinne,
That they in merit ſhall excell.

But I reſolve, when thou ſhalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thruſt a Teſtament into thy hand:
Let that be ſcann'd.
There thou ſhalt finde my faults are thine.

Heaven.

O WHO will ſhow me thoſe delights on high?
Echo. *I*
Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
Echo. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves, that ſtill abide?
Echo. *Bide.*
What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
Echo. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo then of bliſſe?
Echo. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that ſupreme delight?
Echo. *Light.*
Light to the minde: what ſhall the will enjoy?
Echo. *Joy.*
But are there cares and buſineſſe with the pleaſure?
Echo. *Leiſure.*
Light, joy, and leiſure; but ſhall they perſever?
Echo. *Ever.*

Love.

LOVE bade me welcome: yet my ſoul drew back,
Guiltie of duſt and ſinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, obſerving me grow ſlack
From my firſt entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, ſweetly queſtioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A gueſt, I anſwer'd, worthy to be here:
Love ſaid, you ſhall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and ſmiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my ſhame
Go where it doth deſerve.
And know you not, ſayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will ſerve.
You muſt ſit down, ſayes Love, and taſte my meat:
So I did ſit and eat.

GLORIE BE TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALMIGHTIE Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seeſt and ruleſt all things ev'n as one:
The ſmalleſt ant or atome knows thy power,
Known alſo to each minute of an houre:
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counſels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouſe doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didſt thou ariſe to plant this vine,
Which might the more indeare it to be thine.
Spices come from the Eaſt; ſo did thy Spouſe,
Trimme* as the light, ſweet as the laden boughs
Of Noahs ſhadie vine, chaſte as the dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The courſe was weſtward, that the ſunne might light
As well our underſtanding, as our ſight.

* A writer (ADVERSUS IMPIA, 1670) ſays: "The churches progreſs is a maſter-piece, limn'd to the life;" and B. Oley juſtly remarks: "He that reads Mr. Herbert's Poems attendingly, ſhall find not only the excellencies of Scripture, divinity, and choice paſſages of the Fathers bound up in metre; but the doctrine of Rome alſo finely and ſtrongly confuted, as in the poems, "To Saints and Angels,' 'The Britiſh Church,' 'Church Militant,' &c."—BARNABAS OLEY, "Prefatory View," 1652.

THE
CHURCH MILITANT

Where th' Ark did reſt, there Abraham began
To bring the other Ark from Canaan.
Moſes purſu'd this: but King Solomon
Finiſh'd and fixt the old religion.
When it grew looſe, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Chriſt to faſten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore croſſe and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glorie ſhone,
Now with the croſſe, as with a ſtaffe, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrime, weſtward bent,
Knocking at all doores, ever as ſhe went.
Yet as the ſunne, though forward be his flight,
Liſtens behinde him, and allows ſome light,
Till all depart: ſo went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot ſtept, the other ſtay
Among the eaſtern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the weſtern clime.
To Egypt firſt ſhe came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flouriſh more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
Holy Macarius and great Anthonie
Made Pharaoh Moſes, changing th' hiſtorie.
Goſhen was darkneſſe, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monſters brought forth Iſraelites.
Such power hath mightie Baptiſme to produce,
For things miſſhapen, things of higheſt uſe.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Religion thence fled into Greece, where arts
Gave her the higheſt place in all mens hearts.
Learning was poſ'd, Philoſophie was ſet,
Sophiſters taken in a fiſhers net.
Plato and Ariſtotle were at a loſſe,
And wheel'd about again to ſpell Chriſt-Croſſe.

Prayers chaſ'd ſyllogiſmes into their den,
And Ergo was tranſform'd into Amen.
Though Greece took horſe as ſoon as Egypt did,
And Rome as both; yet Egypt faſter rid,
And ſpent her period and prefixed time
Before the other. Greece being paſt her prime,
Religion went to Rome, ſubduing thoſe,
Who, that they might ſubdue, made all their foes.
The Warrier his deere ſkarres no more reſounds,
But ſeems to yeeld Chriſt hath the greater wounds;
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his bliſſe,
Who by an ambuſh loſt his Paradiſe.
The great heart ſtoops, and taketh from the duſt
A ſad repentance, not the ſpoils of luſt:
Quitting his ſpear, leſt it ſhould pierce again
Him in his members, who for him was ſlain.
The Shepherds hook grew to a ſcepter here,
Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
But th' Empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them,
Who were cut ſhort in Alexanders ſtemme.
In both of theſe Proweſſe and Arts did tame
And tune mens hearts againſt the Goſpel came:
Which uſing, and not fearing ſkill in th' one,
Or ſtrength in th' other, did erect her throne,
Many a rent and ſtruggling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont,) untill it flew
At length to Germanie, ſtill weſtward bending,
And there the Churches feſtivall attending:
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no leſſe Harbingers would ſerve then they)
So they might ſtill, and point us out the place,
Where firſt the Church ſhould raiſe her down-caſt face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;
Then ſhowres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire ſhar'd with Germanie,
But England in the higher victorie;

Giving the Church a crown to keep her ſtate,
And not go leſſe than ſhe had done of late.
Conſtantines Britiſh line meant this of old,
And did this myſterie wrap up and fold
Within a ſheet of paper, which was rent
From times great Chronicle, and hither ſent.
Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
Unto the fartheſt old meridian.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare
Much about one and the ſame time and place,
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sinne did ſet out of Eaſtern Babylon,
And travell'd weſtward alſo: journeying on
He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
At firſt he got to Egypt, and did ſow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow,
Freſh and fine deities. They were at great coſt,
Who for a god clearely a ſallet loſt.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worſhippeth his meat
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be ſever'd infinitely!
What wretchedneſſe can give him any room,
Whoſe houſe is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will beleeve this now, though money be
In us the ſame tranſplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in Egypt ſneaked for a while;
His higheſt was an ox or crocodile,
And ſuch poore game. Thence he to Greece doth paſſe,
And being craftier much then Goodneſſe was,
He left behinde him garriſons of ſinnes,
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.

Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich ſhrines and oracles he purchaſed:
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what ſhould befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would ſerve
His pills of ſublimate in that conſerve.
The world came both with hands and purſes full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where ſome poore truths were ſhuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to diſcredit thoſe,
Who after him ſhould braver truths diſcloſe.
From Greece he went to Rome: and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour.
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in truſt to rule the Romane ſphere.
Glorie was his chief inſtrument of old:
Pleaſure ſucceeded ſtraight, when that grew cold:
Which ſoon was blown to ſuch a mightie flame,
That though our Saviour did deſtroy the game,
Diſparking oracles, and all their treaſure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleaſure;
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy,
Cheat the moſt ſubtill nations. Who ſo coy,
So trimme, as Greece and Egypt? yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To ſuch Mahometan ſtupidities,
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may thee compare?
Onely the Weſt and Rome do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock, whereof they boaſt,
As Rome will one day finde unto her coſt.
Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely reſolv'd one night

To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre :
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I ſaw him in his ſtudie, where he ſate
Buſie in controverſies ſprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well :
His grave aſpect had more of heav'n then hell :
Onely there was a handſome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sinne in Greece a Prophet was before,
And in old Rome a mightie Emperour ;
So now being Prieſt he plainly did profeſſe
To make a jeſt of Chriſts three offices ;
The rather ſince his ſcatter'd jugglings were
United now in one both time and ſphere.
From Egypt he took pettie deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,
And from old Rome the libertie of pleaſure,
By free diſpenſings of the Churches treaſure.
Then in memoriall of his ancient throne,
He did ſurname his palace, Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their tranſmigrations ;
From all theſe places, but at divers times,
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :
From Egypt Anchoriſme and retiredneſſe,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome ſtatelineſs ;
And blending theſe, he carri'd all mens eyes,
While Truth ſat by, counting his victories :
Whereby he grew apace and ſcorn'd to uſe
Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntarie tranſmigration.
All poſte to Rome : Princes ſubmit their necks
Either t' his publick foot, or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravitie to ſtirre,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre :

Therefore he ſent out able miniſters,
Stateſmen within, without doores cloiſterers;
Who without ſpear, or ſword, or other drumme,
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did ſo ſtrangely rule,
That the whole world did ſeem but the Popes mule.
As new and old Rome did one Empire twiſt;
So both together are one Antichriſt:
Yet with two faces, as their Janus was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glaſſe.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?
Thus Sinne triumphs in Weſtern Babylon;
Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter beſt,
And to defray his journey from the eaſt.
Old and new Babylon are to hell and night,
As is the moon and ſunne to heav'n and light.
When th' one did ſet, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hells land-marks, Satans double creſt:
They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th' eaſt and weſt.
But as in vice the copie ſtill exceeds
The pattern, but not ſo in vertuous deeds:
So though Sinne made his latter ſeat the better,
The latter Church is to the firſt a debter.
The ſecond Temple could not reach the firſt:
And the late reformation never durſt
Compare, with ancient times and purer yeares;
But in the Jews and us deſerveth tears.
Nay, it ſhall ev'ry yeare decreaſe and fade;
Till ſuch a darkneſſe do the world invade
At Chriſts laſt coming, as his firſt did finde:
Yet muſt there ſuch proportions be aſſign'd
To theſe diminiſhings, as is between
The ſpacious world and Jurie to be ſeen.

Religion ſtands on tip-toe in our land,*
Readie to paſſe to the American ſtrand.
When height of malice, and prodigious luſts,
Impudent ſinning, witchcrafts, and diſtruſts,
(The marks of future bane,) ſhall fill our cup
Unto the brimme, and make our meaſure up;
When Sein ſhall ſwallow Tiber, and the Thames
By letting in them both, pollutes her ſtreams:
When Italie of us ſhall have her will,
And all her calendar of ſinnes fulfill;
Whereby one may foretell, what ſinnes next yeare
Shall both in France and England domineer:
Then ſhall Religion to America flee:
They have their times of Goſpel, ev'n as we.
My God, thou doſt prepare for them a way,
By carrying firſt their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion alwaies ſides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amiſſe:
We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their nation
But lends to us, ſhall be our deſolation.
Yet as the Church ſhall thither weſtward flie,
So Sinne ſhall trace and dog her inſtantly:

* "When Mr. Ferrar ſent this work to Cambridge to be licenſed for the preſs, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two ſo much noted verſes, 'Religion ſtands on tip-toe,' &c., to be printed; and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to be printed, and want them; but after ſometime, and ſome arguments for and againſt, theſe being made public, the Vice-Chancellor ſaid, 'I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly ſpeculations, and was a Divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inſpired prophet, and therefore I licenſe the whole book."—ISAAK WALTON.

They have their period alſo and ſet times
Both for their vertuous actions, and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Uſher'd the Goſpel ever in mens hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the other,
The Church ſhall come, and Sinne the Church ſhall ſmother:
That when they have accompliſhed the round,
And met in th' eaſt their firſt and ancient ſound,
Judgement may meet them both, and ſearch them round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,
Light one another, and together runne.
Thus alſo Sinne and Darkneſſe follow ſtill
The Church and Sunne with all their power and ſkill.
But as the Sunne ſtill goes both weſt and eaſt:
So alſo did the Church by going weſt
Still eaſtward go; becauſe it drew more neare
To time and place, where judgement ſhall appeare.
How deare to me, O God, thy counſels are!
Who may with thee compare?

L'Envoy.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
With the one make warre to ceaſe;
With the other bleſſe thy ſheep,
Thee to love, in thee to ſleep.
Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,
Bragging that thy bloud is cold;
That thy death is alſo dead,
While his conqueſts dayly ſpread;

That thy fleſh hath loſt his food,
And thy Croſſe is common wood.
Choke him, let him ſay no more,
But reſerve his breath in ſtore,
Till thy conqueſt and his fall
Make his ſighs to uſe it all;
And then bargain with the winde
To diſcharge what is behinde.

Bleſſed be God alone,
Thrice bleſſed Three in One.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A Sonnet.

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

MY God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
Wherewith whole ſhoals of martyrs once did burn,
Beſides their other flames? Doth poetrie
Wear Venus' liverie? onely ſerve her turn?
Why are not ſonnets made of thee? and layes
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
Heighten a ſpirit to ſound out thy praiſe
As well as any ſhe? Cannot thy Dove
Outſtrip their Cupid eaſilie in flight?
Or, ſince thy wayes are deep, and ſtill the ſame,
Will not a verſe runne ſmooth that bears thy name!
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
Each breaſt does feel, no braver fuel chooſe
Then that, which one day, worms may chance refuſe.
Sure Lord, there is enough in thee to drie
Oceans of ink; for, as the Deluge did
Cover the Earth, ſo doth thy Majeſtie:
Each cloud diſtills thy praiſe, and doth forbid

Poets to turn it to another uſe.
Roſes and lilies ſpeak thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuſe.
Why ſhould I womens eyes for cryſtal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low minde
Whoſe fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praiſe, and on thee, Lord, ſome ink beſtow.
Open the bones, and you ſhall nothing finde
In the beſt face but filth; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies in the diſcoverie.

Inſcription*

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

IF thou chance for to find
A new Houſe to thy mind
And built without thy Coſt:
Be good to the Poor,
As God gives thee ſtore,
And then, my Labours not loſt.

On Lord Danvers.†

SACRED marble, ſafely keep
His duſt, who under thee muſt ſleep,

* This inſcription is, I believe, not now to be found at Bemerton.

† When Herbert ſought change of air for his declining health, "his remove was to Dauntſey in Wiltſhire, a noble houſe which

Until the yeares again reſtore
Their dead, and time ſhall be no more.
Mean while, if he (which all things wears),
Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
Are ſhed for him ; diſſolve thy frame,
Thou art requited : for his fame,
His vertue, and his worth ſhall be
Another monument to thee.

ſtands in a choice air; in which Lord Danvers, (created Earl of Danby by Charles I.) allowed him ſuch an apartment as might beſt ſuit with his accommodation and liking." Lord Danvers died in 1673, thus outliving his panegyriſt more than forty years.

A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE.

OR

THE COUNTRY PARSON,

HIS CHARACTER, AND RULE OF HOLY LIFE.

[FIRST PRINTED IN 1652.]

The Author to the Reader.

BEING desirous (through the Mercy of God) to please Him, for whom I am, and live, and who giveth me my Desires and Performances; and considering with myself, That the way to please him, is to feed my Flock diligently and faithfully, since our Saviour hath made that the argument of a Pastor's love, I have resolved to set down the Form and Character of a true Pastor, that I may have a Mark to aim at: which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the Moon, than he that aims at a Tree. Not that I think, if a man do not all which is here expressed, he presently sins, and displeases God, but that it is a good strife to go as far as we can in pleasing him, who hath done so much for us. The Lord prosper the intention to myself, and others, who may not despise my poor labours, but add to those points which I have observed, until the Book grow to a complete Pastoral.

GEO. HERBERT.

1632.

A

PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE.

Chap. I.

OF A PASTOR.

A PASTOR is the Deputy of Chriſt for the reducing of Man to the Obedience of God. This definition is evident, and contains the direct ſteps of Paſtoral Duty and Authority. For firſt, Man fell from God by Diſobedience. Secondly, Chriſt is the glorious inſtrument of God for the revoking of Man. Thirdly, Chriſt being not to continue on earth, but after he had fulfilled the work of Reconciliation, to be received up into heaven, he conſtituted Deputies in his place, and theſe are Prieſts. And therefore St. Paul in the beginning of his Epiſtles, profeſſeth this: and in the firſt to the Coloſſians* plainly avoucheth that he fills up that which is behind of the afflictions of Chriſt in his fleſh, for his Body's ſake, which is the church, wherein is contained the complete definition of a Miniſter. Out of this Charter of the Prieſthood may be plainly gathered

* Chap. i. 24.

both the Dignity thereof, and the Duty: The Dignity,* in that a Prieſt may do that which Chriſt did, and by his authority, and as his Vicegerent. The Duty, in that a Prieſt is to do that which Chriſt did, and after his manner, both for Doctrine and Life.

Chap. II.

THEIR DIVERSITIES.

OF Paſtors (intending mine own Nation only, and alſo therein ſetting aſide the Reverend Prelates of the Church, to whom this diſcourſe ariſeth not) ſome live in the univerſities, ſome in Noble houſes, ſome in Pariſhes reſiding on their Cures. Of thoſe that live in the Univerſities, ſome live there in office, whoſe rule is that of the Apoſtle: Romans, xii. 6. "Having gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us propheſy according to the proportion of faith; or miniſtry, let us wait on our miniſtering; or he that teacheth, on teaching, &c., he that ruleth let him do it with diligence, &c." Some in a preparatory way, whoſe aim and labour muſt be not only to get knowledge, but to ſubdue and mortify all luſts and affections: and not to think, that when they have read the fathers, or Schoolmen, a

* "To a court-friend who diſſuaded Herbert from entering into ſacred orders, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, he replied:—'It hath been formerly adjudged that the domeſtic ſervants of the King of Heaven ſhould be of the nobleſt furniture on earth; and though the iniquities of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the ſacred name of prieſt contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by conſecrating all my learning, and all my poor ability, to advance the glory of that God that gave them.'"—ISAAK WALTON.

Miniſter is made, and the thing done. The greateſt and hardeſt preparation is within: For unto the godly, ſaith God, "Why doſt thou preach my laws, and takeſt my covenant in thy mouth?" Pſalm i. 16. Thoſe that live in Noble Houſes are called Chaplains, whoſe duty and obligation being the ſame to the Houſes they live in, as a Parſon's to his Pariſh, in deſcribing the one (which is indeed the bent of my Diſcourſe) the other will be manifeſt. Let not Chaplains think themſelves ſo free, as many of them do, and becauſe they have different Names, think their Office different. Doubtleſs they are Parſons of the families they live in, and are entertained to that end, either by an open, or implicit Covenant. Before they are in Orders, they may be received for Companions, or diſcourſers; but after a man is once Miniſter, he cannot agree to come into any houſe, where he ſhall not exerciſe what he is, unleſs he forſake his plough, and look back. Wherefore they are not to be overſubmiſſive, and baſe, but to keep up with the Lord and Lady of the houſe, and to preſerve a boldneſs with them and all, even ſo far as reproof to their very face, when occaſion calls, but ſeaſonably and diſcreetly. They who do not thus, while they remember their earthly lord, do much forget their heavenly; they wrong the Prieſthood, neglect their duty, and ſhall be ſo far from that which they ſeek with their overſubmiſſiveneſs, and cringing, that they ſhall ever be deſpiſed.* They who for the hope of promotion

* "If it be objected that the poverty of ſome of the clergy forces them to ſuppreſs their ſentiments in ſome things, and to ſuffer whatever an encroaching temper ſhall think fit to put upon them,—to this I anſwer: that the temptation to this ſin ought to have been prevented before their going into holy orders; for thoſe who cannot be ſupplied with a competent fortune by themſelves, their relations, or at leaſt by ſome creditable independent

neglect any neceſſary admonition, or reproof, ſell (with Judas) their Lord and Maſter.

Chap. III.

THE PARSON'S LIFE.

THE Country Parſon is exceeding exact in his Life, being holy, juſt, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. And becauſe the two higheſt points of Life, wherein a Chriſtian is moſt ſeen, are Patience, and Mortification; Patience in regard of afflictions, Mortification in regard of luſts and affections, and the ſtupifying and deading of all the clamorous powers of the ſoul, therefore he hath thoroughly ſtudied theſe, that he may be an abſolute Maſter and Commander of himſelf, for all the purpoſes which God hath ordained him. Yet in theſe points he labours moſt in thoſe things which are moſt apt to ſcandalize his Pariſh. And firſt, becauſe Country people live hardly, and

preferment, had much better chooſe ſome other inferior employment, than expoſe themſelves to ſuch apparent danger in this. And as for thoſe (if there be any ſuch), who do not diſcharge their office with that plainneſs and diſcreetly-managed reſolution which God and the church expects from them, it will not be improper to remind them of what Mr. Herbert hath written, ('Country Parſon') where he tells us: 'that ſuch perſons wrong the prieſthood, neglect their duty, and ſhall be ſo far from that which they ſeek by their over-ſubmiſſiveneſs and cringing, that they ſhall ever be deſpiſed.' Indeed, they have no reaſon to expect any better uſage; for as flattery is deſervedly accounted one of the moſt contemptible vices, ſo a clergyman, when he is guilty of it, is the worſt of flatterers."—JEREMY COLLIER, Eſſays, 3rd edition, 1698, p. 236.

therefore as feeling their own ſweat, and conſequently knowing the price of money, are offended much with any, who by hard uſage increaſe their travail, the Country Parſon is very circumſpect in avoiding all covetouſneſs, neither being greedy to get, nor niggardly to keep, nor troubled to loſe any worldly wealth; but in all his words and actions ſlighting, and diſeſteeming it, even to a wondering, that the world ſhould ſo much value wealth, which in the day of wrath hath not one dram of comfort for us. Secondly, becauſe Luxury is a very viſible ſin, the Parſon is very careful to avoid all the kinds thereof, but eſpecially that of drinking, becauſe it is the moſt popular vice; into which if he come, he proſtitutes himſelf both to ſhame, and ſin, and by having fellowſhip with the unfruitful works of darkneſs, he diſableth him elf of authority to reprove them: For ſins make all equal, whom they find together; and then they are worſt, who ought to be beſt. Neither is it for the ſervant of Chriſt to haunt Inns, or Taverns, or Alehouſes, to the diſhonour of his Perſon and Office. The Parſon doth not ſo, but orders his Life in ſuch a faſhion, that when death takes him, as the Jews and Judas did Chriſt, he may ſay as He did, "I ſat daily with you teaching in the Temple." Thirdly, becauſe Country people (as indeed all honeſt men) do much eſteem their word, it being the Life of buying and ſelling, and dealing in the world; therefore the Parſon is very ſtrict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hinderance, as knowing, that if he be not ſo, he will quickly be diſcovered and diſregarded: neither will they believe him in the Pulpit, whom they cannot truſt in his Converſation. As for oaths, and apparel, the diſorders thereof are alſo very manifeſt. The Parſon's yea is yea, and nay, nay; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without ſpots, or duſt, or ſmell; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itſelf even to his body, clothes, and habitation.

Chap. IV.*

THE PARSON'S KNOWLEDGE.

THE Country Parſon is full of all Knowledge. They ſay, it is an ill Maſon that refuſeth any ſtone: and there is no knowledge, but, in a ſkilful hand, ſerves either poſitively as it is, or elſe to illuſtrate ſome other knowledge. He condeſcends even to the knowledge of tillage, and paſturage, and makes great uſe of them in teaching, becauſe people, by what they underſtand, are beſt led to what they underſtand not. But the chief and top of his knowledge conſiſts in the book of books, the ſtorehouſe, and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures. There he ſucks, and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things; Precepts for life, Doctrines for knowledge, Examples for illuſtration, and Promiſes for comfort: theſe he hath digeſted ſeverally. But for the underſtanding of theſe; the means he uſeth are firſt, a holy life, remembering what his Maſter ſaith, that "if any do God's will, he ſhall know of the doctrine," John vii. and aſſuring himſelf, that wicked men, however learned, do not know the Scriptures, becauſe they feel them not, and becauſe they are not underſtood but with the ſame Spirit that writ them. The ſecond means is prayer, which if it be neceſſary even in temporal things, how much more in things of another world, where the well is deep, and we have nothing of ourſelves to draw with? Wherefore he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with ſome ſhort inward ejaculation, as, "Lord open mine

* "Be covetous of all good which you ſee in Frenchmen, whether it be in knowledge, or in words. Let there be no kind of excellency which it is poſſible for you to attain to, which you ſeek not."—HERBERT to his brother at Paris.

eyes, that I may ſee the wondrous things of thy law, &c."* The third means is a diligent Collation of Scripture with Scripture. For all truth being conſonant to itſelf, and all being penned by one and the ſelf-ſame Spirit, it cannot be, but that an induſtrious, and judicious comparing of place with place, muſt be a ſingular help for the right underſtanding of the Scriptures. To this may be added the conſideration of any Text with the coherence thereof, touching what goes before, and what follows after, as alſo the ſcope of the Holy Ghoſt. When the Apoſtles would have called down fire from Heaven, they were reproved, as ignorant of what ſpirit they were. For the Law required one thing, and the Goſpel another: yet as diverſe, not as repugnant: therefore the ſpirit of both is to be conſidered, and weighed. The fourth means are Commenters and Fathers, who have handled the places controverted, which the Parſon by no means refuſeth. As he doth not ſo ſtudy others, as to neglect the grace of God in himſelf, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him; ſo doth he aſſure himſelf, that God in all ages hath had his Servants, to whom he hath revealed his Truth, as well as to him; and that as one Country doth not bear all things, that there may be a Commerce; ſo neither hath God opened, or will open all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the ſervants of God, for the planting both of love and humility. Wherefore he hath one Comment at leaſt upon every Book of Scripture, and ploughing with this, and his own meditations, he enters into the ſecrets of God treaſured in the holy Scripture.

* Pſalm cxix. 18.

Chap. V.

THE PARSON'S ACCESSORY KNOWLEDGES.

THE Country Parſon hath read the Fathers alſo, and the Schoolmen, and the later Writers, or a good proportion of all,* out of all which he hath compiled a Book and Body of Divinity, which is the ſtorehouſe of his Sermons, and which he preacheth all his Life; but diverſely clothed, illuſtrated, and enlarged. For though the world is full of ſuch compoſures, yet every man's own is fitteſt, readieſt, and moſt ſavoury to him. Beſides, this being to be done in his younger and preparatory times, it is an honeſt joy ever after to look upon his well-ſpent hours. This Body he made by way of expounding the Church Catechiſm, to which all Divinity may eaſily be reduced. For it being indifferent in itſelf to chooſe any Method, that is beſt to be choſen, of which there is likelieſt to be moſt uſe. Now Catechizing being a work of ſingular and admirable benefit to the Church of God, and a thing required under Canonical obedience, the expounding of our Catechiſm muſt needs be the moſt uſeful form. Yet hath the Parſon, beſides this laborious work, a ſlighter form of Catechizing, fitter for Country people; according as his audience is, ſo he uſeth one, or other; or ſometimes both, if his audience be intermixed. He

* "Woe be to him that reads but one book"—HERBERT'S PROVERBS.

greatly eſteems alſo of caſes of conſcience,* wherein he is much verſed. And indeed, herein is the greateſt ability of a Parſon, to lead his people exactly in the ways of Truth, ſo that they neither decline to the right hand nor to the left. Neither let any think this a ſlight thing. For every one hath not digeſted, when it is a ſin to take ſomething for money lent, or when not; when it is a fault to diſcover another's fault, or when not; when the affections of the ſoul in deſiring and procuring increaſe of means, or honour, be a ſin of covetouſneſs or ambition, and when not; when the appetites of the body in eating, drinking, ſleep, and the pleaſure that comes with ſleep, be ſins of gluttony, drunkenneſs, ſloth, luſt, and when not, and ſo in many circumſtances of actions. Now if a ſhepherd know not which graſs will bane, or which not, how is he fit to be a ſhepherd? Wherefore the Parſon hath thoroughly canvaſſed all the particulars of human actions, at leaſt all thoſe which he obſerveth are moſt incident to his Pariſh.

* Herbert writes in the temper of that age in which Biſhop Taylor's great work, the "Ductor Dubitantum," or Guide of the Doubting," appeared; but Heber has remarked:—"I have myſelf had ſufficient experience of what are generally called ſcruples, to be convinced that the greater proportion of thoſe which are ſubmitted to a ſpiritual guide, are nothing more than artifices by which men ſeek to gratify themſelves in what they know to be wrong; and I am convinced that the moſt efficacious manner of eaſing a doubtful conſcience is, for the moſt part, to recall the profeſſed penitent from diſtinctions to generals; from the peculiarities of his private concerns to the ſimple words of the commandment. If we are too curious, we only muddy the ſtream; but the cleareſt truth is, in morals, always on the ſurface." —LIFE OF TAYLOR, p. 269.

Chap. VI.

THE PARSON PRAYING.

THE Country Parſon when he is to read divine ſervices, compoſeth himſelf to all poſſible reverence; lifting up his heart and hands and eyes, and uſing all other geſtures, which may expreſs a hearty, and unfeigned devotion. This he doth, Firſt, as being truly touched and amazed with the Majeſty of God, before whom he then preſents himſelf; yet not as himſelf alone, but as preſenting with himſelf the whole Congregation; whoſe ſins he then bears, and brings with his own to the heavenly Altar to be bathed, and waſhed in the ſacred Laver of Chriſt's blood. Secondly, as this is the true reaſon of his inward fear, ſo he is content to expreſs this outwardly to the utmoſt of his power; that being at firſt affected himſelf, he may affect alſo his people, knowing that no Sermon moves them ſo much to reverence, which they forget again, when they come to pray, as a devout behaviour in the very act of praying. Accordingly his voice is humble, his words treatable, and flow; yet not ſo flow neither, as to let the fervency of the ſupplicant hang and die between ſpeaking, but with a grave livelineſs, between fear and zeal, pauſing yet preſſing, he performs his duty. Beſides his example, he having often inſtructed his people how to carry themſelves in divine ſervice, exacts of them all poſſible reverence, by no means enduring either talking, or ſleeping, or gazing, or leaning, or half-kneeling, or any undutiful behaviour in them, but cauſing them, when they ſit, or ſtand, or kneel, to do all in a ſtraight, and ſteady poſture, as attending to what is done in the Church, and every

one, man and child, anſwering aloud both Amen, and all other anſwers, which are on the Clerk's and People's part to anſwer; which anſwers alſo are to be done not in a huddling, or ſlubbering faſhion, gaping, or ſcratching the head, or ſpitting even in the midſt of their anſwer, but gently and pauſably, thinking what they ſay; ſo that while they anſwer, "As it was in the beginning, &c." they meditate as they ſpeak, that God hath ever had his people, that have glorified him as well as now, and that he ſhall have ſo for ever. And the like in other anſwers. This is that which the Apoſtle calls a reaſonable ſervice, Romans xii., when we ſpeak not as Parrots, without reaſon, or offer up ſuch ſacrifices as they did of old, which was of beaſts devoid of reaſon; but when we uſe our reaſon, and apply our powers to the ſervice of Him that gives them. If there be any of the Gentry or Nobility of the pariſh, who ſometimes make it a piece of ſtate not to come at the beginning of ſervice with their poor neighbours, but at mid-prayers, both to their own loſs and of theirs alſo who gaze upon them when they come in, and neglect the preſent ſervice of God, he by no means ſuffers it, but after divers gentle admonitions, if they perſevere, he cauſes them to be preſented: or if the poor Churchwardens be affrighted with their greatneſs, notwithſtanding his inſtruction that they ought not to be ſo, but even to let the world ſink, ſo they do their duty, he preſents them himſelf; only proteſting to them, that not any ill-will draws him to it, but the debt and obligation of his calling, being to obey God rather than men.

Chap. VII.

THE PARSON PREACHING.

THE Country Parſon preacheth conſtantly, the Pulpit is his joy and his throne: if he at any time intermit, it is either for want of health, or againſt ſome great feſtival, that he may the better celebrate it, or for the variety of the hearers, that he may be heard at his return more attentively. When he intermits, he is ever very well ſupplied by ſome able man, who treads in his ſteps, and will not throw down what he hath built; whom alſo he entreats to preſs ſome point, that he himſelf hath often urged with no great ſucceſs, that ſo, in the mouth of two or three witneſſes the truth may be more eſtabliſhed. When he preacheth, he procures attention by all poſſible art, both by earneſtneſs of ſpeech, it being natural to men to think, that where is much earneſtness, there is ſomewhat worth hearing: and by a diligent and buſy caſt of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he obſerves who marks, and who not; and with particularizing of his ſpeech now to the younger ſort, then to the elder, now to the poor, and now to the rich. This is for you, and This is for you; for particulars ever touch, and awake more than generals. Herein alſo he ſerves himſelf of the judgments of God, as of thoſe of ancient times, ſo eſpecially of the late ones; and thoſe moſt which are neareſt to his Pariſh; for people are very attentive at ſuch diſcourſes, and think it behoves them to be ſo, when God is ſo near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them ſtories, and ſayings of others, according as his text invites him; for them

alſo men heed, and remember better than exhortations; which though earneſt, yet often die with the Sermon, eſpecially with Country people; which are thick, and heavy, and hard to raiſe to a point of Zeal, and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but ſtories and ſayings they will well remember. He often tells them, that Sermons are dangerous things, that none goes out of Church as he came in, but either better or worſe; that none is careleſs before his Judge, and that the Word of God ſhall judge us. By theſe and other means the Parſon procures attention; but the character of his ſermon is Holineſs; he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but Holy. A character that Hermogenes never dreamed of, and therefore he could give no precept thereof. But it is gained Firſt, by chooſing Texts of Devotion, not Controverſy, moving and raviſhing Texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping and ſeaſoning all our words and ſentences in our hearts, before they come into our mouths, truly affecting and cordially expreſſing all that we ſay; ſo that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep. Thirdly, by turning often, and making many Apoſtrophes to God, as, O Lord, bleſs my people and teach them this point; or, O my Maſter, on whoſe errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do thou ſpeak thyſelf: for thou art Love, and when thou teacheſt, all are Scholars. Some ſuch irradiations ſcatteringly in the Sermon, carry great holineſs in them. The Prophets are admirable in this. So Iſaiah lxiv. "O that thou wouldſt rend the Heavens, that thou wouldſt come down," &c. And Jeremiah x. after he had complained of the deſolation of Iſrael, turns to God ſuddenly, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himſelf," &c. Fourthly, by frequent wiſhes of the people's good, and joying therein, though he himſelf were with St. Paul even ſacrificed upon the

ſervice of their faith. For there is no greater ſign of holineſs, than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good. And herein St. Paul excelled in all his Epiſtles. How did he put the Romans in all his prayers? Rom. i. 9. And ceaſed not to give thanks for the Epheſians, Eph. i. 16. And for the Corinthians, chap. i. 4. And for the Philippians made requeſt with joy, chap. i. 4. And is in contention for them, whether to live or die; be with them, or Chriſt, verſe 23, which, ſetting aſide his care of his flock, were a madneſs to doubt of. What an admirable Epiſtle is the ſecond to the Corinthians! how full of affections! he joys, and he is ſorry, he grieves, and he glories; never was there ſuch care of a flock expreſſed, ſave in the great Shepherd of the fold, who firſt ſhed tears over Jeruſalem, and afterwards blood. Therefore this care may be learned there, and then woven into Sermons, which will make them appear exceeding reverend, and holy. Laſtly, by an often urging of the preſence, and majeſty of God, by theſe, or ſuch like ſpeeches,—Oh let us all take heed what we do! God ſees us, he ſees whether I ſpeak as I ought, or you hear as you ought, he ſees hearts as we ſee faces: he is among us; for if we be here, he muſt be here, ſince we are here by him, and without him could not be here. Then turning the diſcourſe to his Majeſty, And he is a great God, and terrible, as great in mercy, ſo great in judgment. There are but two devouring elements, fire and water, he hath both in him: "His voice is as the ſound of many waters," Revelation i. And "He himſelf is a conſuming fire," Hebrews, xii. Such diſcourſes ſhow very holy. The Parſon's Method in handling of a Text, conſiſts of two parts: Firſt, a plain and evident declaration of the meaning of the Text; and ſecondly, ſome choice Obſervations drawn out of the whole Text, as it lies entire, and unbroken

in the Scripture itſelf. This he thinks natural, and ſweet, and grave. Whereas the other way of crumbling a Text into ſmall parts, as, the Perſon ſpeaking, or ſpoken to, the ſubject, and object, and the like, hath neither in it ſweetneſs, nor gravity, nor variety, ſince the words apart are not Scripture, but a Dictionary, and may be conſidered alike in all the Scripture. The Parſon exceeds not an hour in preaching, becauſe all ages have thought that a competency, and he that profits not in that time, will leſs afterwards, the ſame affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary, and ſo he grows from not reliſhing, to loathing.

Chap. VIII.

THE PARSON ON SUNDAYS.

THE Country Parſon, as ſoon as he awakes on Sunday morning, preſently falls to work, and ſeems to himſelf ſo as a Market-man is, when the Market-day comes, or a ſhop-keeper, when cuſtomers come in. His thoughts are full of making the beſt of the day, and contriving it to his beſt gains. To this end, beſides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a bleſſing on the exerciſes of the day. That nothing befall him unworthy of that Majeſty, before which he is to preſent himſelf, but that all may be done with reverence to his glory, and with edification to his flock, humbly beſeeching his Maſter, that how or whenever he puniſh him, it be not in his Miniſtry: then he turns to requeſt for his people, that the Lord would be pleaſed to ſanctify them all, that they may

come with holy hearts, and awful minds into the Congregation, and that the good God would pardon all thoſe who come with leſs prepared hearts than they ought. This done, he ſets himſelf to the Conſideration of the duties of the day, and if there be any extraordinary addition to the cuſtomary exerciſes, either from the time of the year, or from the State, or from God, by a child born, or dead, or any other accident, he contrives how and in what manner to induce it to the beſt advantage. Afterwards when the hour calls, with his family attending him, he goes to church, at his firſt entrance humbly adoring and worſhipping the inviſible majeſty and preſence of Almighty God, and bleſſing the people either openly, or to himſelf. Then having read Divine Service twice fully, and preached in the morning, and catechized in the afternoon, he thinks he hath in ſome meaſure, according to poor and frail man, diſcharged the public duties of the congregation. The reſt of the day he ſpends either in reconciling neighbours that are at variance, or in viſiting the ſick, or in exhortations to ſome of his flock by themſelves, whom his Sermons cannot, or do not reach. And every one is more awaked, when we come, and ſay; Thou art the man. This way he finds exceeding uſeful, and winning; and theſe exhortations he calls his privy purſe, even as Princes have theirs, beſides their public diſburſements. At night he thinks it a very fit time, both ſuitable to the joy of the day, and without hinderance to public duties, either to entertain ſome of his neighbours or to be entertained of them, where he takes occaſion to diſcourſe of ſuch things, as are both profitable and pleaſant, and to raiſe up their minds to apprehend God's good bleſſing to our church and ſtate; that order is kept in the one, and peace in the other, without diſturbance, or interruption of public divine offices. As he opened the day with

prayer, ſo he cloſeth it, humbly beſeeching the Almighty to pardon and accept our poor ſervices, and to improve them, that we may grow therein, and that our feet may be like hind's feet, ever climbing up higher and higher unto him.

Chap. IX.

THE PARSON'S STATE OF LIFE.

THE Country Parſon conſidering that virginity is a higher ſtate than Matrimony, and that the Miniſtry requires the beſt and higheſt things, is rather unmarried than married. But yet as the temper of his body may be, or as the temper of his Pariſh may be, where he may have occaſion to converſe with women, and that among ſuſpicious men, and other like circumſtances conſidered, he is rather married than unmarried. Let him communicate the thing often by prayer unto God, and as his grace ſhall direct him, ſo let him proceed. If he be unmarried, and keep houſe, he hath not a woman in his houſe, but finds opportunities of having his meat dreſſed and other ſervices done by men-ſervants at home, and his linen waſhed abroad. If he be unmarried, and ſojourn, he never talks with any woman alone, but in the audience of others, and that ſeldom, and then alſo in a ſerious manner, never jeſtingly, or ſportfully. He is very circumſpect in all companies, both of his behaviour, ſpeech, and very looks, knowing himſelf to be both ſuſpected and envied. If he ſtands ſteadfaſt in his heart, having no neceſſity, but hath power over his own will, and hath ſo decreed in his heart, that he will keep himſelf a Virgin, he ſpends his days in faſting and prayer, and bleſſeth God

for the gift of continency, knowing that it can no way be preſerved, but only by thoſe means, by which at firſt it was obtained. He therefore thinks it not enough for him to obſerve the faſting days of the Church, and the daily prayers enjoined him by Authority, which he obſerveth out of humble conformity and obedience; but adds to them, out of choice and devotion, ſome other days for faſting, and hours for prayers; and by theſe he keeps his body tame, ſerviceable, and healthful; and his ſoul fervent, active, young, and luſty as an eagle. He often readeth the Lives of the Primitive Monks, Hermits, and Virgins, and wondereth not ſo much at their patient ſuffering, and cheerful dying under perſecuting Emperors, (though that indeed be very admirable) as at their daily temperance, abſtinence, watchings, and conſtant prayers, and mortifications in the times of peace and proſperity. To put on the profound humility, and the exact temperance of our Lord Jeſus, with other exemplary virtues of that ſort, and to keep them on in the ſunſhine, and noon of proſperity, he findeth to be as neceſſary, and as difficult at leaſt, as to be clothed with perfect patience and Chriſtian fortitude in the cold midnight ſtorms of perſecution and adverſity. He keepeth his watch and ward, night and day againſt the proper and peculiar temptations of his ſtate of Life, which are principally Theſe Two, Spiritual pride, and Impurity of heart; againſt theſe ghoſtly enemies he girdeth up his loins, keeps the imagination from roving, puts on the whole Armour of God, and by the virtue of the ſhield of faith, he is not afraid of the peſtilence that walketh in darkneſs, [carnal impurity] nor of the ſickneſs that deſtroyeth at noon day, [Ghoſtly pride and ſelf-conceit.] Other temptations he hath, which like mortal enemies, may ſometimes diſquiet him likewiſe; for the human ſoul being bounded, and kept in her ſenſitive faculty,

will run out more or leſs in her intellectual. Original concupiſcence is ſuch an active thing, by reaſon of continual inward or outward temptations, that it is ever attempting, or doing one miſchief or other. Ambition, or untimely deſire of promotion to a higher ſtate or place, under colour of accommodation, or neceſſary proviſion, is a common temptation, to men of any eminency, eſpecially being ſingle men. Curioſity in prying into high ſpeculative and unprofitable queſtions, is another great ſtumbling block to the holineſs of Scholars. Theſe and many other ſpiritual wickednesſes in high places doth the Parſon fear, or experiment, or both; and that much more being ſingle, than if he were married; for then commonly the ſtream of temptations is turned another way, into Covetouſneſs, Love of pleaſure, or eaſe, or the like. If the Parſon be unmarried, and means to continue ſo, he doth at leaſt, as much as hath been ſaid. If he be married, the choice of his wife was made rather by his ear, than by his eye; his judgment, not his affection, found out a fit wife for him, whoſe humble and liberal diſpoſition he preferred before beauty, riches, or honour.* He knew that (the good inſtrument of God to bring woman to heaven) a wiſe and loving huſband could, out of humility, produce any ſpecial grace of faith, patience, meekneſs, love, obedience, &c., and out of liberality make her fruitful in all good works. As he is juſt in all things, ſo is he to his wife alſo, counting nothing ſo much his own, as that he may be unjuſt unto it. Therefore he gives her reſpect both afore her ſervants, and others, and half at leaſt of the government of the houſe, reſerving ſo much of the affairs as ſerve for a diverſion for him; yet never ſo giving over the reins, but that he ſometimes looks how things go,

* "The wife is the key of the houſe."—HERBERT's Proverbs.

demanding an account, but not by the way of an account.* And this must be done the oftener, or the seldomer, according as he is satisfied of his wife's discretion.

Chap. X.

THE PARSON IN HIS HOUSE.

THE Parson is very exact in the governing of his House, making it a Copy and model for his Parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices, or advanceth their virtues. His wife is either religious, or night and day he is winning her to it. Instead of the qualities of the world, he requires only three of her; First, a training up of her children and maids in the fear of God, with prayers, and catechizing, and all religious duties. Secondly, a curing and healing of all wounds and sores with her own hands; which skill either she brought with her, or he takes care she shall learn it of some religious neighbour. Thirdly, a providing for her family in such sort, as that neither they want a competent sustentation, nor her husband be brought in debt. His children he first makes Christians,† and then Commonwealth's men;

* "And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of the parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly to his barn, which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship."—ISAAK WALTON.

† "Take this rule, and it is an outlandish one, which I com-

the one he owes to his heavenly Country, the other to his earthly, having no title to either, except he do good to both. Therefore having ſeaſoned them with all piety, not only of words in praying, and reading; but in actions, in viſiting other ſick children, and tending their wounds, and ſending his charity by them to the poor, and ſometimes giving them a little money to do it of themſelves, that they get a delight in it, and enter favour with God, who weighs even children's actions. 1 Kings xiv. 12, 13; he afterwards turns his care to fit all their diſpoſitions with ſome calling, not ſparing the eldeſt, but giving him the prerogative of his father's profeſſion, which happily for his other children he is not able to do. Yet in binding them Apprentices (in caſe he think fit to do ſo) he takes care not to put them into vain trades, and unbefitting the reverence of their Father's calling, ſuch as are Taverns for men, and Lace-making for women; becauſe thoſe trades, for the moſt part, ſerve but the vices and vanities of the world, which he is to deny and not augment. However, he reſolves with himſelf never to omit any preſent good deed of charity, in conſideration of providing a ſtock for his children; but aſſures himſelf, that money, thus lent to God, is placed ſurer for his children's advantage, than if it were given to the Chamber of London.* Good deeds, and good breeding, are his two great ſtocks for his children; if God give any thing above thoſe, and not ſpent in them, he bleſſeth God, and lays it out as he ſees cauſe. His ſervants are all religious, and were it not his duty to have them ſo, it were his profit, for none are ſo well

mend to you as being now a father: 'The beſt bred child hath the beſt portion.'"—HERBERT to his brother Henry.

* "Great alms-giving leſſens no man's living." "Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's ſtore.—Proverbs collected by HERBERT.

ſerved, as by religious ſervants, both becauſe they do beſt, and becauſe what they do, is bleſſed and proſpers. After religion, he teacheth them, that Three things make a complete ſervant, Truth, and Diligence, and Neatneſs, or Cleanlineſs. Thoſe that can read, are allowed times for it, and thoſe that cannot, are taught; for all in his houſe are either teachers or learners, or both, ſo that his family is a School of Religion, and they all account that to teach the ignorant is the greateſt alms. Even the walls are not idle, but ſomething is written or painted there, which may excite the reader to a thought of piety: eſpecially the 101ſt Pſalm, which is expreſſed in a fair table, as being the Rule of a Family. And when they go abroad, his wife among her neighbours is the beginner of good diſcourſes, his children among children, his ſervants among other ſervants; ſo that as in the houſe of thoſe that are ſkilled in Muſic, all are Muſicians; ſo in the houſe of a Preacher, all are Preachers. He ſuffers not a lie or equivocation by any means in his houſe, but counts it the art and ſecret of governing, to preſerve a directneſs, and open plainneſs in all things; ſo that all his houſe knows, that there is no help for a fault done, but confeſſion. He himſelf, or his wife, takes account of Sermons, and how every one profits, comparing this year with the laſt: and beſides the common prayers of the Family, he ſtraightly requires of all to pray by themſelves before they ſleep at night, and ſtir out in the morning, and knows what prayers they ſay, and till they have learned them, makes them kneel by him; eſteeming that this private praying is a more voluntary act in them, than when they are called to others' prayers, and that which when they leave the family, they carry with them. He keeps his ſervants between love and fear, according as he finds them; but generally he diſtributes it thus, To his children

he ſhows more love than terror, to his ſervants more terror than love; but an old good ſervant boards* a child. The furniture of his houſe is very plain, but clean, whole, and ſweet, as ſweet as his garden can make; for he hath no money for ſuch things, charity being his only perfume, which deſerves coſt when he can ſpare it. His fare is plain, and common, but wholeſome, what he hath, is little, but very good; it conſiſteth moſt of mutton, beef, and veal; if he adds any thing for a great day, or a ſtranger, his garden or orchard ſupplies it, or his barn, and yard: he goes no further for any entertainment, leſt he go into the world, eſteeming it abſurd, that he ſhould exceed, who teacheth others temperance. But thoſe which his home produceth, he refuſeth not, as coming cheap, and eaſy, and ariſing from the improvement of things, which otherwiſe would be loſt. Wherein he admires and imitates the wonderful providence and thrift of the great Houſeholder of the world: for there being two things, which as they are, are unuſeful to man, the one for ſmallneſs, as crumbs, and ſcattered corn, and the like; the other for the foulneſs, as waſh, and dirt, and things thereinto fallen; God hath provided Creatures for both; for the firſt, Poultry, for the ſecond, Swine. Theſe ſave man the labour, and doing that which either he could not do, or was not fit for him to do, by taking both ſorts of food into them, do as it were dreſs and prepare both for man in themſelves, by growing themſelves fit for his table. The Parſon in his houſe obſerves faſting days; and particularly, as Sunday is his day of joy, ſo Friday his day of Humiliation, which he celebrates not only with abſtinence of diet, but alſo of company, recreation, and all outward contentments; and beſides, with confeſſion

* Is treated as one of the family.

of ſins, and all acts of mortification. Now faſting days contain a treble obligation: Firſt, of eating leſs that day, than on other days; Secondly, of eating no pleaſing, or over-nouriſhing things, as the Iſraelites did eat four herbs: Thirdly, of eating no fleſh, which is but the determination of the ſecond rule by Authority to this particular. The two former obligations are much more eſſential to a true faſt, than the third and laſt; and faſting days were fully performed by keeping of the two former, had not Authority interpoſed: ſo that to eat little, and that unpleaſant, is the natural rule of faſting, although it be fleſh. For ſince Faſting in Scripture language is an afflicting of our ſouls, if a piece of dry fleſh at my table be more unpleaſant to me, than ſome fiſh there, certainly to eat the fleſh, and not the fiſh, is to keep the Faſting day naturally. And it is obſervable, that the prohibiting of fleſh came from hot Countries, where both fleſh alone, and much more with wine, is apt to nouriſh more than in cold regions, and where fleſh may be much better ſpared, and with more ſafety than elſewhere, where both the people and the drink being cold and phlegmatic, the eating of fleſh is an antidote to both. For it is certain, that a weak ſtomach, being prepoſſeſſed with fleſh, ſhall much better brook and bear a draught of beer, than if it had taken before either fiſh or roots, or ſuch things; which will diſcover itſelf by ſpitting, and rheum, or phlegm. To conclude, the Parſon, if he be in full health, keeps the three obligations, eating fiſh, or roots, and that for quantity little, for quality unpleaſant. If his body be weak and obſtructed, as moſt Students are, he cannot keep the laſt obligation, nor ſuffer others in his houſe that are ſo, to keep it; but only the two former, which alſo in diſeaſes of exinanition (as conſumptions) muſt be broken; for meat was made for man, not man for meat. To

all this may be added, not for emboldening the unruly, but for the comfort of the weak, that not only ſickneſs breaks theſe obligations of faſting, but ſicklineſs alſo. For it is as unnatural to do anything, that leads me to a ſickneſs, to which I am inclined, as not to get out of that ſickneſs, when I am in it, by any diet. One thing is evident, that an Engliſh Body, and a Student's Body, are two great obſtructed veſſels, and there is nothing that is food, and not phyſic, which doth leſs obſtruct, than fleſh moderately taken; as being immoderately taken, it is exceeding obſtructive. And obſtructions are the cauſe of moſt diſeaſes.*

Chap. XI.

THE PARSON'S COURTESY. †

THE Country Parſon owing a debt of Charity to the poor, and of Courteſy to his other Pariſhion-

* Herbert brings out with moſt ſerious beauty the caution in Shakeſpere:—

> "But, good my brother,
> Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
> Show me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven,
> Whilſt like a puft and careleſs libertine,
> Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
> And recks not his own reed."

(That is, does not regard his own doctrine.)

† A genial hearth, a hoſpitable board,
And a refined ruſticity, belong
To the neat manſion, where his flock among,
The learned paſtor dwells, their watchful lord;
Though meek and patient as a ſheathed ſword."
WORDSWORTH, Eccles. Sonnets, xviii.

ers, he ſo diſtinguiſheth, that he keeps his money for the poor, and his table for thoſe that are above Alms. Not but that the poor are welcome alſo to his table, whom he ſometimes purpoſely takes home with him, ſetting them cloſe by him, and carving for them, both for his own humility, and their comfort, who are much cheered with ſuch friendlineſſe. But ſince both is to be done, the better ſort invited, and meaner relieved, he chooſeth rather to give the poor money, which they can better employ to their own advantage, and ſuitably to their needs, than ſo much given in meat at dinner. Having then invited ſome of his pariſh, he taketh his times to do the like to the reſt; ſo that in the compaſs of the year, he hath them all with him, becauſe country people are very obſervant of ſuch things, and will not be perſuaded, but being not invited, they are hated. Which perſuaſion the Parſon by all means avoids, knowing that where there are ſuch conceits, there is no room for his doctrine to enter. Yet doth he oftenеſt invite thoſe whom he ſees take beſt courſes, that ſo both they may be encouraged to perſevere, and others ſpurred to do well, that they may enjoy the like courteſy. For though he deſire, that all ſhould live well and virtuouſly, not for any reward of his, but for virtue's ſake; yet that will not be ſo: and therefore as God, although we ſhould love him only for his own ſake, yet out of his infinite pity hath ſet forth heaven for a reward to draw men to Piety, and is content, if at leaſt ſo, they will become good; ſo the Country Parſon, who is a diligent obſerver, and tracker of God's ways, ſets up as many encouragements to goodneſs as he can, both in honour, and profit, and fame; that he may, if not the beſt way, yet any way, make his Pariſh good.

THE PARSONS
CHARITY

Chap. XII.

THE PARSON'S CHARITY.

THE Country Parſon is full of Charity;* it is his predominant element. For many and wonderful things are ſpoken of thee, thou great Virtue. To Charity is given the covering of ſins, 1 Pet. iv. 8; and the forgiveneſs of ſins, Matthew vi. 14, Luke vii. 47; the fulfilling of the law, Romans xiii. 10; the life of faith, James ii. 26; the bleſſings of this life, Proverbs xxii. 9, Pſalm xli. 2; and the reward of the next, Matthew xxv. 35. In brief, it is the body of religion, John xiii. 35; and the top of Chriſtian virtues, 1 Corinthians xiii. Wherefore all his works reliſh of Charity. When he riſeth in the morning, he bethinketh himſelf what good deeds he can do that day, and preſently doth them; counting that day loſt, wherein he hath not exerciſed his Charity. He firſt conſiders his own Pariſh, and takes care, that there be not a beggar, or idle perſon in his Pariſh, but that all be in a competent way of getting their living. This he effects either by bounty, or perſuaſion, or by authority, making uſe of that excellent ſtatute, which binds all Pariſhes to maintain their own. If his Pariſh be rich, he exacts this of them; if poor, and he able, he eaſeth them therein. But he gives no ſet Penſion to any; for this in time will loſe the name and effect of Charity with the poor people, though not with God: for then they will reckon upon it, as on a debt; and if

* "The miſerable man maketh a penny of a farthing, and the liberal of a farthing, ſixpence."—Proverbs collected by HERBERT.

it be taken away, though juſtly, they will murmur, and repine as much, as he that is diſſeized of his own inheritance. But the Parſon having a double aim, and making a hook of his Charity, cauſeth them ſtill to depend on him; and ſo by continual, and freſh bounties, unexpected to them, but reſolved to himſelf, he wins them to praiſe God more, to live more religiouſly, and to take more pains in their vocation, as not knowing when they ſhall be relieved; which otherwiſe they would reckon upon and turn to idleneſs. Beſides this general proviſion, he hath other times of opening his hand; as at great Feſtivals and Communions; not ſuffering any that day that he receives, to want a good meal ſuiting to the joy of the occaſion. But ſpecially, at hard times, and dearths, he even parts his Living and life among them, giving ſome Corn outright, and ſelling other at under rates; and when his own ſtock ſerves not, working thoſe that are able to the ſame charity, ſtill preſſing it in the Pulpit and out of the Pulpit, and never leaving them till he obtain his deſire. Yet in all his Charity, he diſtinguiſheth, giving them moſt, who live beſt, and take moſt pains, and are moſt charged: So is his charity in effect a Sermon. After the conſideration of his own Pariſh, he enlargeth himſelf, if he be able, to the neighbourhood; for that alſo is ſome kind of obligation; ſo doth he alſo to thoſe at his door, whom God puts in his way, and makes his neighbours. But theſe he helps not without ſome teſtimony, except the evidence of the miſery bring teſtimony with it. For though theſe teſtimonies alſo may be falſified, yet conſidering that the Law allows theſe in caſe they be true, but allows by no means to give without teſtimony, as he obeys authority in the one, ſo that being once ſatiſfied, he allows his charity ſome blindneſs in the other; eſpecially, ſince of the two commands, we are more enjoined to be charitable than

wife. But evident miſeries have a natural privilege, and exemption from all law. Whenever he gives anything, and ſees them labour in thanking of him, he exacts of them to let him alone, and ſay rather, God be praiſed, God be glorified; that ſo the thanks may go the right way, and thither only, where they are only due. So doth he alſo before giving make them ſay their Prayers firſt, or the Creed, and ten Commandments, and as he finds them perfect, rewards them the more. For other givings are lay, and ſecular, but this is to give like a prieſt.

Chap. XIII.

THE PARSON'S CHURCH.

THE Country Parſon hath a ſpecial care of his Church, that all things there be decent, and befitting his name, by which it is called. Therefore, Firſt, he takes order, that all things be in good repair; as walls plaſtered, windows glazed, floor paved, ſeats whole, firm, and uniform, eſpecially that the Pulpit and Deſk, and Communion Table, and Font be as they ought, for thoſe great duties that are performed in them. Secondly, That the Church be ſwept, and kept clean without duſt, or Cobwebs, and at great Feſtivals ſtrewed, and ſtuck with boughs, and perfumed with incenſe. Thirdly, That there be fit and proper Texts of Scripture everywhere painted, and that all the painting be grave, and reverend, not with light colours or fooliſh antics. Fourthly, That all the Books appointed by Authority be there, and thoſe not torn or fouled, but whole and clean, and well bound; and that there be a fitting and ſightly Communion Cloth of

fine linen, with a handſome, and ſeemly Carpet of good and coſtly Stuff, or Cloth, and all kept ſweet and clean, in a ſtrong and decent Cheſt, with a Chalice, and Cover, and a Stoop or Flagon: and a Baſin for Alms and Offerings; beſides which, he hath a Poor-man's Box conveniently ſeated, to receive the Charity of well-minded people, and to lay up treaſure for the ſick and needy. And all this he doth, not as out of neceſſity, or as putting a holineſs in the things, but as deſiring to keep the middle way between ſuperſtition and ſlovenlineſs, and as following the Apoſtle's two great and admirable Rules in things of this nature: The firſt whereof is, Let all things be done decently and in order: The ſecond, Let all things be done to edification, 1 Cor. xiv. For theſe Two Rules compriſe and include the double object of our duty, God, and our neighbour; the firſt being for the honour of God, the ſecond for the benefit of our neighbour. So that they excellently ſcore out the way, and fully, and exactly contain, even in external and indifferent things, what courſe is to be taken; and put them to great ſhame, who deny the Scripture to be perfect.

Chap. XIV.

THE PARSON IN CIRCUIT.

THE Country Parſon upon the afternoons in the week-days, takes occaſion ſometimes to viſit in perſon, now one quarter of his Pariſh, now another. For there he ſhall find his flock moſt naturally as they are, wallowing in the midſt of their affairs: whereas on Sunday it is eaſy for them to compoſe themſelves to order, which they put on as their holyday clothes,

and come to Church in frame, but commonly the next day put off both. When he comes to any houſe, firſt he bleſſeth it, and then as he finds the perſons of the houſe employed, ſo he forms his diſcourſe. Thoſe that he finds religiouſly employed, he both commends them much, and furthers them when he is gone, in their employment; as if he finds them reading, he furniſheth them with good Books; if curing poor people, he ſupplies them with Receipts, and inſtructs them further in that ſkill, ſhewing them how acceptable ſuch works are to God, and wiſhing them ever to do the Cures with their own hands, and not to put them over to ſervants. Thoſe that he finds buſy in the works of their calling, he commendeth them alſo: for it is a good and juſt thing for every one to do their own buſineſs. But then he admoniſheth them of two things; firſt that they dive not too deep into worldly affairs, plunging themſelves over head and ears into carking and caring; but that they ſo labour, as neither to labour anxiouſly, nor diſtruſtfully, nor profanely. Then they labour anxiously, when they overdo it, to the loſs of their quiet and health: then diſtruſtfully, when they doubt God's providence, thinking that their own labour is the cauſe of their thriving, as if it were in their own hands to thrive or not to thrive. Then they labour profanely, when they ſet themſelves to work like brute beaſts, never raiſing their thoughts to God, nor ſanctifying their labour with daily prayer; when on the Lord's day they do unneceſſary ſervile work, or in time of divine ſervice on other holy days, except in the caſes of extreme poverty, and in the ſeaſons of Seed-time and Harveſt. Secondly, he adviſeth them ſo to labour for wealth and maintenance, as that they make not that the end of their labour, but that they may have wherewithal to ſerve God the better, and to do good deeds. After theſe diſcourſes, if they

be poor and needy, whom he thus finds labouring, he gives them ſomewhat; and opens not only his mouth, but his purſe to their relief, that ſo they go on more cheerfully in their vocation, and himſelf be ever the more welcome to them. Thoſe that the Parſon finds idle, or ill-employed, he chides not at firſt, for that were neither civil nor profitable; but always in the cloſe, before he departs from them; yet in this he diſtinguiſheth; for if he be a plain Countryman, he reproves him plainly; for they are not ſenſible of fineneſs; if they be of higher quality, they commonly are quick, and ſenſible, and very tender of reproof; and therefore he lays his diſcourſe ſo, that he comes to the point very leiſurely, and oftentimes, as Nathan did, in the perſon of another, making them to reprove themſelves. However, one way or other, he ever reproves them, that he may keep himſelf pure, and not be entangled in others' ſins. Neither in this doth he forbear, though there be company by: for as when the offence is particular, and againſt me, I am to follow our Saviour's rule, and to take my brother aſide, and reprove him; ſo when the offence is public, and againſt God, I am then to follow the apoſtle's rule, 1 Timothy v. 20, and to rebuke openly that which is done openly. Beſides theſe occaſional diſcourſes, the Parſon queſtions what order is kept in the houſe, as about prayers, morning and evening, on their knees, reading of Scripture, catechizing, ſinging of Pſalms at their work and on Holy days: who can read, who not; and ſometimes he hears the children read himſelf, and bleſſeth, encouraging alſo the ſervants to learn to read, and offering to have them taught on Holydays by his ſervants. If the Parſon were aſhamed of particularizing in theſe things, he were not fit to be a parſon; but he holds the Rule, that Nothing is little in God's ſervice; If it once have the honour of that

Name, it grows great inſtantly. Wherefore neither diſdaineth he to enter into the pooreſt Cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it ſmell never ſo loathſomely. For both God is there alſo, and thoſe for whom God died: and ſo much the rather doth he ſo, as his acceſs to the poor is more comfortable, than to the rich; and in regard of himſelf, it is more humiliation. Theſe are the Parſon's general aims in his Circuit; but with theſe he mingles other diſcourſes for converſation ſake, and to make his higher purpoſes ſlip the more eaſily.

Chap. XV.

THE PARSON COMFORTING.

THE Country Parſon, when any of his Cure is ſick, or afflicted with loſs of friend, or eſtate, or any ways diſtreſſed, fails not to afford his beſt comforts, and rather goes to them, than ſends for the afflicted, though they can, and otherwiſe ought to come to him. To this end he hath thoroughly digeſted all the points of conſolation, as having continual uſe of them, ſuch as are from God's general providence extended even to Lilies; from his particular, to his Church; from his promiſes; from the examples of all Saints, that ever were; from Chriſt himſelf, perfecting our Redemption no other way than by ſorrow; from the Benefit of affliction, which ſoftens and works the ſtubborn heart of man; from the certainty both of deliverance, and reward, if we faint not; from the miſerable compariſon of the moment of griefs here with the weight of joys hereafter. Beſides this, in his viſiting the ſick, or otherwiſe afflicted, he followeth the

Church's counſel, namely, in perſuading them to particular confeſſion; labouring to make them underſtand the great good uſe of this ancient and pious Ordinance, and how neceſſary it is in ſome caſes: he alſo urgeth them to do ſome pious charitable works, as a neceſſary evidence and fruit of their faith, at that time eſpecially: the participation of the Holy Sacrament, how comfortable, and ſovereign a medicine it is to all ſin-ſick ſouls, what ſtrength, and joy, and peace it adminiſters againſt all temptations, even to death itſelf,—he plainly, and generally intimateth to the diſaffected, or ſick perſon; that ſo the hunger and thirſt after it may come rather from themſelves, than from his perſuaſion.

Chap. XVI.

THE PARSON A FATHER.*

THE Country Parſon is not only a Father to his flock, but alſo profeſſeth himſelf thoroughly of the opinion, carrying it about him with him as fully, as if he had begot his whole Pariſh. And of this he makes great uſe. For by this means, when any ſins, he hateth him not as an Officer, but pities him as a Father: and even in thoſe wrongs which either in tithing or otherwiſe are done to his own perſon, he conſiders the offender as a child, and forgives, ſo he may have any ſign of amendment; ſo alſo, when, after many admonitions, any continue to be refractory, yet he gives him

* "Sir, the life of a Parſon, of a conscientious clergyman, is not eaſy. I have always conſidered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain."—JOHNSON by CROKER, vii. 152.

not over, but is long before he proceed to disinheriting, or perhaps never goes so far; knowing that some are called at the eleventh hour, and therefore he still expects, and waits, lest he should determine God's hour of coming; which as he cannot, touching the last day, so neither touching the intermediate days of Conversion.

Chap. XVII.

THE PARSON IN JOURNEY.

THE Country Parson, when a just occasion calleth him out of his Parish (which he diligently, and strictly weigheth, his Parish being all his joy, and thought) leaveth not his Ministry behind him; but is himself wherever he is. Therefore those he meets on the way he blesseth audibly, and with those he overtakes or that overtake him, he begins good discourses, such as may edify, interposing some short and honest refreshments, which may make his other discourses more welcome, and less tedious. And when he comes to his Inn, he refuseth not to join, that he may enlarge the Glory of God to the company he is in, by a due blessing of God for their safe arrival, and saying grace at meat, and at going to bed by giving the host notice, that he will have prayers in the hall, wishing him to inform his guests thereof, that if any be willing to partake, they may resort thither. The like he doth in the morning, using pleasantly the outlandish proverb, that Prayers and Provender never hinder Journey. When he comes to any other house, where his kindred or other relations give him any authority over the family, if he be to stay for a time, he considers diligently the

ſtate thereof to Godward, and that in two points: Firſt, what diſorders there are either in Apparel, or Diet, or too open a Buttery, or reading vain Books, or ſwearing, or breeding up children to no calling, but in idleneſs, or the like. Secondly, what means of Piety, whether daily prayers be uſed, Grace, reading of Scriptures, and other good Books, how Sundays, holydays, and faſting days are kept. And accordingly, as he finds any defect in theſe, he firſt conſiders with himſelf, what kind of remedy fits the temper of the houſe beſt, and then he faithfully, and boldly applieth it; yet ſeaſonably, and diſcreetly, by taking aſide the Lord or Lady; or maſter or miſtreſs of the houſe, and ſhewing them clearly, that they reſpect them moſt, who wiſh them beſt, and that not a deſire to meddle with others' affairs, but the earneſtneſs to do all the good he can, moves him to ſay thus and thus.

Chap. XVIII.

THE PARSON IN SENTINEL.

THE Country Parſon, wherever he is, keeps God's watch; that is, there is nothing ſpoken, or done in the Company where he is, but comes under his Teſt and cenſure; If it be well ſpoken or done, he takes occaſion to commend, and enlarge it; if ill, he preſently lays hold of it, leſt the poiſon ſteal into ſome young and unwary ſpirits, and poſſeſs them even before they themſelves heed it. But this he doth diſcreetly, with mollifying and ſuppling words: This was not ſo well ſaid, as it might have been forborne; We cannot allow this: or elſe the thing will admit interpretation; Your

meaning is not thus, but thus; or, So far indeed what you ſay is true, and well ſaid; but this will not ſtand, This is called Keeping God's watch, when the baits which the enemy lays in company, are diſcovered, and avoided: This is to be on God's ſide, and be true to his party. Beſides, if he perceive in company any diſcourſe tending to ill, either by the wickedneſs or quarrelſomeneſs thereof, he either prevents it judiciouſly, or breaks it off ſeaſonably by ſome diverſion. Wherein a pleaſantneſs of diſpoſition is of great uſe, men being willing to ſell the intereſt, and engagement of their diſcourſes for no price ſooner than that of mirth;* whither the nature of man, loving refreſhment, gladly betakes itſelf, even to the loſs of honour.

Chap. XIX.

THE PARSON IN REFERENCE.

THE Country Parſon is ſincere and upright in all his relations. And Firſt, he is juſt to his Country; as when he is ſet at an armour, or horſe, he borrows them not to ſerve the turn, nor provides ſlight, and unuſeful, but ſuch as are every way fitting to do his Country true and laudable ſervice, when occaſion requires. To do otherwiſe, is deceit; and therefore, not for him, who is hearty, and true in all his ways, as being the ſervant of Him, in whom there was no guile. Likewiſe in any other Country-duty, he conſiders what is the end of any Command, and then he ſuits things

* It was a ſaying of Archbiſhop Uſher,—"If good people would but make goodneſs agreeable, and ſmile inſtead of frowning in their virtue, how many they would win to the good cauſe."

faithfully according to that end. Secondly, he carries himſelf very reſpectively, as to all the Fathers of the Church, ſo eſpecially to his Dioceſan, honouring him both in word and behaviour, and reſorting unto him in any difficulty, either in his ſtudies or in his pariſh. He obſerves Viſitations, and being there, makes due uſe of them, as of Clergy Councils, for the benefit of the Dioceſe. And therefore before he comes, having obſerved ſome defects in the Miniſtry, he then either in ſermon, if he preach, or at ſome other time of the day, propounds among his Brethren what were fitting to be done. Thirdly, he keeps good Correſpondence with all the neighbouring Paſtors round about him, performing for them any Miniſterial Office, which is not to the prejudice of his own Pariſh. Likewiſe he welcomes to his houſe any Miniſter, how poor or mean ſoever, with as joyful a countenance, as if he were to entertain ſome great Lord. Fourthly, he fulfils the duty, and debt of neighbourhood to all the pariſhes which are near him. For the apoſtle's rule, Philip. iv. being admirable, and large, that "we ſhould do whatſoever things are honeſt, or juſt, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praiſe;" and Neighbourhood being ever reputed, even among the Heathen, as an obligation to do good, rather than to thoſe that are further, where things are otherwiſe equal, therefore he ſatiſfies this duty alſo. Eſpecially, if God have ſent any calamity either by fire or famine, to any neighbouring Pariſh, then he expects no Brief; but taking his Pariſh together the next Sunday, or Holy-day, and expoſing to them the uncertainty of human affairs, none knowing whoſe turn may be next, and then when he hath affrighted them with this, expoſing the obligation of Charity, and neighbourhood, he firſt gives himſelf liberally, and then incites them to give; making together a ſum either to be ſent, or, which were more comfortable, all together

choosing some fit day to carry it themselves, and cheer the Afflicted. So, if any neighbouring village be overburdened with poor, and his own less charged, he finds some way of relieving it, and reducing the Manna, and bread of Charity to some equality, representing to his people, that the Blessing of God to them ought to make them the more charitable, and not the less, lest he cast their neighbours' poverty on them also.

Chap. XX.

THE PARSON IN GOD'S STEAD.

THE Country Parson is in God's stead to his Parish, and dischargeth God what he can of his promises, Wherefore there is nothing done either well or ill, whereof he is not the rewarder, or punisher. If he chance to find any reading in another's Bible, he provides him one of his own. If he find another giving a poor man a penny, he gives him a tester * for it, if the giver be fit to receive it: or if he be of a condition above such gifts, he sends him a good Book, or easeth him in his tithes, telling him when he hath forgotten it, This I do, because at such and such a time you were charitable. This is in some sort a discharging of God; as concerning this life, who hath promised, that Godliness shall be gainful: but in the other, God is his own immediate paymaster, rewarding all good deeds to their

* Sixpence; often written "testorne," as by Latimer, "I think truly all the town would come to celebrate the Communion to get a testorne, but will not come to receive the body and blood of Christ."

full proportion. "The parſon's puniſhing of ſin and vice is rather by withdrawing his bounty and courteſy from the parties offending, or by private or public reproof, as the caſe requires, than by cauſing them to be preſented, or otherwiſe complained of. And yet, as the malice of the perſon, or heinouſneſs of the crime may be, he is careful to ſee condign puniſhment inflicted, and with truly godly zeal, without hatred to the perſon, hungreth and thirſteth after righteous puniſhment of unrighteouſneſs. Thus both in rewarding virtue, and in puniſhing vice, the Parſon endeavoureth to be in God's ſtead, knowing that Country people are drawn or led by ſenſe, more than by faith, by preſent rewards or puniſhments, more than by future."

Chap. XXI.

THE PARSON'S CATECHISING.*

THE Country Parſon values catechiſing highly: For there being Three points of his Duty; The one, to infuſe a competent knowledge of ſalvation in every one of his flock; The other, to multiply and build up this knowledge to a ſpiritual Temple; The third, to inflame this knowledge, to preſs, and drive it to practice, turning it to reformation of life, by pithy and lively exhortations; Catechiſing is the firſt point,

* It is told by Nelſon, of Biſhop Bull, that he was ſo earneſt and ſucceſsful in catechiſing his people, lecturing the old, by inviting them to be preſent at the inſtruction of the young, that to one viſitation of the Biſhop he carried with him fifty well-inſtructed perſons to be confirmed, out of a pariſh conſiſting of thirty families.—See Works of Bull (Oxford edit.) i. 52.

and but by Catechiſing, the other cannot be attained. Beſides, whereas in Sermons there is a kind of ſtate, in Catechiſing there is an humbleneſs very ſuitable to Chriſtian regeneration; which exceedingly delights him as by way of exerciſe upon himſelf, and by way of preaching to himſelf, for the advancing of his own mortification: For in preaching to others, he forgets not himſelf, but is firſt a Sermon to himſelf, and then to others; growing with the growth of his Pariſh. He uſeth and preferreth the ordinary Church Catechiſm, partly for obedience to Authority, partly for Uniformity ſake, that the ſame common truths may be every where profeſſed, eſpecially ſince many remove from Pariſh to Pariſh, who like Chriſtian Soldiers, are to give the word, and to ſatiſfy the Congregation by their Catholic anſwers. He exacts of all the Doctrine of the Catechiſm; of the younger ſort, the very words; of the elder, the ſubſtance.* Thoſe he Catechiſeth publicly, theſe privately, giving age honour, according to the Apoſtle's rule, 1 Tim. v. 1. He requires all to be preſent at catechiſing: Firſt, for the Authority of the work; Secondly, that Parents, and Maſters, as they hear the anſwers prove, may when they come home, either commend or reprove, either reward or puniſh. Thirdly, that thoſe of the elder ſort, who are not well grounded, may then by an honourable way take occaſion to be better inſtructed. Fourthly, that thoſe who are well grounded in the knowledge of Religion, may

* "It is a great error to think that the Catechiſm was made for children only: for all Chriſtians are equally concerned in thoſe ſaving truths which are there taught; and the doctrine delivered in the Catechiſm is as proper for the ſtudy, and as neceſſary for the ſalvation of a great doctor, as of a weak Chriſtian, or a young child."—BISHOP KEN'S Expoſition, Proſe Works, (Round) p. 339.

examine their grounds, renew their vows, and by occaſion of both, enlarge their meditations. When once all have learned the words of the Catechiſm, he thinks it the moſt uſeful way that a Paſtor can take, to go over the ſame, but in other words: for many ſay the Catechiſm by rote, as Parrots, without ever piercing into the ſenſe of it. In this courſe the order of the Catechiſm would be kept, but the reſt varied: as thus, in the Creed: How came this world to be as it is? Was it made, or came it by chance? Who made it? Did you ſee God make it? Then are there ſome things to be believed that are not ſeen? Is this the nature of belief? Is not Chriſtianity full of ſuch things, as are not to be ſeen, but believed? You ſaid, God made the world; Who is God? And ſo forward, requiring Anſwers to all theſe, and helping and cheriſhing the Anſwerer, by making the Queſtions very plain with compariſons, and making much even of a word of truth from him. This order being uſed to one, would be a little varied to another. And this is an admirable way of teaching, wherein the Catechiſed will at length find delight, and by which the Catechizer, if he once get the ſkill of it, will draw out of ignorant and ſilly ſouls, even the dark and deep points of Religion. Socrates did thus in philoſophy, who held that the ſeeds of all truths lay in every body, and accordingly, by queſtions well ordered, he found Philoſophy in ſilly Tradeſmen. That poſition will not hold in Chriſtianity, becauſe it contains things above nature: but after that the Catechiſm is once learned, that which nature is towards Philoſophy, the Catechiſm is towards Divinity. To this purpoſe, ſome Dialogues in Plato were worth the reading, where the ſingular dexterity of Socrates in this kind may be obſerved, and imitated. Yet the ſkill conſiſts but in theſe three points: Firſt, an aim and mark of the whole diſcourſe, whither to drive the

Anſwerer, which the Queſtioniſt muſt have in his mind before any queſtion be propounded, upon which and to which the queſtions are to be chained. Secondly, a moſt plain and eaſy framing the queſtion, even containing, in virtue, the anſwer alſo, eſpecially to the more ignorant. Thirdly, when the anſwerer ſticks, an illuſtrating the thing by ſomething elſe, which he knows, making what he knows to ſerve him in that which he knows not: as, when the Parſon once demanded, after other queſtions about man's miſery; ſince man is ſo miſerable, what is to be done? And the Anſwerer could not tell; he aſked him again, what he would do if he were in a ditch? This familiar illuſtration made the anſwer ſo plain, that he was even aſhamed of his ignorance; for he could not but ſay, he would haſte out of it as faſt as he could. Then he proceeded to aſk, whether he could get out of the ditch alone, or whether he needed a helper, and who was that helper. This is the ſkill, and doubtleſs the Holy Scripture intends thus much, when it condeſcends to the naming of a plough, a hatchet, a buſhel, leaven, boys piping and dancing; ſhewing that things of ordinary uſe are not only to ſerve in the way of drudgery, but to be waſhed and cleanſed, and ſerve for lights even of Heavenly Truths. This is the Practice which the Parſon ſo much commends to all his fellow-labourers; the ſecret of whoſe good conſiſts in this; that at Sermons and Prayers men may ſleep, or wander; but when one is aſked a queſtion, he muſt diſcover what he is. This practice exceeds even Sermons in teaching: But there being two things in Sermons, the one Informing, the other Inflaming; as Sermons come ſhort of queſtions in the one, ſo they far exceed them in the other. For queſtions cannot inflame or raviſh, that muſt be done by a ſet, and laboured, and continued ſpeech.

Chap. XXII.

THE PARSON IN SACRAMENTS.

THE Country Parſon being to adminiſter the Sacraments, is at a ſtand with himſelf, how or what behaviour to aſſume for ſo Holy things. Eſpecially at Communion times he is in a great confuſion, as being not only to receive God, but to break and adminiſter him. Neither finds he any iſſue in this, but to throw himſelf down at the throne of Grace, ſaying, "Lord, thou knoweſt what thou didſt, when thou appointedſt it to be done thus; therefore do thou fulfil what thou didſt appoint; for thou art not only the feaſt, but the way to it." At Baptiſm, being himſelf in white, he requires the preſence of all, and Baptizeth not willingly, but on Sundays, or great days. He admits no vain or idle names, but ſuch as are uſual and accuſtomed.* He ſays that prayer with great devotion, where God is thanked for calling us to the knowledge of his grace, Baptiſm being a bleſſing, that the world hath not the like. He willingly and cheerfully croſſeth the child, and thinketh the ceremony not only innocent, but reverend. He inſtructeth the Godfathers, and Godmothers, that it is no complimental or light thing to ſuſtain that place, but a great honour, and no

* "Pride lives with all; ſtrange names our ruſtics give
To helpleſs infants, that their own may live;
Pleaſed to be known, they'll ſome attention claim,
And find ſome by-way to the houſe of fame.
'Why Lonicera, wilt thou name thy child?'
I aſked the gardener's wife in accents mild;
'We have a right,' replied the ſturdy dame;
And Lonicera was the infant's name."
CRABBE, The Pariſh Regiſter, Pt. 1.

leſs burden, as being done both in the preſence of God, and his Saints, and by way of undertaking for a Chriſtian ſoul. He adviſeth all to call to mind their Baptiſm often; for if wiſe men have thought it the beſt way of preſerving a State to reduce it to its principles by which it grew great; certainly it is the ſafeſt courſe for Chriſtians alſo to meditate on their Baptiſm often (being the firſt ſtep into their great and glorious calling) and upon what terms, and with what vows they were Baptized. At the times of the Holy Communion, he Firſt takes order with the Church-Wardens, that the elements be of the beſt, not cheap, or coarſe, much leſs ill-taſted, or unwholeſome. Secondly, he conſiders and looks into the ignorance or careleſſneſs of his flock, and accordingly applies himſelf with Catechizings and lively exhortations, not on the Sunday of the Communion only (for then it is too late) but the Sunday, or Sundays before the Communion, or on the Eves of all thoſe days. If there be any, who having not received yet, is to enter into this great Work, he takes the more pains with them, that he may lay the foundation of future Bleſſings. The time of every one's firſt receiving is not ſo much by years, as by underſtanding: particularly the Rule may be this: When any one can diſtinguiſh the ſacramental from common bread, knowing the inſtitution, and the difference, he ought to receive, of what age ſoever. Children and youths are uſually deferred too long, under pretence of devotion to the Sacrament, but it is for want of Inſtruction; their underſtandings being ripe enough for ill things, and why not then for better? But Parents and Maſters ſhould make haſte in this, as to a great purchaſe for their children and ſervants; which while they defer, both ſides ſuffer; the one, in wanting many excitings of grace, the other, in being worſe ſerved and obeyed. The ſaying of the

Catechiſm is neceſſary, but not enough; becauſe to anſwer in form may ſtill admit ignorance: but the Queſtions muſt be propounded looſely and wildly, and then the Anſwerer will diſcover what he is. Thirdly, for the manner of receiving, as the Parſon uſeth all reverence himſelf, ſo he adminiſters to none but to the reverent. The feaſt indeed requires ſitting, becauſe it is a Feaſt; but man's unpreparedneſs aſks kneeling. He that comes to the Sacrament, hath the confidence of a Gueſt, and he that kneels, confeſſeth himſelf an unworthy one, and therefore differs from other Feaſters: but he that ſits, or lies, puts up to an Apoſtle: Contentiouſneſs in a feaſt of Charity is more ſcandal than any poſture. Fourthly, Touching the frequency of the Communion, the Parſon celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at leaſt five or ſix times in the year: as, at Eaſter, Chriſtmas, Whitſuntide, before and after Harveſt, and the beginning of Lent. And this he doth, not only for the benefit of the work, but alſo for the diſcharge of the Church-Wardens, who being to preſent all that receive not thrice a year; if there be but three Communions, neither can all the people ſo order their affairs as to receive juſt at thoſe times, nor the Church-Wardens ſo well take note who receive thrice, and who not.

Chap. XXIII.

THE PARSON'S COMPLETENESS.

THE Country Parſon deſires to be All to his Pariſh, and not only a Paſtor, but a Lawyer alſo, and a Phyſician. Therefore he endures not that any

of his flock ſhould go to Law; but in any Controverſy, that they ſhould reſort to him as their Judge. To this end, he hath gotten to himſelf ſome inſight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience, and by reading ſome initiatory Treatiſes in the Law, with Dalton's* Juſtice of Peace, and the Abridgments of the Statutes, as alſo by diſcourſe with men of that profeſſion, whom he hath ever ſome caſes to aſk, when he meets with them; holding that rule, that to put men to diſcourſe of that, wherein they are moſt eminent, is the moſt gainful way of Converſation. Yet whenever any controverſy is brought to him, he never decides it alone; but ſends for three or four of the ableſt of the Pariſh to hear the cauſe with him, whom he makes to deliver their opinion firſt; out of which he gathers, in caſe he be ignorant himſelf, what to hold; and ſo the thing paſſeth with more authority, and leſs envy; in judging he follows that, which is altogether right: ſo that if the pooreſt man of the Pariſh detain but a pin unjuſtly from the richeſt, he abſolutely reſtores it as a Judge; but when he hath ſo done, then he aſſumes the Parſon, and exhorts to Charity. Nevertheleſs, there may happen ſometimes ſome caſes, wherein he chooſeth to permit his Pariſhioners rather to make uſe of the Law than himſelf: As in caſes of an obſcure and dark nature, not eaſily determinable by Lawyers themſelves; or in caſes of high conſequence, as eſtabliſhing of inheritances: or Laſtly, when the perſons are of a contentious diſpoſition, and cannot be gained, but that they ſtill fall from all compromiſes that have been made. But then he ſhews them how to go to Law, even as Brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoiding there-

* Michael Dalton, born 1554, died about the time of the Civil War; he wrote the 'Burns's Juſtice of the 17th century.

fore one another's company, much leſs defaming one another. Now as the Parſon is in Law, ſo is he in ſickneſs alſo: if there be any of his flock ſick, he is their Phyſician, or at leaſt his Wife, of whom, inſtead of the qualities of the world, he aſks no other, but to have the ſkill of healing a wound, or helping the ſick. But if neither himſelf, nor his Wife have the ſkill, and his means ſerve, he keeps ſome young practitioner in his houſe for the benefit of his pariſh, whom yet he ever exhorts not to exceed his bounds, but in difficult caſes to call in help. If all fail, then he keeps good correſpondence with ſome neighbour Phyſician, and entertains him for the Cure of his Pariſh. Yet it is eaſy for any Scholar to attain to ſuch a meaſure of Phyſic, as may be of much uſe to him both for himſelf, and others. This is done by ſeeing one Anatomy, reading one Book of Phyſic, having one Herbal by him. And let Fernelius* be the Phyſic Author, for he writes briefly, neatly, and judiciouſly: eſpecially let his method of Phyſic be diligently peruſed, as being the practical part, and of moſt uſe. Now both the reading of him, and the knowing of herbs may be done at ſuch times, as they may be a help and a recreation, to more divine ſtudies, Nature ſerving Grace both in comfort of diverſion, and the benefit of application, when need requires: as alſo, by way of illuſtration, even as our Saviour made plants and ſeeds to teach the people: for he was the true houſeholder, who bringeth out of his treaſure things new and old; the old things of Philoſophy, and the new of Grace; and maketh the one ſerve the other. And I conceive, our Saviour did this for Three Reaſons: Firſt, that by familiar things he might make

* John Francis Fernel, phyſician to Henry II. of France; born about 1506, died 1558.

his Doctrine ſlip the more eaſily into the hearts even of the meaneſt. Secondly, that labouring people (whom he chiefly conſidered) might have every where monuments of his Doctrine, remembering in Gardens, his Muſtard-ſeed, and Lilies; in the Field, his Seed-Corn, and Tares; and ſo not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but ſometimes lift up their minds to better things, even in the midſt of their pains. Thirdly, that he might ſet a copy for Parſons. In the knowledge of ſimples, wherein the manifold wiſdom of God is wonderfully to be ſeen, one thing ſhould be carefully obſerved; which is to know what herbs may be uſed inſtead of drugs of the ſame nature, and to make the garden the ſhop: for home-bred medicines are both more eaſy for the Parſon's Purſe, and more familiar for all men's bodies. So, where the Apothecary uſeth either for looſing, Rhubarb; or for binding, Bolearmena, the Parſon uſeth Damaſk or white Roſes for the one, and Plaintain, Shepherd's purſe, Knot-graſs, for the other, and that with better ſucceſs. As for ſpices, he doth not only prefer home-bred things before them, but condemns them for vanities, and ſo ſhuts them out of his Family, eſteeming that there is no Spice comparable, for Herbs, to Roſemary, Thyme, Savory, Mints; and for Seeds, to Fennel, and Carraway ſeeds. Accordingly for Salves, his Wife ſeeks not the City, but prefers her Garden and Fields, before all Outlandiſh Gums. And ſurely Hyſſop, Valerian, Mercury, Adder's tongue, Verrow, Melilot, and St. John's-wort made into a Salve; and Elder, Camomile, Mallows, Comphrey and Smallage made into a Poultice, have done great and rare Cures. In curing of any, the Parſon and his Family uſe to premiſe prayers, for this is to cure like a Parſon, and this raiſeth the action from the ſhop, to the church. But though the Parſon ſets forward all charitable deeds, yet he looks not in

this point of curing beyond his own parish, except the person be so poor, that he is not able to reward the Physician: for as he is charitable, so he is just also. Now it is a justice and debt to the Commonwealth he lives in, not to encroach on others' Professions, but to live on his own. And justice is the ground of Charity.

Chap. XXIV.

THE PARSON'S ARGUING.

THE Country Parson, if there be any of his Parish that hold strange Doctrines, useth all possible diligence to reduce them to the Common Faith. The First means he useth is Prayer, beseeching the Father of lights to open their eyes, and to give him power so to fit his discourse to them, that it may effectually pierce their hearts, and convert them. The second means is a very loving, and sweet usage of them, both in going to, and sending for them often, and in finding out courtesies to place on them; as in their Tithes, or otherwise. The third means is the Observation, what is the main Foundation and Pillar of their cause, whereon they rely; as if he be a Papist, the Church is the hinge he turns on; if a Schismatic, scandal.* Wherefore the Parson hath diligently examined these two with himself, as "What the Church is, How it began; how it proceeded; whether it be a rule to itself; whether it hath a rule; whether having a rule, it ought not to be guided by it; whether any rule in

* He uses the word in its true sense of a stumbling-block in the road.

the world be obſcure; and how then ſhould the beſt be ſo, at leaſt in fundamental things; the obſcurity in ſome points being the exerciſe of the Church, the light in the foundations being the guide; The church needing both an evidence and an exerciſe. So for Scandal: What ſcandal is, when given or taken; whether there being two precepts, one of obeying authority, the other of not giving ſcandal, that ought not to be preferred, eſpecially ſince in diſobeying there is ſcandal alſo: whether things once indifferent, being made by the precept of Authority more than indifferent, it be in our power to omit or refuſe them." Theſe and the like points he hath accurately digeſted, having ever beſides two great helps and powerful perſuaders on his ſide; the one, a ſtrict religious life; the other an humble and ingenuous ſearch of truth, being unmoved in arguing, and void of all contentiouſneſs: which are two great lights able to dazzle the eyes of the miſled, while they conſider, that God cannot be wanting to them in Doctrine, to whom he is ſo gracious in Life.

Chap. XXV.

THE PARSON PUNISHING.

WHENSOEVER the Country Parſon proceeds ſo far as to call in Authority, and to do ſuch things of legal oppoſition either in the preſenting or puniſhing of any, as the vulgar ever conſtrues for ſigns of ill-will: he forbears not in any wiſe to uſe the delinquent as before, in his behaviour and carriage towards him, not avoiding his company, or doing anything of averſeneſs, ſave in the very act of puniſhment: neither

doth he esteem him for an enemy, but as a brother still, except some small and temporary estranging may corroborate the punishment to a better subduing and humbling of the delinquent; which if it happily take effect, he then comes on the faster, and makes so much the more of him, as before he alienated himself; doubling his regards, and shewing by all means, the delinquent's return is to his advantage.

Chap. XXVI.

THE PARSON'S EYE.

THE Country Parson at spare times from action, standing on a Hill, and considering his Flock, discovers two sorts of vices, and two sorts of vicious persons. There are some vices, whose natures are always clear, and evident, as Adultery, Murder, Hatred, Lying, &c. There are other vices, whose natures, at least in the beginning, are dark and obscure; as Covetousness, and Gluttony. So likewise there are some persons, who abstain not even from known sins; there are others, who when they know a sin evidently, they commit it not. It is true, indeed, they are long a knowing it, being partial to themselves, and witty to others who shall reprove them for it. A man may be both covetous, and Intemperate, and yet hear Sermons against both, and himself condemn both in good earnest: and the reason hereof is, because the natures of these vices being not evidently discussed or known commonly, the beginnings of them are not easily observable: and the beginnings of them are not observed, because of the sudden passing from that which was just now lawful, to

that which is preſently unlawful, even in one continued action. So a man dining, eats at firſt lawfully; but proceeding on, comes to do unlawfully, even before he is aware; not knowing the bounds of the action, nor when his eating begins to be unlawful. So a man ſtoring up money for his neceſſary proviſions, both in preſent for his family, and in future for his children, hardly perceives when his ſtoring becomes unlawful: yet is there a period for his ſtoring, and a point, or centre, when his ſtoring, which was even now good, paſſeth from good to bad. Wherefore the Parſon being true to his buſineſs, hath exactly ſifted the definitions of all virtues and vices; eſpecially canvaſſing thoſe, whoſe natures are moſt ſtealing, and beginnings uncertain. Particularly, concerning theſe two vices, not becauſe they are all that are of this dark and creeping diſpoſition, but for example ſake, and becauſe they are moſt common, he thus thinks: Firſt, for Covetouſneſs, he lays this ground: Whoſoever when a juſt occaſion calls, either ſpends not at all, or not in ſome proportion to God's bleſſing upon him, is covetous. The reaſon of the ground is manifeſt, becauſe wealth is given to that end, to ſupply our occaſions. Now, if I do not give every thing its end, I abuſe the creature, I am falſe to my reaſon which ſhould guide me, I offend the ſupreme Judge, in perverting that order which he hath ſet both to things, and to reaſon. The application of the ground would be infinite; but in brief, a poor man is an occaſion, my Country is an occaſion, my friend is an occaſion, my Table is an occaſion, my apparel is an occaſion: if in all theſe, and thoſe more which concern me, I either do nothing, or pinch, and ſcrape, and ſqueeze blood indecently to the ſtation wherein God hath placed me, I am Covetous. More particularly, and to give one inſtance for all, if God have given me ſervants, and I either pro-

vide too little for them, or that which is unwholesome, being sometimes baned * meat, sometimes too salt, and and so not competent nourishment, I am Covetous. I bring this example, because men usually think, that servants for their money are as other things that they buy, even as a piece of wood, which they may cut, or hack, or throw into the fire, and so they pay them their wages, all is well. Nay, to descend yet more particularly, if a man have wherewithal to buy a spade, and yet he chooseth rather to use his neighbour's, and wear out that, he is covetous. Nevertheless, few bring covetousness thus low, or consider it so narrowly, which yet ought to be done, since "there is a justice in the least things, and for the least there shall be a judgment." Country people are full of these petty injustices, being cunning to make use of another and spare themselves: And Scholars ought to be diligent in the observation of these, and driving of their general School-rules ever to the smallest actions of Life; which while they dwell in their Books, they will never find; but being seated in the Country, and doing their duty faithfully, they will soon discover: especially if they carry their eyes ever open, and fix them on their charge, and not on their preferment. Secondly, for Gluttony, The Parson lays this ground, He that either for quantity eats more than his health or employments will bear, or for quality is lickerish after dainties, is a Glutton; as he that eats more than his estate will bear, is a Prodigal: and he that eats offensively to the Company, either in his order, or length of eating, is scandalous and uncharitable. These three rules generally comprehend the faults of "eating, and the truth of "them needs no proof: so that men must eat, neither to the disturbance of their health, nor of their affairs,

* Poisoned, or corrupted.

which, being over-burdened or ſtudying dainties too much, they cannot well diſpatch), nor of their eſtate, nor of their brethren." One act in theſe things is bad, but it is the cuſtom and habit that names a Glutton. Many think they are more at liberty than they are, as if they were Maſters of their health, and ſo they will ſtand to the pain, all is well. But to eat to one's hurt comprehends, beſides the hurt, an act againſt reaſon, becauſe it is unnatural to hurt oneſelf; and this they are not Maſters of. Yet of hurtful things, I am more bound to abſtain from thoſe, which by my own experience I have found hurtful, than from thoſe which by a common tradition, and vulgar knowledge are reputed to be ſo. That which is ſaid of hurtful meats extends to hurtful drinks also. As for the quantity, touching our employments, none muſt eat ſo as to diſable themſelves from a fit diſcharging either of Divine duties, or duties of their calling. So that if after Dinner they are not fit (or unwieldy) either to pray, or work, they are Gluttons. Not that all muſt preſently work after Dinner, for they rather muſt not work, (eſpecially Students, and thoſe that are weakly); but that they muſt riſe ſo, as that it is not meat, or drink, that hinders them from working. To guide them in this, there are Three Rules: Firſt, the cuſtom and knowledge of their own body, and what it can well digeſt: The ſecond, the feeling of themſelves in time of eating, which, becauſe it is deceitful, (for one thinks in eating, that he can eat more, than afterwards he finds true):—The third is the obſervation with what appetite they ſit down. This laſt rule joined with the firſt, never fails. For knowing what one uſually can well digeſt, and feeling when I go to meat in what diſpoſition I am, either hungry or not, according as I feel myſelf, either I take my wonted proportion, or diminiſh of it. Yet Phyſicians bid thoſe that would live in health, not keep a uniform diet, but

to feed variouſly, now more, now leſs: and Gerſon,* a ſpiritual man, wiſheth all to incline rather to too much, than to too little; his reaſon is, becauſe diſeaſes of exinanition are more dangerous than diſeaſes of repletion. But the Parſon diſtinguiſheth according to his double aim, either of Abſtinence a Moral virtue, or Mortification a Divine. When he deals with any that is heavy and carnal, he gives him thoſe freer rules; but when he meets with a refined, and heavenly diſpoſition, he carries them higher, even ſometimes to a forgetting of themſelves, knowing that there is One, who, when they forget, remembers for them; As when the people hungered and thirſted after our Saviour's Doctrine, and tarried ſo long at it, that they would have fainted had they returned empty, he ſuffered it not; but rather made food miraculouſly, than ſuffered ſo good deſires to miſcarry.

Chap. XXVII.

THE PARSON IN MIRTH.

THE Country Parſon is generally ſad, becauſe he knows nothing but the Croſs of Chriſt, his mind being deſixed on it, with thoſe nails wherewith his Maſter was: or if he have any leiſure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two moſt ſad ſpectacles, Sin and Miſery; God diſhonoured every day; and man afflicted. Nevertheleſs, he ſometimes

* A very celebrated Frenchman (b. 1363, d. 1429), who received the title of "Moſt Chriſtian Doctor." Du Pin edited his works, in five volumes. Cave, writing fifty years after Herbert's death, promiſes abundant fruit to the ſtudent of Gerſon.

refreſheth himſelf, as knowing that Nature will not bear everlaſting droopings, and that pleaſantneſs of diſpoſition is a great key to do good; not only becauſe all men ſhun the company of perpetual ſeverity, but alſo for that when they are in company, inſtructions ſeaſoned with pleaſantneſs, both enter ſooner, and root deeper. Wherefore he condeſcends to human frailties both in himſelf and others; and intermingles ſome mirth in his diſcourſes occaſionally, according to the pulſe of the hearer

Chap. XXVIII.

THE PARSON IN CONTEMPT.

THE Country Parſon knows well, that both for the general ignominy which is caſt upon the profeſſion, and much more for thoſe rules, which out of his choiceſt judgment, he hath reſolved to obſerve, and which are deſcribed in this Book, he muſt be deſpiſed; becauſe this hath been the portion of God his Maſter, and of God's Saints his Brethren, and this is foretold, that it ſhall be ſo ſtill, until things be no more. Nevertheleſs, according to the Apoſtle's rule, he endeavours that none ſhall deſpiſe him; eſpecially in his own Pariſh, he ſuffers it not to his utmoſt power; for that, where contempt is, there is no room for inſtruction. This he procures, Firſt, by his Holy and unblameable life; which carries a reverence with it, even above contempt. Secondly, by a courteous carriage, and winning behaviour: he that will be reſpected, muſt reſpect; doing kindneſſes, but receiving none; at leaſt of thoſe, who are apt to deſpiſe: for this argues a height and eminency of mind, which is not eaſily

deſpiſed, except it degenerate to pride. Thirdly, by a bold and impartial reproof, even of the beſt in the Pariſh, when occaſion requires: for this may produce hatred in thoſe that are reproved, but never contempt either in them, or others.* Laſtly, if the contempt ſhall proceed ſo far as to do any thing puniſhable by Law, as contempt is apt to do, if it be not thwarted, the Parſon having a due reſpect both to the perſon and to the cauſe, referreth the whole matter to the examination and puniſhment of thoſe which are in Authority; that ſo the ſentence lighting upon one, the example may reach to all. But if the Contempt be not puniſhable by Law, or being ſo, the Parſon think it in his diſcretion either unfit, or bootleſs to contend, then when any deſpiſes him, he takes it either in an humble way, ſaying nothing at all; or elſe in a ſlighting way, ſhewing that reproaches touch him no more, than a ſtone thrown againſt heaven, where he is, and lives; or in a ſad way, grieved at his own, and others' ſins, which continually break God's Laws, and diſhonour him with thoſe mouths, which he continually fills, and feeds: or elſe, in a doctrinal way, ſaying to the contemner, Alas, why do you thus? you hurt yourſelf, not me; he that throws a ſtone at another, hits himſelf; and ſo, between gentle reaſoning, and pitying, he overcomes the evil: or laſtly, in a Triumphant way, being glad, and joyful, that he is made conformable to his Maſter; and being in the world as he was, hath this undoubted pledge of his ſalvation. Theſe are the five ſhields, wherewith the godly receive the darts of

* There was not a man in his way (be he of what rank he would) that ſpoke awry, (in order to God) but he wiped his mouth with a modeſt grace and Chriſtian reproof. And that he did this, I have heard from true reporters."—BARNABAS OLEY, Preface to Country Parſon, 1652.

the wicked; leaving anger, and retorting, and revenge to the children of the world, whom another's ill mastereth, and leadeth captive without any resistance, even in resistance, to the same destruction. For while they resist the person that reviles, they resist not the evil which takes hold of them, and is far the worst enemy.

Chap. XXIX.

THE PARSON WITH HIS CHURCH-WARDENS.

THE Country Parson doth often, both publickly and privately, instruct his Church-Wardens, what a great Charge lies upon them, and that indeed the whole order and discipline of the parish is put into their hands. If himself reform any thing, it is out of the overflowing of his Conscience, whereas they are to do it by Command, and by Oath. Neither hath the place its dignity from the Ecclesiastical Laws only, since even by the Common Statute-Law, they are taken for a kind of Corporation, as being persons enabled by that Name to take moveable goods, or chattels, and to sue, and to be sued at Law concerning such goods, for the use and profit of their Parish: and by the same Law they are to levy penalties for negligence in resorting to Church, or for disorderly carriage in time of Divine Service. Wherefore the Parson suffers not the place to be vilified or debased, by being cast on the lower rank of people; but invites and urges the best unto it shewing that they do not lose, or go less, but gain by it; it being the greatest honour of

this world, to do God and his choſen ſervice; or as David ſays, to be even a door-keeper in the houſe of God. Now the Canons being the Church-Warden's Rule, the Parſon adviſeth them to read, or hear them often, as alſo the Viſitation Articles, which are grounded upon the Canons, that ſo they may know their duty, and keep their Oath the better; in which regard, conſidering the great Conſequence of their place, and more of their Oath, he wiſheth them by no means to ſpare any, though never ſo great; but if after gentle and neighbourly admonitions, they ſtill perſiſt in ill, to preſent them; yea though they be Tenants, or otherwiſe engaged to the delinquent: for their obligation to God, and their own ſoul, is above any temporal tie. Do well and right, and let the world ſink.

Chap. XXX.

THE PARSON'S CONSIDERATION OF PROVIDENCE.

THE Country Parſon, conſidering the great aptneſs, Country people have to think that all things come by a kind of natural courſe; and that if they ſow and ſoil their grounds, they muſt have corn; if they keep and fodder well their cattle, they muſt have milk, and Calves: labours to reduce them to ſee God's hand in all things, and to believe, that things are not ſet in ſuch an inevitable order, but that God often changeth it according as he ſees fit, either for reward or puniſhment. To this end he repreſents to his flock, that God hath, and exerciſeth a threefold Power in every thing which concerns man. The Firſt is a ſuſtaining

power; the Second, a governing power: the Third, a ſpiritual power. By his ſuſtaining power he preſerves and actuates every thing in his being; ſo that corn doth not grow by any other virtue, than by that which he continually ſupplies, as the corn needs it; without which ſupply the corn would inſtantly dry up, as a river would, if the fountain were ſtopped. And it is obſervable, that if any thing could preſume of an inevitable courſe, and conſtancy in their operations certainly it ſhould be either the Sun in heaven, or the fire on earth, by reaſon of their fierce, ſtrong, and violent natures; yet when God pleaſed; the Sun ſtood ſtill, the fire burned not. By God's governing power he preſerves and orders the references of things one to the other, ſo that though the corn do grow, and be preſerved in that act by his ſuſtaining power, yet if he ſuit not other things to the growth, as ſeaſons, and weather, and other accidents, by his governing power, the faireſt harveſts come to nothing. And it is obſervable, that God delights to have men feel, and acknowledge, and reverence his power, and therefore he often overturns things, when they are thought paſt danger; that is his time of interpoſing: As when a Merchant hath a ſhip come home after many a ſtorm, which it hath eſcaped, he deſtroys it ſometimes in the very Haven; or if the goods be houſed, a fire hath broken forth, and ſuddenly conſumed them. Now this he doth, that men ſhould perpetuate, and not break off their acts of dependence, how fair ſoever the opportunities preſent themſelves. So that if a Farmer ſhould depend upon God all the year, and being ready to put hand to ſickle, ſhall then ſecure himſelf, and think all cock ſure;* then God ſends ſuch weather, as lays the corn, and

* Quite certain; a phraſe traced from Skelton to Pope.

deſtroys it: or if he depend on God further, even till he imbarn his corn, and then think all ſure; God ſends a fire and conſumes all that he hath: For that he ought not to break off, but to continue his dependence on God, not only before the corn is inned, but after alſo; and, indeed, to depend, and fear continually. The third power is ſpiritual, by which God turns all outward bleſſings to inward advantages. So that if a Farmer hath both a fair harveſt, and that alſo well inned, and imbarned, and continuing ſafe there; yet if God give him not the Grace to uſe and utter this well, all his advantages are to his loſs. Better were his corn burnt, than not ſpiritually improved. And it is obſervable in this, how God's goodneſs ſtrives with man's refractorineſs; Man would ſit down at this world, God bids him ſell it, and purchaſe a better; Juſt as a Father who hath in his hand an apple, and a piece of gold under it; the Child comes, and with pulling, gets the apple out of his Father's hand: his Father bids him throw it away, and he will give him the gold for it, which the Child utterly refuſing, eats it, and is troubled with worms: So is the carnal and wilful man with the worm of the grave in this world, and the worm of Conſcience in the next.

Chap. XXXI.

THE PARSON IN LIBERTY.

THE Country Parſon obſerving the manifold wiles of Satan (who plays his part ſometimes in drawing God's Servants from him, ſometimes in perplexing them in the ſervice of God) ſtands faſt in the Liberty

wherewith Chriſt hath made us free. This liberty he compaſſeth by one Diſtinction, and that is, of what is Neceſſary, and what is Additionary. As for example: It is neceſſary that all Chriſtians ſhould pray twice a day, every day of the week, and four times on Sunday, if they be well. This is ſo neceſſary, and eſſential to a Chriſtian, that he cannot without this maintain himſelf in a Chriſtian ſtate. Beſides this, the Godly have ever added ſome hours of prayer, as at nine, or at three, or at midnight, or as they think fit, and ſee cauſe, or rather as God's ſpirit leads them. But theſe prayers are not Neceſſary, but Additionary. Now it ſo happens, that the godly petitioner, upon ſome emergent interruption in the day, or by overſleeping himſelf at night, omits his additionary prayer. Upon this his mind begins to be perplexed, and troubled, and Satan, who knows the exigent, blows the fire, endeavouring to diſorder the Chriſtian, and put him out of his ſtation, and to enlarge the perplexity, until it ſpread, and taint his other duties of piety, which none can perform ſo well in trouble, as in calmneſs. Here the Parſon interpoſeth with His Diſtinction, and ſhews the perplexed Chriſtian, that this prayer being additionary, not neceſſary, taken in, not commanded, the omiſſion thereof upon juſt occaſion ought by no means to trouble him. God knows the occaſion, as well as he, and He is as a gracious Father, who more accepts a common courſe of devotion, than diſlikes an occaſional interruption. And of this he is ſo to aſſure himſelf, as to admit no ſcruple, but to go on as cheerfully, as if he had not been interrupted. By this it is evident that the Diſtinction is of ſingular uſe and comfort, eſpecially to pious minds, which are ever tender, and delicate. But here there are Two Cautions to be added. Firſt, that this interruption proceed not out of ſlackneſs, or coldneſs, which will appear if the Pious ſoul foreſee and

prevent ſuch interruptions, what he may, before they come, and when for all that they do come, he be a little affected therewith, but not afflicted, or troubled; if he reſent it to a miſlike, but not a grief. Secondly, that this interruption proceed not out of ſhame. As for example: A godly man, not out of ſuperſtition, but of reverence to God's houſe, reſolves whenever he enters into a Church, to kneel down and pray, either bleſſing God, that he will be pleaſed to dwell among men; or beſeeching him, that whenever he repairs to his houſe, he may behave himſelf ſo as befits ſo great a preſence; and this briefly. But it happens that near the place where he is to pray, he ſpies ſome ſcoffing ruffian, who is likely to deride him for his pains: if he now, ſhall either for fear or ſhame, break his cuſtom, he ſhall do paſſing ill; ſo much the rather ought he to proceed, as that by this he may take into his Prayer humiliation alſo. On the other ſide, if I am to viſit the ſick in haſte, and my neareſt way lie through the Church, I will not doubt to go without ſtaying to pray there (but only, as I paſs, in my heart) becauſe this kind of Prayer is additionary, not neceſſary, and the other duty overweighs it: So that if any ſcruple ariſe, I will throw it away, and be moſt confident, that God is not diſpleaſed. This diſtinction may run through all Chriſtian duties, and it is a great ſtay and ſettling to religious ſouls.

Chap. XXXII.

THE PARSON'S SURVEYS.

THE Country Parſon hath not only taken a particular Survey of the faults of his own Pariſh, but a general

alſo of the diſeaſes of the time, that ſo, when his occaſions carry him abroad, or bring ſtrangers to him, he may be the better armed to encounter them. The great and national ſin of this land he eſteems to be idleneſs; great in itſelf, and great in Conſequence: For when men have nothing to do, then they fall to drink, to ſteal, to whore, to ſcoff, to revile, to all ſorts of gamings. Come, ſay they, we have nothing to do, let's go to the Tavern, or to the Stews, or what not? Wherefore the Parſon ſtrongly oppoſeth this ſin, whereſoever he goes. And becauſe Idleneſs is twofold, the one in having no calling, the other in walking careleſſly in our calling, he firſt repreſents to every body the neceſſity of a vocation. The reaſon of this aſſertion is taken from the nature of man, wherein God hath placed two great inſtruments, Reaſon in the Soul, and a hand in the Body, as engagements of working; ſo that even in Paradiſe man had a Calling, and how much more out of Paradiſe, when the evils which he is now ſubject unto, may be prevented, or diverted by reaſonable employment. Beſides, every gift or ability is a talent to be accounted for, and to be improved to our Maſter's Advantage. Yet it is alſo a debt to our country to have a Calling; and it concerns the Commonwealth, that none ſhould be idle, but all buſied. Laſtly, riches are the bleſſing of God, and the great inſtrument of doing admirable good; therefore all are to procure them honeſtly and ſeaſonably when they are not better employed. Now this reaſon croſſeth not our Saviour's precept of ſelling what we have, becauſe when we have ſold all, and given it to the poor, we muſt not be idle, but labour to get more, that we may give more, according to St. Paul's rule, Epheſians iv. 28; 1 Theſſalonians iv. 11, 12. So that our Saviour's ſelling is ſo far from croſſing Saint Paul's working, that it rather eſtabliſheth it, ſince they that have nothing, are fitteſt to work. Now becauſe the only oppoſer to this Doctrine

is the Gallant, who is witty enough to abuſe both others, and himſelf, and who is ready to aſk, if he ſhall mend ſhoes, or what he ſhall do?—Therefore the Parſon unmoved, ſheweth, that ingenuous and fit employment is never wanting to thoſe that ſeek it. But if it ſhould be, the Aſſertion ſtands thus: All are either to have a Calling, or prepare for it: He that hath or can have yet no employment, if he truly and ſeriouſly prepare for it, he is ſafe and within bounds. Wherefore all are either preſently to enter into a Calling, if they be fit for it, and it for them; or elſe to examine with care, and advice, what they are fitteſt for, and to prepare for that with all diligence. But it will not be amiſs in this exceeding uſeful point to deſcend to particulars; for exactneſs lies in particulars. Men are either ſingle, or married; The married and houſekeeper hath his hands full, if he do what he ought to do. For there are two branches of his affairs; firſt, the improvement of his family, by bringing them up in the fear and nurture of the Lord; and ſecondly, the improvement of his grounds, by drowning, or draining, or ſtocking, or fencing, and ordering his land to the beſt advantage both of himſelf and his neighbours. The Italian ſays, None fouls his hands in his own buſineſs; and it is an honeſt, and juſt care, ſo it exceed not bounds, for every one to employ himſelf to the advancement of his affairs, that he may have wherewithal to do good. But his family is his beſt care, to labour Chriſtian ſouls, and raiſe them to their height, even to heaven: to dreſs and prune them, and take as much joy in a ſtraight-growing child, or ſervant, as a Gardener doth in a choice Tree. Could men find out this delight, they would ſeldom be from home; whereas now, of any place they are leaſt there. But if after all this care well diſpatched, the houſekeeper's Family be ſo ſmall, and his dexterity ſo great, that he have leiſure to look out, the village or Pariſh which either he lives

in, or is near unto it, is his employment. He conſiders every one there, and either helps them in particular, or hath general Propoſitions to the whole Town or Hamlet, of advancing the public Stock, and managing Commons, or Woods, according as the place ſuggeſts. But if he may be of the Commiſſion of Peace, there is nothing to that: No Commonwealth in the world hath a braver Inſtitution than that of Juſtices of the Peace: for it is both a ſecurity to the King, who hath ſo many diſperſed Officers at his beck throughout the Kingdom, accountable for the public good; and alſo an honourable employment of a Gentle, or Nobleman in the Country he lives in, enabling him with power to do good, and to reſtrain all thoſe, who elſe might both trouble him and the whole State. Wherefore it behoves all, who are come to the gravity and ripeneſs of judgment for ſo excellent a Place, not to refuſe, but rather to procure it. And whereas there are uſually three Objections made againſt the Place; the one, the abuſe of it, by taking petty Country bribes; the other, the caſting of it on mean perſons, eſpecially in ſome Shires; and laſtly, the trouble of it: Theſe are ſo far from deterring any good men from the place, that they kindle them rather to redeem the Dignity either from true faults, or unjuſt aſperſions. Now, for ſingle men, they are either Heirs, or younger Brothers: The Heirs are to prepare in all the fore-mentioned points againſt the time of their practice. Therefore they are to mark their Father's diſcretion in ordering his Houſe and Affairs; and alſo elſewhere, when they ſee any remarkable point of Education or good huſbandry, and to tranſplant it in time to his own home, with the ſame care as others, when they meet with good fruit, get a graft of the Tree, enriching their Orchard, and neglecting their Houſe. Beſides, they are to read Books of Law and Juſtice; eſpecially the Statutes at large.

As for better Books of Divinity, they are not in this Conſideration, becauſe we are about a Calling, and a preparation thereunto. But chiefly, and above all things, they are to frequent Seſſions and Aſſizes; for it is both an honour which they owe to the Reverend* Judges and Magiſtrates, to attend them at leaſt in their Shire; and it is a great advantage to know the practice of the Land; for our Law is Practice. Sometimes he may go to Court, as the eminent place both of good and ill. At other times he is to travel over the King's Dominions, cutting out the Kingdom into Portions, which every year he ſurveys piece-meal. When there is a Parliament, he is to endeavour by all means to be a Knight or Burgeſs there; for there is no School to a Parliament. And when he is there, he muſt not only be a morning man, but at Committees alſo; for there the particulars are exactly diſcuſſed, which are brought from thence to the Houſe but in general. When none of theſe occaſions call him abroad, every morning that he is at home he muſt either ride the Great Horſe, or exerciſe ſome of his Military Poſtures. For all gentlemen, that are now weakened, and diſarmed with ſedentary lives, are to know the uſe of their Arms: and as the Huſbandman labours for them, ſo muſt they fight for, and defend them, when occaſion calls. This is the duty of each to other, which they ought to fulfil: and the Parſon is a lover and exciter to juſtice in all things, even as John the Baptiſt ſquared out to every one (even to ſoldiers) what to do. As for younger Brothers, thoſe whom the Parſon finds looſe, and not engaged in ſome Profeſſion by their Parents, whoſe neglect in this point is intolerable, and a ſhameful wrong both to the Com-

* So Bacon: "It is a reverend thing, to ſee an ancient caſtle or a building not in decay."

monwealth, and their own Houſe: To them, after he hath ſhewed the unlawfulneſs of ſpending the day in dreſſing, complimenting, viſiting, and ſporting, he firſt commends the ſtudy of the Civil Law, as a brave, and wiſe knowledge, the Profeſſors whereof were much employed by Queen Elizabeth, becauſe it is the key of Commerce, and diſcovers the rules of foreign Nations. Secondly, he commends the Mathematics, as the only wonder-working knowledge, and therefore requiring the beſt ſpirits. After the ſeveral knowledge of theſe, he adviſeth to inſiſt and dwell chiefly on the two noble branches thereof, of Fortification and Navigation; The one being uſeful to all Countries, and the other eſpecially to Iſlands. But if the young Gallant think theſe Courſes dull, and phlegmatic, where can he buſy himſelf better than in thoſe new Plantations,* and diſcoveries, which are not only a noble, but alſo as they may be handled, a religious employment? Or let him travel into Germany and France, and obſerving the Artifices, and Manufactures there, tranſplant them hither, as divers have done lately, to our Country's advantage.

* There was a great charm for the poetical mind in theſe regions. Cowley, writing in 1656, ſays in the Preface to his Poems, "My deſire has been for ſome years paſt, (though the execution has been accidentally diverted,) and does ſtill vehemently continue, to retire myſelf to ſome of our American plantations, not to ſeek for gold, or enrich myſelf with the traffic of thoſe parts (which is the end of moſt men that travel thither), but to forſake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myſelf there in ſome obſcure retreat, but not without the conſolation of letters and philoſophy."

Chap. XXXIII.

THE PARSON'S LIBRARY.

THE Country Parſon's Library is a holy Life: for beſides the bleſſing that that brings upon it, there being a promiſe, that if the Kingdom of God be firſt ſought, all other things ſhall be added, even itſelf is a Sermon. For the temptations with which a good man is beſet, and the ways which he uſed to overcome them, being told to another, whether in private conference, or in the Church, are a Sermon. He that hath conſidered how to carry himſelf at Table about his appetite, if he tell this to another, preacheth; and much more feelingly, and judiciouſly, than he writes his rules of temperance out of Books. So that the Parſon having ſtudied and maſtered all his luſts and affections within, and the whole Army of Temptations without, hath ever ſo many Sermons ready penned, as he hath victories. And it fares in this as it doth in Phyſic: He that hath been ſick of a Conſumption, and knows what recovered him, is a Phyſician, ſo far as he meets with the ſame diſeaſe, and temper: and can much better, and particularly do it, than he that is generally learned, and was never ſick. And if the ſame perſon had been ſick of all diſeaſes, and were recovered of all, by things that he knew, there were no ſuch Phyſician as he, both for ſkill and tenderneſs. Juſt ſo it is in Divinity, and that not without manifeſt reaſon: for though the temptations may be diverſe in divers Chriſtians, yet the victory is alike in all, being by the ſelf-ſame Spirit. Neither is this true only in the military ſtate of a Chriſtian life, but even in the peaceable alſo; when the ſervant of God, freed for a while from temptation, in a quiet ſweetneſs ſeeks how to pleaſe his God. Thus the Parſon conſidering that

repentance is the great virtue of the Goſpel, and one of the firſt ſteps of pleaſing God, having for his own uſe examined the nature of it, is able to explain it after to others. And particularly, having doubted ſometimes, whether his repentance were true, or at leaſt in that degree it ought to be, ſince he found himſelf ſometimes to weep more for the loſs of ſome temporal things than for offending God, he came at length to this reſolution, that repentance is an act of the mind, not of the Body, even as the Original ſignifies; and that the chief thing which God in Scriptures requires, is the heart, and the ſpirit, and to worſhip him in truth, and ſpirit. Wherefore in caſe a Chriſtian endeavour to weep, and cannot, ſince we are not Maſters of our bodies, this ſufficeth. And conſequently he found, that the eſſence of repentance, that it may be alike in all God's children (which as concerning weeping it cannot be, ſome being of a more melting temper than others) conſiſteth in a true deteſtation of the ſoul, abhorring and renouncing ſin, and turning unto God in truth of heart, and newneſs of life: Which acts of repentance are and muſt be found in all God's ſervants. Not that weeping is not uſeful, where it can be, that ſo the body may join in the grief, as it did in the ſin; but that, ſo the other acts be, that is not neceſſary: ſo that he as truly repents who performs the other acts of repentance, when he cannot more, as he that weeps a flood of tears. This inſtruction and comfort the Parſon getting for himſelf, when he tells it to others, becomes a ſermon. The like he doth in other Chriſtian virtues, as of Faith, and Love, and the Caſes of Conſcience belonging thereto, wherein (as St. Paul implies that he ought, Romans ii.) he firſt preacheth to himſelf, and then to others.

Chap. XXXIV.

THE PARSON'S DEXTERITY IN APPLYING OF REMEDIES.

THE Country Parſon knows, that there is a double ſtate of a Chriſtian, even in this life, the one military, the other peaceable. The military is, when we are aſſaulted with temptations either from within or from without. The Peaceable is, when the Devil for a time leaves us, as he did our Saviour, and the angels miniſter to us their own food, even joy, and peace, and comfort in the Holy Ghoſt. Theſe two ſtates were in our Saviour, not only in the beginning of his preaching, but afterwards alſo, as Matth. xxii. 35, He was tempted: And Luke x. 21, He rejoiced in Spirit: And they muſt be likewiſe in all that are his. Now the Parſon having a Spiritual judgment, according as he diſcovers any of his Flock to be in one or the other ſtate, ſo he applies himſelf to them. Thoſe that he finds in the peaceable ſtate, he adviſeth to be very vigilant, and not to let go the reins as ſoon as the horſe goes eaſy. Particularly, he counſelleth them to two things: Firſt, to take heed, leſt their quiet betray them (as it is apt to do) to a coldneſs, and careleſſneſs in their devotions, but to labour ſtill to be as fervent in Chriſtian duties, as they remember themſelves were, when affliction did blow the coals. Secondly, not to take the full compaſs and liberty of their Peace: not to eat of all thoſe diſhes at table, which even their preſent health otherwiſe admits; nor to ſtore their houſe with all thoſe furnitures, which even their preſent plenty of wealth otherwiſe admits; nor when they are among them that are merry, to extend themſelves to all that mirth, which the preſent occaſion of wit and company otherwiſe admits; but to put bounds and hoops to

their joys: ſo will they laſt the longer, and when they depart, return the ſooner. If we would judge ourſelves, we ſhould not be judged; and if we would bound ourſelves, we ſhould not be bounded. But if they ſhall fear, that at ſuch, or ſuch a time their peace and mirth have carried them further than this moderation, then to take Job's admirable Courſe, who ſacrificed leſt his Children ſhould have tranſgreſſed in their mirth: ſo let them go, and find ſome poor afflicted ſoul, and there be bountiful and liberal; for with ſuch ſacrifices God is well pleaſed. Thoſe that the Parſon finds in the military ſtate, he fortifies, and ſtrengthens with his utmoſt ſkill. Now in thoſe that are tempted, whatſoever is unruly, falls upon Two Heads; Either they think, that there is none that can or will look after things, but all goes by chance, or wit: Or elſe, though there be a great Governor of all things, yet to them he is loſt, as if they ſaid, God doth forſake and perſecute them, and there is none to deliver them. If the Parſon ſuſpect the firſt, and find ſparks of ſuch thoughts now and then to break forth, then without oppoſing directly (for diſputation is no Cure for Atheiſm) he ſcatters in his diſcourſe three ſorts of Arguments. The Firſt taken from Nature, the ſecond from the Law, the third from Grace. For Nature, he ſees not how a houſe could be either built without a builder, or kept in repair without a houſekeeper. He conceives not poſſibly, how the winds ſhould blow ſo much as they can, and the ſea rage as much as it can, and all things do what they can, and all, not only without diſſolution of the whole, but alſo of any part, by taking away ſo much as the uſual ſeaſons of ſummer and winter, earing and harveſt. Let the weather be what it will, ſtill we have bread, though ſometimes more, ſometimes leſs; wherewith alſo a careful Joſeph might meet. He conceives not poſſibly, how he that would

believe a Divinity, if he had been at the Creation of all things, ſhould leſs believe it, ſeeing the Preſervation of all things; For Preſervation is a Creation; and more, it is a continued Creation, and a Creation every moment. Secondly, For the law, there may be ſo evident, though unuſed a proof of Divinity taken from thence, that the Atheiſt, or Epicurean can have nothing to contradict. The Jews yet live and are known: they have their Law and Language bearing witneſs to them, and they to it: they are Circumciſed to this day, and expect the promiſes of the Scripture; their Country alſo is known, the places, and rivers travelled unto, and frequented by others, but to them an unpenetrable rock, an inacceſſible deſert. Wherefore if the Jews live, all the great wonders of old live in them, and then who can deny the ſtretched-out arm of a mighty God? eſpecially ſince it may be a juſt doubt, whether, conſidering the ſtubbornneſs of the Nation, their living then in their Country, under ſo many miracles were a ſtranger thing, than their preſent exile, and diſability to live in their Country. And it is obſervable, that this very thing was intended by God, that the Jews ſhould be his proof, and witneſſes, as he calls them, Iſaiah xliii. 12. And their very diſperſion in all Lands, was intended not only for a puniſhment to them; but for an exciting to others by their ſight, to the acknowledging of God and his power, Pſalm lix. 11. And, therefore, this kind of puniſhment was choſen rather than any other. Thirdly, For Grace. Beſides, the continual ſucceſſion (ſince the Goſpel) of Holy men, who have borne witneſs to the truth, (there being no reaſon why any ſhould diſtruſt St. Luke, or Tertullian, or Chryſoſtom, more than Tully, Virgil, or Livy;) There are two Prophecies in the Goſpel, which evidently argue Chriſt's Divinity by their ſucceſs: the one concerning the woman that ſpent the ointment on our Saviour, for which he told, that it ſhould never be forgotten, but with the Goſpel itſelf be

preached to all ages, Matthew xxvi. 13. The other concerning the deſtruction of Jeruſalem; of which our Saviour ſaid, that that generation ſhould not paſs, till all were fulfilled, Luke xxi. 32. Which Joſephus's Hiſtory confirmeth, and the continuance of which Verdict is yet evident. To theſe might be added the Preaching of the Goſpel in all Nations, Matthew xxiv. 14, which we ſee even miraculouſly effected in theſe new diſcoveries, God turning Men's Covetouſneſs and Ambitions to the effecting of his Word. Now a Prophecy is a wonder ſent to Poſterity, leſt they complain of want of wonders. It is a Letter ſealed, and ſent, which to the Bearer is but Paper, but to the receiver, and opener, is full of power. He that ſaw Chriſt open a blind man's eyes, ſaw not more divinity than he that reads the woman's ointment in the Goſpel, or ſees Jeruſalem deſtroyed. With ſome of theſe heads enlarged, and woven into his diſcourſe, at ſeveral times and occaſions, the Parſon ſettleth wavering minds. But if he ſees them nearer deſperation, than Atheiſm, not ſo much doubting a God, as that he is theirs; then he dives into the boundleſs Ocean of God's Love, and the unſpeakable riches of his loving-kindneſs. He hath one argument unanſwerable. If God hate them, either he doth it as they are Creatures, duſt and aſhes, or as they are ſinful. As Creatures, he muſt needs love them; for no perfect Artiſt ever yet hated his own work. As ſinful, he muſt much more love them; becauſe notwithſtanding his infinite hate of ſin, his love overcame that hate; and with an exceeding great victory; which in the Creation needed not, gave them love for love, even the Son of his love out of his boſom of love. So that man, which way ſoever he turns, hath two pledges of God's love, that in the mouth of two or three witneſſes every word may be eſtabliſhed; the one in his Being, the other in his ſinful Being: and this as the more faulty in him, ſo the more glorious in

God. And all may certainly conclude, that God loves them, till either they deſpiſe that love; or deſpair of his mercy; not any ſin elſe, but is within his love; but the deſpiſing of love muſt needs be without it. The thruſting away of his arm makes us only not embraced.

Chap. XXXV.

THE PARSON'S CONDESCENDING.

THE Country Parſon is a Lover of Old Cuſtoms, if they be good and harmleſs; and the rather, becauſe Country people are much addicted to them, ſo that to favour them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppoſe them therein is to deject them. If there be any ill in the cuſtom, that may be ſevered from the good, he pares the apple and gives them the clean to feed on. Particularly he loves proceſſion, and maintains it, becauſe there are contained therein four manifeſt advantages: Firſt, A bleſſing of God for the fruits of the field: Secondly, Juſtice in the Preſervation of bounds: Thirdly, Charity in loving walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any: Fourthly, Mercy in relieving the poor by a liberal diſtribution and largeſs, which at that time is, or ought to be uſed. Wherefore he exacts of all to be preſent at the perambulation, and thoſe that withdraw, and ſever themſelves from it, he miſlikes, and reproves as uncharitable and unneighbourly; and if they will not reform, preſents them. Nay, he is ſo far from condemning ſuch aſſemblies, that he rather procures them to be often, as knowing that abſence breeds ſtrangeneſs, but preſence love. Now love is his buſineſs and aim; wherefore he likes well, that his Pariſh at good times invite one

another to their houſes, and he urgeth them to it: and ſometimes, where he knows there hath been or is a little difference, he takes one of the parties, and goes with him to the other, and all dine or ſup together. There is much preaching in this friendlineſs. Another old Cuſtom there is of ſaying, when light is brought in, God ſends us the light of heaven; And the Parſon likes this very well: neither is he afraid of praiſing, or praying to God at all times, but is rather glad of catching opportunities to do them. Light is a great Bleſſing, and as great as food, for which we give thanks; and thoſe that think this ſuperſtitious, neither know ſuperſtition nor themſelves. As for thoſe that are aſhamed to uſe this form as being old, and obſolete, and not the faſhion, he reforms and teaches them, that at Baptiſm they profeſſed not to be aſhamed of Chriſt's Croſs, or for any ſhame to leave that which is good. He that is aſhamed in ſmall things, will extend his puſillanimity to greater. Rather ſhould a Chriſtian Soldier take ſuch occaſions to harden himſelf and to further his exerciſes of Mortification.

Chap. XXXVI.

THE PARSON BLESSING.

THE Country Parſon wonders, that Bleſſing the People is in ſo little uſe with his brethren: whereas he thinks it not only a grave, and reverend thing, but a beneficial alſo. Thoſe who uſe it not; do ſo either out of niceneſs, becauſe they like the ſalutations and compliments, and forms of worldly language better; which conformity and faſhionableneſs is ſo exceeding unbefitting a Miniſter, that it deſerves reproof, not refutation: Or elſe, becauſe they think it empty and ſuperfluous.

But that which the Apoſtles uſed ſo dilligently in their writings, nay, which our Saviour himſelf uſed, Mark x. 16, cannot be vain and ſuperfluous. But this was not proper to Chriſt, or the apoſtles only, no more than to be a ſpiritual Father was appropriated to them. And if temporal Fathers bleſs their children, how much more may, and ought Spiritual Fathers? Beſides, the Prieſts of the Old Teſtament were commanded to Bleſs the people, and the form thereof is preſcribed, Numbers vi. Now as the Apoſtle argues in another caſe; if the Miniſtration of condemnation did bleſs, how ſhall not the Miniſtration of the Spirit exceed in bleſſing? The fruit of this bleſſing good Hannah found, and received with great joy, 1 Samuel i. 18, though it came from a man diſallowed by God: for it was not the perſon but Prieſthood, that bleſſed; ſo that even ill Prieſts may bleſs. Neither have the Miniſters power of bleſſing only, but alſo of Curſing. So in the Old Teſtament, Eliſha curſed the children, 2 Kings ii. 24, which though our Saviour reproved as unfitting for his particular, who was to ſhow all humility before his Paſſion, yet he allows it in his Apoſtles. And therefore, St. Peter uſed that fearful imprecation to Simon Magus, Acts viii., Thy money periſh with thee: and the event confirmed it: ſo did St. Paul, 2 Timothy iv. 14, and 1 Timothy, i. 20. Speaking of Alexander the copper-ſmith, who had withſtood his preaching, The Lord (ſaith he) reward him according to his works. And again, of Hymeneus and Alexander, he ſaith he had delivered them to Satan, that they might learn not to Blaſpheme. The Forms both of Bleſſing, and Curſing, are expounded in the Common Prayer Book: the one in, The grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, &c. and the Peace of God, &c.; the other in general, in the Commination. Now bleſſing differs from prayer, in aſſurance, becauſe it is not performed by way of requeſt, but of confidence, and power, effectually

applying God's favour to the bleſſed, by the intereſting of that dignity wherewith God hath inveſted the Prieſt, and engaging of God's own power and inſtitution for a Bleſſing. The neglect of this duty in Miniſters themſelves hath made the people alſo neglect it; ſo that they are ſo far from craving this benefit from their ghoſtly Father, that they oftentimes go out of Church before he hath bleſſed them. In the time of Popery, the Prieſt's Benedicite and his holy water were over highly valued; and now we are fallen to the clean contrary, even from ſuperſtition to coldneſs and Atheiſm. But the Parſon firſt values the gift in himſelf, and then teacheth his Pariſh to value it. And it is obſervable, that if a Miniſter talk with a great man in the ordinary courſe of complimenting language, he ſhall be eſteemed as ordinary complimenters; but if he often interpoſe a Bleſſing, when the other gives him juſt opportunity, by ſpeaking any good, this unuſual form begets a reverence, and makes him eſteemed according to his profeſſion. The ſame is to be obſerved in writing Letters alſo. To conclude, if all men are to bleſs upon occaſion, as appears Romans xii. 14, how much more thoſe who are ſpiritual Fathers?

Chap. XXXVII.

CONCERNING DETRACTION.*

THE Country Parſon perceiving, that moſt, when they are at leiſure, make others' faults their en-

* See Barrow's Sermon on Detraction, (Works, i. 415,) which he ſays "may be couched in truth, and clothed in fair language; it is a poiſon often infuſed in ſweet liquor, and miniſtered in a golden cup."

tertainment and discourse, and that even some good men think, so they speak truth, they may disclose another's fault, finds it somewhat difficult how to proceed in this point. For if he absolutely shut up men's mouths, and forbid all disclosing of faults, many an evil may not only be, but also spread in his Parish, without any remedy (which cannot be applied without notice) to the dishonour of God, and the infection of his flock, and the discomfort, discredit, and hindrance of the Pastor. On the other side, if it be unlawful to open faults, no benefit or advantage can make it lawful; for we must not do evil that good may come of it. Now the Parson taking this point to task, which is so exceeding useful, and hath taken so deep root, that it seems the very life and substance of Conversation, hath proceeded thus far in the discussing of it. Faults are either notorious or private. Again, notorious faults are either such as are made known by common fame (and of these, those that know them may talk, so they do it not with sport, but commiseration;) or else such as have passed judgment, and been corrected either by whipping, or imprisoning, or the like. Of these also men may talk, and more, they may discover them to those that know them not; because infamy is a part of the sentence against malefactors, which the Law intends, as is evident by those which are branded for rogues, that they may be known, or put into the stocks, that they may be looked upon. But some may say, though the Law allow this, the Gospel doth not, which hath so much advanced Charity, and ranked backbiters among the generation of the wicked, Romans i. 30. But this is easily answered: as the executioner is not uncharitable, that takes away the life of the condemned, except, besides his office, he had a tincture of private malice, in the joy and haste of acting his part; so neither is he that defames him

whom the Law would have defamed, except he alſo do it out of rancour. For in infamy, all are executioners, and the Law gives the malefactor to all to be defamed. And as malefactors may loſe and forfeit their goods or life, ſo may they their good name, and the poſſeſſion thereof, which before their offence and Judgment they had in all men's breaſts; for all are honeſt till the contrary be proved. Beſides, it concerns the Common-Wealth that Rogues ſhould be known, and Charity to the public hath the precedence of private Charity. So that it is ſo far from being a fault to diſcover ſuch offenders, that it is a duty rather, which may do much good, and ſave much harm. Nevertheleſs, if the puniſhed Delinquent ſhall be much troubled for his ſins, and turn quite another man, doubtleſs then alſo men's affections and words muſt turn, and forbear to ſpeak of that which even God himſelf hath forgotten.*

THE AUTHOR'S PRAYER BEFORE SERMON.

O ALMIGHTY and ever living Lord God! Majeſty, and Power, and Brightneſs and Glory!

* It may be intereſting to read the ſketch of a Country Pariſh by John Norris, living in Herbert's parſonage, and having the villagers of Bemerton in his eye: "Country people are much prouder than they uſed to be; and the lower you go, ſtill the more pride you find. For even the poor are as proud in their way as any, and for aught I know, the very proudeſt of all. For there are none that are more captious and exceptious, more nice and difficult, and that muſt be treated with more care, caution, and obſervance; none that are more eaſily offended, or more hardly reconciled, that are more apt to take, or more backward to forgive a ſlight or an affront, or ſo much as a neglect." —Norris, "A treatiſe concerning Humilitie," 1707, p. 326.

How ſhall we dare to appear before thy face, who are contrary to thee, in all we call thee? for we are darkneſs, and weakneſs, and filthineſs, and ſhame. Miſery and ſin fill our days; yet art thou our Creator, and we thy work. Thy hands both made us, and alſo made us lords of all thy creatures; giving us one world in ourſelves, and another to ſerve us: then didſt thou place us in Paradiſe, and wert proceeding ſtill on in thy favours, until we interrupted thy counſels, diſappointed thy purpoſes, and ſold our God, our glorious, our gracious God, for an apple. O write it! O brand it in our foreheads for ever: for an apple once we loſt our God, and ſtill loſe him for no more; for money, for meat, for diet: But thou, Lord, art patience, and pity, and ſweetneſs, and love; therefore we ſons of men are not conſumed. Thou haſt exalted thy mercy above all things, and haſt made our ſalvation, not our puniſhment, thy glory: ſo that then where ſin abounded, not death, but grace ſuperabounded; accordingly when we had ſinned beyond any help in heaven or earth, then thou ſaidſt, Lo, I come! then did the Lord of life, unable of himſelf to die, contrive to do it. He took fleſh, he wept, he died; for his enemies he died; even for thoſe that derided him then, and ſtill deſpiſe him. Bleſſed Saviour! many waters could not quench thy love, nor no pit overwhelm it! But though the ſtreams of thy blood were current through darkneſs, grave, and hell, yet by theſe thy conflicts, and ſeemingly hazards, didſt thou ariſe triumphant, and therein madeſt us victorious.

Neither doth thy love yet ſtay here! for this word of thy rich peace and reconciliation thou haſt committed, not to Thunder or Angels, but to ſilly and ſinful men; even to me, pardoning my ſins, and bidding me go feed the people of thy love.

Bleſſed be the God of Heaven and Earth, who only

doth wondrous things. Awake, therefore, my Lute and my Viol! awake all my powers to glorify thee! We praiſe thee, we bleſs thee, we magnify thee for ever! And now, O Lord, in the power of thy Victories, and in the ways of thy ordinances, and in the truth of thy Love, Lo, we ſtand here, beſeeching thee to bleſs thy word, wherever ſpoken this day throughout the univerſal Church. O make it a word of power and peace, to convert thoſe who are not yet thine, and to confirm thoſe that are; particularly, bleſs it in this thy own Kingdom, which thou haſt made a Land of light, a ſtorehouſe of thy treaſures and mercies. O let not our fooliſh and unworthy hearts rob us of the continuance of this thy ſweet love; but pardon our ſins, and perfect what thou haſt begun. Ride on, Lord, becauſe of the word of truth, and meekneſs and righteouſneſs, and thy right hand ſhall teach thee terrible things. Eſpecially, bleſs this portion here aſſembled together, with thy unworthy Servant ſpeaking unto them: Lord Jeſu! teach thou me, that I may teach them: Sanctify and enable all my powers, that in their full ſtrength they may deliver thy meſſage reverently, readily, faithfully, and fruitfully! O make thy word a ſwift word, paſſing from the ear to the heart, from the heart to the life and converſation: that as the rain returns not empty, ſo neither may thy word, but accompliſh that for which it is given. O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive! O Lord, hearken, and do ſo for thy bleſſed Son's ſake, in whoſe ſweet and pleaſing words, we ſay, Our Father, &c.

PRAYER AFTER SERMON.

BLESSED be God, and the Father of all mercy, who continueth to pour his benefits upon us! Thou haſt elected us, thou haſt called us, thou haſt juſtified us, ſanctified, and glorified us: Thou waſt born for us, and thou livedſt and diedſt for us: Thou haſt given us the bleſſings of this life, and of a better. O Lord, thy bleſſings hang in cluſters, they come trooping upon us! they break forth like mighty waters on every ſide. And now, Lord, thou haſt fed us with the bread of life; ſo man did eat Angels' food. O Lord, bleſs it; O Lord, make it health and ſtrength unto us, ſtill ſtriving and proſpering ſo long within us, until our obedience reach thy meaſure of thy love, who haſt done for us as much as may be. Grant this, dear Father, for thy Son's ſake, our only Saviour; To whom with thee and the Holy Ghoſt, three Perſons, but one moſt glorious incomprehenſible God, be aſcribed all Honour, and Glory, and Praiſe, ever. Amen.

Jacula Prudentum.

[The Jacula Prudentum, or Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences, &c., were firſt printed in 1640,—a very ſmall volume—with Herbert's initials on the title-page; a ſecond edition, conſiderably enlarged, was publiſhed in 1651. The collection is curious and intereſting. Proverbs formed a favourite ſtudy of that age. Biſhop Andrewes took great pleaſure in them, obſerving that "by theſe he knew the mind of ſeveral nations;" which, Selden adds (Table-talk), is a brave thing; as we count him a wiſe man, that knows the minds and inſides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them. Proverbs are habitual to a nation, being tranſmitted from father to ſon."]

OLD men go to Death, Death comes to young men.
Man propoſeth, God diſpoſeth.
He begins to die, that quits his deſires.
A handful of good life is better than a buſhel of Learning.
He that ſtudies his content, wants it.
Every day brings its bread with it.
Humble hearts have humble deſires.
He that ſtumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

The houſe ſhows the owner.
He that gets out of debt, grows rich.
All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbours.
Building and marrying of children are great waſters.
A good bargain is a pick-purſe.
The ſcalded dog fears cold water.
Pleaſing ware is half ſold.
Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.
The Wolf knows what the ill beaſt thinks.
Who hath none to ſtill him may weep out his eyes.
When all ſins grow old, covetouſneſs is young.
If ye would know a knave, give him a ſtaff.
You cannot know wine by the barrel.
A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
A horſe made, and a man to make.
Look not for muſk in a dog's kennel.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He pulls with a long rope, that waits for another's death.
Great ſtrokes make not ſweet muſic.
A caſk and an ill cuſtom muſt be broken.
A fat houſekeeper makes lean executors.
Empty chambers make fooliſh maids.
The gentle Hawk half mans herſelf.
The devil is not always at one door.
When a friend aſks, there is no to-morrow.
God ſends cold according to clothes.
One ſound blow will ſerve to undo us all.
He loſeth nothing, that looſeth not God.
The German's wit is in his fingers.
At dinner my man appears.
Who gives to all, denies all.
Quick believers need broad ſhoulders.
Who remove ſtones, bruiſe their fingers.
Benefits pleaſe like flowers while they are freſh.

Between the buſineſs of life and the day of death, a ſpace ought to be interpoſed.
All came from and will go to others.
He that will take the bird, muſt not ſcare it.
He lives unſafely that looks too near on things.
A gentle houſewife mars the houſehold.
A crooked log makes a ſtraight fire.
He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool himſelf.
A Merchant that gains not, loſeth.
Let not him that fears feathers come among wild-fowl.
Love, and a Cough, cannot be hid.
A Dwarf on a Giant's ſhoulder, ſees further of the two.
He that ſends a fool, means to follow him.
Babbling curs never want ſore ears.
Better the feet ſlip than the tongue.
For waſhing his hands, none ſells his lands.
A Lion's ſkin is never cheap.
The goat muſt browſe where ſhe is tied.
Nothing is to be preſumed on, or deſpaired of.
Who hath a Wolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his man.
In a good houſe all is quickly ready.
A bad dog never ſees the Wolf.
God oft hath a great ſhare in a little houſe.
Ill ware is never cheap.
A cheerful look makes a diſh a feaſt.
If all fools had baubles, we ſhould want fuel.
Virtue never grows old.
Evening words are not like to morning.
Were there no fools, bad ware would not paſs.
Never had ill workman good tools.
He ſtands not ſurely that never ſlips.
Were there no hearers, there would be no backbiters
Everything is of uſe to a houſekeeper.
When prayers are done, my Lady is ready.
Cities ſeldom change Religion only.

At length the Fox turns Monk.
Flies are buſieſt about lean horſes.
Hearken to reaſon, or ſhe will be heard.
The bird loves her neſt.
Everything new is fine.
When a dog is a drowning, every one offers him drink.
Better a bare foot than none.
Who is ſo deaf as he that will not hear?
He that is warm thinks all ſo.
At length the Fox is brought to the Furrier.
He that goes bare-foot muſt not plant thorns.
They that are booted are not always ready.
He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.
In ſpending lies the advantage.
He that lives well, is learned enough.
Ill veſſels ſeldom miſcarry.
A full belly neither fights nor flies well.
All truths are not to be told.
An old wiſe man's ſhadow is better than a young buzzard's ſword.
Noble houſekeepers need no doors.
Every ill man hath his ill day.
Sleep without ſupping, and wake without owing.
I gave the mouſe a hole, and ſhe is become my heir.
Aſſail who will, the valliant attends.
Whither goeſt, grief? where I am wont.
Praiſe day at night, and life at the end.
Whither ſhall the Ox go where he ſhall not labour?
Where you think there is bacon, there is no chimney.
Mend your clothes, and you may hold out this year.
Preſs a ſtick, and it ſeems a youth.
The tongue walks where the teeth ſpeed not.
A fair wife and a frontier Caſtle breed quarrels.
Leave jeſting whiles it pleaſeth, leſt it turns to earneſt.
Deceive not thy Phyſician, Confeſſor, nor Lawyer.
Ill natures, the more you aſk them, the more they ſtick.

Virtue and a Trade are the beſt portion for children.
The Chicken is the Country's, but the City eats it.
He that gives thee a capon, give him the leg and the wing.
He that lives ill, fear follows him.
Give a clown your finger, and he will take your hand.
Good is to be ſought out, and evil attended.
A good paymaſter ſtarts not at aſſurances.
No Alchymy to ſaving.
To a grateful man give money when he aſks.
Who would do ill ne'er wants occaſion.
To fine folks a little ill finely wrapt.
A child correct behind, and not before.
To a fair day, open the window, but make you ready as to a foul.
Keep good men company, and you ſhall be of the number.
No love to a Father's.
The Mill gets by going.
To a boiling pot flies come not.
Make haſte to an ill way, that you may get out of it.
A ſnow year, a rich year.
Better to be blind than to ſee ill.
Learn weeping, and thou ſhalt laugh gaining.
Who hath no more bread than need, muſt not keep a dog.
A garden muſt be looked unto and dreſſed as the body.
The Fox, when he cannot reach the grapes, ſays They are not ripe.
Water trotted is as good as oats.
Though the Maſtiff be gentle, yet bite him not by the lip.
Though a lie be well dreſſed, it is ever overcome.
Though old and wiſe, yet ſtill adviſe.
Three helping one another, bear the burthen of ſix.
Slander is a ſhipwreck by a dry Tempeſt.

Old wine and an old friend are good proviſions.
Happy is he that chaſtens himſelf.
Well may he ſmell fire, whoſe gown burns.
The wrongs of a Huſband or Maſter are not reproached.
Welcome evil, if thou comeſt alone.
Love your neighbour, yet pull not down your hedge.
The bit that one eats, no friend makes.
A drunkard's purſe is a bottle.
She ſpins well that breeds her children.
Good is the *mora* that makes all ſure.
Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the market.
Every one ſtretcheth his legs according to his coverlet.
Autumnal agues are long or mortal.
Marry your ſon when you will; your daughter when you can.
Dally not with money or women.
Men ſpeak of the Fair as things went with them there.
The beſt remedy againſt an ill man, is much ground between both.
The mill cannot grind with water that's paſt.
Corn is cleaned with wind, and the ſoul with chaſtenings.
Good words are worth much, and coſt little.
To buy dear is not bounty.
Jeſt not with the eye, or with Religion.
The eye and Religion can bear no jeſting.
Without favour none will know you, and with it you will not know yourſelf.
Buy at a fair, but ſell at home.
Cover yourſelf with your ſhield, and care not for cries.
A wicked man's gift hath a touch of his maſter
None is a fool always, every one ſometimes.
From a choleric man withdraw a little; from him that ſays nothing, for ever.

Debtors are liars.
Of all ſmells, bread: of all taſtes, ſalt.
In a great River great fiſh are found: but take heed leſt you be drowned.
Ever ſince we wear clothes, we know not one another.
God heals, and the Phyſician hath the thanks.
Hell is full of good meanings and wiſhings.
Take heed of ſtill waters, the quick paſs away.
After the houſe is finiſhed, leave it.
Our own actions are our ſecurity, not others' judgments.
Think of eaſe, but work on.
He that lies long a bed, his eſtate feels it.
Whether you boil ſnow or pound it, you can have but water of it.
One ſtroke fells not an oak.
God complains not, but doth what is fitting.
A diligent Scholar, and the Maſter's paid.
Milk ſays to wine, Welcome, friend.
They that know one another, ſalute afar off.
Where there is no honour, there is no grief.
Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.
He that ſtays does the buſineſs.
Alms never make poor. Or thus,
Great Alms-giving leſſens no man's living.
Giving much to the poor, doth enrich a man's ſtore.
It takes much from the account, to which his ſin doth amount.
It adds to the glory both of ſoul and body.
Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.
The ſmith and his penny both are black.
Whoſe houſe is of glaſs, muſt not throw ſtones at another.
If the old dog bark, he gives counſel.
The tree that grows ſlowly, keeps itſelf for another.
I wept when I was born, and every days ſhews why.

He that looks not before, finds himſelf behind.
He that plays his money, ought not to value it.
He that riſeth firſt, is firſt dreſt.
Diſeaſes of the eye are to be cured with the elbow.
The hole calls the thief.
A gentleman's greyhound and a ſalt box, ſeek them at the fire.
A child's ſervice is little, yet he is no little fool that deſpiſeth it.
The river paſt, and God forgotten.
Evils have their comfort; good none can ſupport (to wit) with a moderate and contented heart.
Who muſt account for himſelf and others, muſt know both.
He that eats the hard, ſhall eat the ripe.
The miſerable man maketh a penny of a farthing, and the liberal of a farthing ſixpence.
The honey is ſweet, but the Bee ſtings.
Weight and meaſure take away ſtrife.
The ſon full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.
Every path hath a puddle.
In good years corn is hay, in ill years ſtraw is corn.
Send a wiſe man on an errand, and ſay nothing unto him.
In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.
Into a mouth ſhut flies fly not.
The heart's letter is read in the eyes.
The ill that comes out of our month falls into our boſom.
In great pedigrees there are Governors and Chandlers.
In the houſe of a fiddler, all fiddle.
Sometimes the beſt gain is to loſe.
Working and making a fire doth diſcretion require.
One grain fills not a ſack, but helps his fellows.
It is a great victory that comes without blood.

In war, hunting, and love, men for one pleaſure a thouſand griefs prove.
Reckon right, and February hath one and thirty days.
Honour without profit is a ring on the finger.
Eſtate in two Pariſhes is bread in two wallets.
Honour and profit lie not in one ſack.
A naughty child is better ſick than whole.
Truth and oil are ever above.
He that riſeth betimes, hath ſomething in his head.
Adviſe none to marry or go to war.
To ſteal the Hog, and give the feet for alms.
The thorn comes forth with the point forwards.
One hand waſheth another, and both the face.
The fault of the horſe is put on the ſaddle.
The corn hides itſelf in the ſnow as an old man in furs.
The Jews ſpend at Eaſter, the Moors at marriages, the Chriſtians in ſuits.
Fine dreſſing is a foul houſe ſwept before the doors.
A woman and a glaſs are ever in danger.
An ill wound is cured, not an ill name.
The wiſe hand doth not all that the fooliſh mouth ſpeaks.
On painting and fighting look aloof.
Knowledge is folly except grace guide it.
Puniſhment is lame, but it comes.
The more women look in their glaſs, the leſs they look to their houſe.
A long tongue is a ſign of a ſhort hand.
Marry a widow before ſhe leave mourning.
The worſt of law is, that one ſuit breeds twenty.
Providence is better than a rent.
What your glaſs tells you, will not be told by Counſel.
There are more men threatened than ſtricken.
A fool knows more in his houſe, than a wiſe man in another's.
I had rather ride on an aſs that carries me, than a horſe that throws me.

The hard gives more than he that hath nothing.
The beaſt that goes always, never wants blows.
Good cheap is dear.
It coſts more to do ill than to do well.
Good words quench more than a bucket of water.
An ill agreement is better than a good judgment.
There is more talk than trouble.
Better ſpare to have of thine own, than aſk of other men.
Better good afar off, than evil at hand.
Fear keeps the garden better than the gardener.
I had rather aſk of my ſire brown bread, than borrow of my neighbour white.
Your pot broken ſeems better than my whole one.
Let an ill man lie in thy ſtraw, and he looks to be thy heir.
By ſuppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.
While the diſcreet adviſe, the fool doth his buſineſs.
A mountain and a river are good neighbours.
Goſſips are frogs, they drink and talk.
Much ſpends the traveller more than the abider.
Prayers and provender hinder no journey.
A well-bred youth neither ſpeaks of himſelf, nor, being ſpoken to, is ſilent.
A journeying woman ſpeaks much of all, and all of her.
The Fox knows much, but more he that catcheth him.
Many friends in general, one in ſpecial.
The fool aſks much, but he is more fool that grants it.
Many kiſs the hand they wiſh cut off.
Neither bribe, nor loſe thy right.
In the world who knows not to ſwim, goes to the bottom.
Chooſe not a houſe near an Inn (viz. for noiſe): or in a corner (for filth).

He is a fool that thinks not that another thinks.
Neither eyes on letters, nor hands in coffers.
The lion is not ſo fierce as they paint him.
Go not for every grief to the Phyſician, nor for every quarrel to the Lawyer, nor for every thirſt to the pot.
Good ſervice is a great enchantment.
There would be no great ones, if there were no little ones.
It is no ſure rule to fiſh with a croſs-bow.
There were no ill language, if it were not ill taken.
The groundſel ſpeaks not, ſave what it heard at the hinges.
The beſt mirror is an old friend.
Say no ill of the year till it be paſt.
A man's diſcontent is his worſt evil.
Fear nothing but ſin.
The child ſays nothing, but what it heard by the fire.
Call me not an olive, till thou ſee me gathered.
That is not good language which all underſtand not.
He that burns his houſe, warms himſelf for once.
He will burn his houſe to warm his hands.
He will ſpend a whole year's rent at one meal's meat.
All is not gold that gliſters.
A bluſtering night, a fair day.
Be not idle, and you ſhall not be longing.
He is not poor that hath little, but he that deſireth much.
Let none ſay, I will not drink water.
He wrongs not an old man that ſteals his ſupper from him.
The tongue talks at the head's coſt.
He that ſtrikes with his tongue, muſt ward with his head.
Keep not ill men company, leſt you increaſe the number.

God ſtrikes not with both hands, for to the ſea he made heavens, and to rivers fords.
A rugged ſtone grows ſmooth from hand to hand.
No lock will hold againſt the power of gold.
The abſent party is ſtill faulty.
Peace and patience, and death with repentance.
If you loſe your time, you cannot get money nor gain.
Be not a Baker, if your head be of butter.
Aſk much to have a little.
Little ſticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out.
Another's bread coſts dear.
Although it rain, throw not away thy watering pot.
Although the ſun ſhine, leave not thy cloak at home.
A little with quiet is the only diet.
In vain is the mill-clack, if the Miller his hearing lack.
By the needle you ſhall draw the thread, and by that which is paſt, ſee how that which is to come will be drawn on.
Stay a little, and news will find you.
Stay till the lame meſſenger come, if you will know the truth of the thing.
When God will, no wind but brings rain.
Though you riſe early, yet the day comes at his time and not till then.
Pull down your hat on the wind's ſide.
As the year is, your pot muſt ſeeth.
Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what dreamed laſt night.
When the fox preacheth, beware geeſe.
When you are an Anvil, hold you ſtill; when you are a hammer, ſtrike your fill.
Poor and liberal, rich and covetous.
He that makes his bed ill, lies there.
He that labours and thrives, ſpins gold.
He that ſows, truſts in God.
He that lies with the dogs, riſeth with fleas.

He that repairs not a part, builds all.
A diſcontented man knows not where to ſit eaſy.
Who ſpits againſt heaven, it falls in his face.
He that dines and leaves, lays the cloth twice.
Who eats his cock alone, muſt ſaddle his horſe alone.
He that is not handſome at twenty, nor ſtrong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wiſe at fifty, will never be handſome, ſtrong, rich, or wiſe.
He that doth what he will, doth not what he ought.
He that will deceive the fox muſt riſe betimes.
He that lives well, ſees afar off.
He that hath a mouth of his own, muſt not ſay to another, Blow:
He that will be ſerved, muſt be patient.
He that gives thee a bone, would not have thee die.
He that chaſtens one, chaſtens twenty.
He that hath loſt his credit, is dead to the world.
He that hath no ill fortune, is troubled with good.
He that demands, miſſeth not, unleſs his demands be fooliſh.
He that hath no honey in his pot, let him have it in his mouth.
He that takes not up a pin, ſlights his wife.
He that owes nothing, if he makes not mouths at us, is courteous.
He that loſeth his due, gets not thanks.
He that believes all, miſſeth; he that believeth nothing, hits not.
Pardons and pleaſantneſs are great revenges of ſlanders.
A married man turns his ſtaff into a ſtake.
If you would know ſecrets, look them in grief or pleaſure.
Serve a noble diſpoſition, though poor, the time comes that he will repay thee.
The fault is as great as he that is faulty.
If folly were grief, every houſe would weep.

He that would be well old, muſt be old betimes.
Sit in your place, and none can make you riſe.
If you could run as yon drink, you might catch a hare.
Would you know what money is, Go borrow ſome.
The morning Sun never laſts a day.
Thou haſt death in thy houſe, and doſt bewail another's.
All griefs with bread are leſs.
All things require ſkill, but an appetite.
All things have their place, knew we how to place them.
Little pitchers have wide ears.
We are fools one to another.
This world is nothing except it tend to another.
There are three ways, the Univertifies, the Sea, the Court.
God comes to ſee without a bell.
Life without a friend, is death without a witneſs.
Clothe thee in war, arm thee in peace.
The horſe thinks one thing, and he that ſaddles him another.
Mills and wives ever want.
The dog that licks aſhes, truſt not with meal.
The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the ſeller not one.
He carries well, to whom it weighs not.
The comforter's head never aches.
Step after ſtep the ladder is aſcended.
Who likes not the drink, God deprives him of bread.
To a crazy ſhip all winds are contrary.
Juſtice pleaſeth few in their own houſe.
In time comes he, whom God ſends.
Water afar off quencheth not fire.
In ſports and journeys men are known.
An old friend is a new houſe.
Love is not found in the market.
Dry feet, warm head, bring ſafe to bed.

He is rich enough that wants nothing.
One father is enough to govern one hundred ſons, but not a hundred ſons one father.
Far ſhooting never killed bird.
An upbraided morſel never choked any.
Dearths foreſeen come not.
An ill labourer quarrels with his tools.
He that falls into the dirt, the longer he ſtays there the fouler he is.
He that blames would buy.
He that ſings on Friday will weep on Sunday.
The charges of building, and making of gardens are unknown.
My houſe, my houſe, though thou art ſmall, thou art to me the Eſcurial.
A hundred load of thought will not pay one of debts.
He that comes of a hen muſt ſcrape.
He that ſeeks trouble never miſſes.
He that once deceives, is ever ſuſpected.
Being on ſea, fail; being on land, ſettle.
Who doth his own buſineſs, fouls not his hands.
He that makes a good war, makes a good peace.
He that works after his own manner, his head aches not at the matter.
Who hath bitter in his mouth, ſpits not all ſweet.
He that hath children, all his morſels are not his own.
He that hath the ſpice, may ſeaſon as he liſt.
He that hath a head of wax, muſt not walk in the ſun.
He that hath love in his breaſt, hath ſpurs in his ſides.
He that reſpects not is not reſpected.
He that hath a fox for his mate, hath need of a net at his girdle.
He that hath right, fears; he that hath wrong, hopes.
He that hath patience, hath fat thruſhes for a farthing
Never was ſtrumpet fair.
He that meaſures not himſelf is meaſured.

He that hath one hog, makes him fat; and he that one ſon, makes him a fool.
Who lets his Wife go to every feaſt, and his horſe drink at every water, ſhall neither have good wife, nor good horſe.
He that ſpeaks ſows, and he that holds his peace gathers.
He that hath little is the leſs dirty.
He that lives moſt dies moſt.
He that hath one foot in the ſtraw hath another in the ſpittle.
He that is fed at another's hand, may ſtay long ere he be full.
He that makes a thing too fine, breaks it.
He that bewails himſelf hath the cure in his hands.
He that would be well, needs not go from his own houſe.
Counſel breaks not the head.
Fly the pleaſure that bites to-morrow.
He that knows what may be gained in a day, never ſteals.
Money refuſed loſeth its brightneſs.
Health and money go far.
Where your will is ready, your feet are light.
A great ſhip aſks deeps waters.
Woe to the houſe where there is no chiding.
Take heed of the vinegar of ſweet wine.
Fools bite one another, but wiſe men agree together.
Truſt not one night's ice.
Good is good, but better carries it.
To gain teacheth how to ſpend.
Good finds good.
The dog gnaws the bone becauſe he cannot ſwallow it.
The crow bewails the ſheep, and then eats it.
Building is a ſweet impoveriſhing.

The firſt degree of folly is to hold one's ſelf wiſe; the ſecond to profeſs it, the third to deſpiſe counſel.
The greateſt ſtep is that out of doors.
To weep for joy is a kind of Manna.
The firſt ſervice a child doeth his father is to make him fooliſh.
The reſolved mind hath no cares.
In the kingdom of a cheater, the wallet is carried before.
The eye will have his part.
The good mother ſays not, Will you? but gives.
A houſe and a woman ſuit excellently.
In the kingdom of blind men, the one-eyed is king.
A little Kitchen makes a large houſe.
War makes thieves, and peace hangs them.
Poverty is the mother of health.
In the morning mountains, in the evening fountains.
The back door robs the houſe.
Wealth is like rheum, it falls on the weakeſt parts.
The gown is his that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it.
Hope is the poor man's bread.
Virtue now is in herbs, and ſtones, and words only.
Fine words dreſs ill deeds.
Labour as long lived, pray as even dying.
A poor beauty finds more lovers than huſbands.
Diſcreet women have neither eyes nor ears.
Things well fitted abide.
Prettineſs dies firſt.
Talking pays no toll.
The maſter's eye fattens the horſe, and his foot the ground.
Diſgraces are like cherries, one draws another.
Praiſe a hill, but keep below.
Praiſe the ſea, but keep on land.

In chooſing a wife, and buying a ſword, we ought not to truſt another.
The wearer knows where the ſhoe wrings.
Fair is not fair, but that which pleaſeth.
There is no jollity but hath a ſmack of folly.
He that's long a giving knows not how to give.
The filth under the white ſnow the ſun diſcovers.
Every one faſtens where there is gain.
All feet tread not in one ſhoe.
Patience, time, and money accommodate all things.
For want of a nail the ſhoe is loſt, for want of a ſhoe the horſe is loſt, for want of a horſe the rider is loſt.
Weight juſtly, and ſell dearly.
Little wealth little care.
Little journeys and good coſt bring ſafe home.
Gluttony kills more than the ſword.
When children ſtand quiet, they have done ſome ill.
A little and good fills the trencher.
A penny ſpared is twice got.
When a knave is in a plum-tree, he hath neither friend nor kin.
Short boughs, long vintage.
Health without money is half an ague.
If the wife erred not, it would go hard with fools.
Bear with evil, and expect good.
He that tells a ſecret is another's ſervant.
If all fools wore white Caps, we ſhould ſeem a flock of geeſe.
Water, fire and ſoldiers, quickly make room.
Penſion never enriched a young man.
Under water, famine; under ſnow, bread.
The Lame goes as far as your ſtaggerer.
He that loſeth is Merchant, as well as he that gains.
A jade eats as much as a good horſe.
All things in their being are good for ſomething.
One flower makes no garland.

A fair death honours the whole life.
One enemy is too much.
Living well is the beſt revenge.
One fool makes a hundred.
One pair of ears draws dry a hundred tongues.
A fool may throw a ſtone into a well, which a hundred wiſe men cannot pull out.
One ſlumber finds another.
On a good bargain think twice.
To a good ſpender God is the Treaſurer
A curſt Cow hath ſhort horns.
Muſic helps not the tooth-ache.
We cannot come to honour under Coverlet.
Great pains quickly find eaſe.
To the counſel of fools a wooden bell.
The choleric man never wants woe.
Help thyſelf, and God will help thee.
At the game's end we ſhall ſee who gains.
There are many ways to fame.
Love is the true price of love.
Love rules his kingdom without a ſword.
Love makes all hearts gentle.
Love makes a good eye ſquint.
Love aſks faith, and faith firmneſs.
A ſceptre is one thing, and a ladle another.
Great trees are good for nothing but ſhade.
He commands enough that obeys a wiſe man.
Fair words make me look to my purſe.
Though the fox run the chicken hath wings.
He plays well that wins.
You muſt ſtrike in meaſure, when there are many to ſtrike on one anvil.
The ſhorteſt anſwer is doing.
It is a poor ſtake that cannot ſtand one year in the ground.
He that commits a fault thinks every one ſpeaks of it.

He that is fooliſh in the fault, let him be wiſe in the puniſhment.
The blind eats many a fly.
He that can make a fire well can end a quarrel.
The tooth-ache is more eaſe than to deal with ill people.
He that would have what he hath not, ſhould do what he doth not.
He that hath no good trade it is to his loſs.
The offender never pardons.
He that lives not well one year, ſorrows ſeven after.
He that hopes not for good, fears not evil.
He that is angry at a feaſt, is rude.
He that mocks a cripple ought to be whole.
When the tree is fallen, all go with their hatchet.
He that hath horns in his boſom let him not put them on his head.
He that burns moſt, ſhines moſt.
He that truſts in a lie, ſhall periſh in truth.
He that blows in the duſt, fills his eyes with it.
Bells call others, but themſelves enter not into the Church.
Of fair things, the Autumn is fair.
Giving is dead, reſtoring very ſick.
A gift much expected is paid, not given.
Two ill meals make the third a glutton.
The Royal Crown cures not the head-ache.
'Tis hard to be wretched, but worſe to be known ſo.
A feather in hand is better than a bird in the air.
It is better to be the head of a Lizard than the tail of a Lion.
Good and quickly ſeldom meet.
Folly grows without watering.
Happier are the hands compaſſed with iron than a heart with thoughts.
If the ſtaff be crooked, the ſhadow cannot be ſtraight.

To take the nuts from the fire with the dog's foot.
He is a fool that makes a wedge of his fiſt.
Valour that parleys, is near yielding.
Thurſday come, and the week is gone.
A flatterer's throat is an open ſepulchre.
There is great force hidden in a ſweet command.
The command of cuſtom is great.
To have money is a fear, not to have it a griefe.
The Cat ſees not the mouſe ever.
Little dogs ſtart the hare, the great get her.
Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.
A good payer is maſter of another's purſe.
The thread breaks where it is weakeſt.
Old men, when they ſcorn young, make much of death.
God is at the end, when we think he is furtheſt off it.
A good Judge conceives quickly, judges ſlowly.
Rivers need a ſpring.
He that contemplates hath a day without night.
Give loſers leave to talk.
Loſs embraceth ſhame.
Gaming, Women, and Wine, while they laugh, they make men pine.
The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh.
Wood half burnt is eaſily kindled.
The fiſh adores the bait.
He that goeth far hath many encounters.
Every bee's honey is ſweet.
The ſlothful is the ſervant of the counters.
Wiſdom hath one foot on land, and another on Sea.
The thought hath good legs, and the quill a good tongue.
A wiſe man needs not bluſh for changing his purpoſe.
The March ſun raiſes, but diſſolves not.
Time is the Rider that breaks youth.
The wine in the bottle doth not quench thirſt.

The ſight of a man hath the force of a Lion.
An examined enterprize goes on boldly.
In every art it is good to have a maſter.
In every Country dogs bite.
In every country the ſun riſes in the morning.
A noble plant ſuits not with a ſtubborn ground.
You may bring a horſe to the river, but he will drink when and what he pleaſeth.
Before you make a friend, eat a buſhel of ſalt with him.
Speak fitly, or be ſilent wiſely.
Skill and confidence are an unconquered army.
I was taken by a morſel, ſays the fiſh.
A diſarmed peace is weak.
The balance diſtinguiſheth not between gold and lead.
The perſuaſion of the fortunate ſways the doubtful.
To be beloved is above all bargains.
To deceive oneſelf is very eaſy.
The reaſons of the poor weigh not.
Perverſeneſs makes one ſquint-eyed.
The evening praiſes the day, and the morning a froſt.
The table robs more than the thief.
When age is jocund, it makes ſport for death.
True praiſe roots and ſpreads.
Fears are divided in the midſt.
The ſoul needs few things, the body many.
Aſtrology is true, but the Aſtrologers cannot find it.
Tie it well, and let it go.
Empty veſſels ſound moſt.
Send not a cat for lard.
Fooliſh tongues talk by the dozen.
Love makes one fit for any work.
A pitiful mother makes a ſcald head.
An old Phyſician, and a young Lawyer.
Talk much, and err much, ſays the Spaniard.
Some make a conſcience of ſpitting in the Church, yet rob the Altar.

An idle head is a box for the wind.
Show me a liar, and I will ſhow thee a thief.
A bean in liberty is better than a comfit in priſon.
None is born Maſter.
Show a good man his error, and he turns it to a virtue; but an ill, it doubles his fault.
None is offended but by himſelf.
None ſays his Garner is full.
In the huſband wiſdom, in the wife gentleneſs.
Nothing dries ſooner than a tear.
In a leopard the ſpots are not obſerved.
Nothing laſts but the Church.
A wiſe man cares not for what he cannot have.
It is not good fiſhing before the net.
He cannot be virtuous that is not rigorous.
That which will not be ſpun, let it not come between the ſpindle and the diſtaff.
When my houſe burns, it is not good playing at Cheſs.
No barber ſhaves ſo cloſe but another finds work.
There is no great banquet, but ſome fares ill.
A holy habit cleanſeth not a foul ſoul.
Forbear not ſowing becauſe of birds.
Mention not a halter in the houſe of him that was hanged.
Speak not of a dead man at the table.
A hat is not made for one ſhower.
No ſooner is a Temple built to God, but the Devil builds a Chapel hard by.
Every one puts his fault on the Times.
You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.
Pardon all but thyſelf.
Every one is weary, the poor in ſeeking, the rich in keeping, the good in learning.
The eſcaped mouſe ever feels the taſte of the bait.
A little wind kindles, much puts out the fire.
Dry bread at home is better than roaſt meat abroad.

More have repented ſpeech than ſilence.
The covetous ſpends more than the liberal.
Divine aſhes are better than earthly meal.
Beauty draws more than oxen.
One father is more than a hundred School-maſters.
One eye of the maſter's ſees more than ten of the ſervants'.
When God will puniſh, he will firſt take away the underſtanding.
A little labour, much health.
When it thunders the thief becomes honeſt.
The tree that God plants, no wind hurts it.
Knowledge is no burthen.
It is a bold mouſe that neſtles in the cat's ear.
Long jeſting was never good.
If a good man thrive, all thrive with him.
If the mother had not been in the oven, ſhe had never ſought her daughter there.
If great men would have care of little ones, both would laſt long.
Though you ſee a Church-man ill, yet continue in the Church ſtill.
Old praiſe dies, unleſs you feed it.
If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.
Had you the world on your Cheſs-board, you could not fill all to your mind.
Suffer and expect.
If fools ſhould not fool it, they ſhall loſe their ſeaſon.
Love and buſineſs teach eloquence.
That which two will, takes effect.
He complains wrongfully on the ſea, that twice ſuffers ſhipwreck.
He is only bright that ſhines by himſelf.
A valiant man's look is more than a coward's ſword.
The effect ſpeaks, the tongue needs not.
Divine grace was never ſlow.

Reaſon lies between the ſpur and the bridle.
It is a proud horſe that will not carry his own provender.
Three women make a market.
Three can hold their peace if two be away.
It is an ill counſel that hath no eſcape.
All our pomp the earth covers.
To whirl the eyes too much, ſhows a kite's brain.
Compariſons are odious.
All keys hang not on one girdle.
Great buſineſſes turn on a little pin.
The wind in one's face makes one wiſe.
All the arms of England will not arm fear.
One ſword keeps another in the ſheath.
Be what thou wouldſt ſeem to be.
Let all live as they would die.
A gentle heart is tied with an eaſy thread.
Sweet diſcourſe makes ſhort days and nights.
God provides for him that truſteth.
He that will not have peace, God gives him war.
To him that will, ways are not wanting.
To a great night, a great Lanthorn.
To a child all weather is cold.
Where there is peace, God is.
None is ſo wiſe, but the fool overtakes him.
Fools give to pleaſe all but their own.
Proſperity lets go the bridle.
The Friar preached againſt ſtealing, and had a gooſe in his ſleeve.
To be too buſy gets contempt.
February makes a bridge, and March breaks it.
A horſe ſtumbles that hath four legs.
The beſt ſmell is bread, the beſt ſavour ſalt, the beſt love that of children.
That is the beſt gown that goes up and down the houſe.
The Market is the beſt Garden.

The firſt diſh pleaſeth all.
The higher the Ape goes, the more he ſhows his tail.
Night is the mother of Councils.
God's Mill grinds ſlow, but ſure.
Every one thinks his ſack heavieſt.
Drought never brought dearth.
All complain.
Gameſters and race-horſes never laſt long.
It is a poor ſport that is not worth the candle.
He that is fallen cannot help him that is down.
Every one is witty for his own purpoſe.
A little let lets an ill workman.
Good workmen are ſeldom rich.
By doing nothing we learn to do ill.
A great dowry is a bed full of brambles.
No profit to honour, no honour to Religion.
Every ſin brings its puniſhment with it.
Of him that ſpeaks ill, conſider the life more than the word.
You cannot hide an eel in a ſack.
Give not Saint Peter ſo much, to leave Saint Paul nothing.
You cannot flay a ſtone.
The chief diſeaſe that reigns this year is folly.
A ſleepy maſter makes his ſervant a Lout.
Better ſpeak truth rudely, than lie covertly.
He that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood.
One foot is better than two crutches.
Better ſuffer ill, than do ill.
Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe thyſelf, thy actions ſerve the turn.
Soft and fair goes far.
The conſtancy of the benefit of the year in their ſeaſons argues a Deity.
Praiſe none too much, for all are fickle.
It is abſurd to warm one in his armour.

Lawſuits conſume time, and money, and reſt, and friends.
Nature draws more than ten teams.
He that hath a wife and children, wants not buſineſs.
A ſhip and a woman are ever repairing.
He that fears death, lives not.
He that pities another, remembers himſelf.
He that doth what he ſhould not, ſhall feel what he would not.
He that marries for wealth, ſells his liberty.
He that once hits, is ever bending.
He that ſerves, muſt ſerve.
He that lends, gives.
He that preacheth, giveth alms.
He that cockers his child, provides for his enemy.
A pitiful look aſks enough.
Who will ſell the cow, muſt ſay the word.
Service is no inheritance.
The faulty ſtands on his guard.
A kinſman, a friend, or whom you entreat, take not to ſerve you, if you will be ſerved neatly.
At Court, every one for himſelf.
To a crafty man, a crafty and a half.
He that is thrown, would ever wreſtle.
He that ſerves well, need not aſk his wages.
Fair language grates not the tongue.
A good heart cannot lie.
Good ſwimmers at length are drowned.
Good land, evil way.
In doing we learn.
It is good walking with a horſe in one's hand.
God, and Parents, and our Maſter, can never be requited.
An ill deed cannot bring honour.
A ſmall heart hath ſmall deſires.
All are not merry that dance lightly.

Courteſy on one ſide only laſts not long.
Wine-Counſels ſeldom proſper.
Weening is not meaſure.
The beſt of the ſport is to do the deed, and ſay nothing.
If thou thyſelf canſt do it, attend no other's help or hand.
Of a little thing, a little diſpleaſeth.
He warms too near that burns.
God keep me from four houſes, a Uſurer's, a Tavern, a Spital, and a Priſon.
In a hundred ells of contention there is not an inch of love.
Do what thou oughteſt, and come what come can.
Hunger makes dinners, paſtime ſuppers.
In a long journey ſtraw weighs.
Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.
War is death's feaſt.
Set good againſt evil.
He that brings good news knocks hard.
Beat the Dog before the Lion.
Haſte comes not alone.
You muſt loſe a fly to catch a trout.
Better a ſnotty child than his noſe wiped off.
He is not free that draws his chain.
He goes not out of his way that goes to a good inn.
There comes nought out of the ſack, but what was there.
A little given ſeaſonably, excuſes a great gift.
He looks not well to himſelf that looks not ever.
He thinks not well, that thinks not again.
Religion, Credit, and the Eye are not to be touched.
The tongue is not ſteel, yet it cuts.
A white wall is the paper of a fool.
They talk of Chriſtmas ſo long, that it comes.
That is gold which is worth gold.

It is good tying the ſack before it be full.
Words are women, deeds are men.
Poverty is no ſin.
A ſtone in a well is not loſt.
He can give little to his ſervant that licks his knife.
Promiſing is the eve of giving.
He that keeps his own, makes war.
The wolf muſt die in his own ſkin.
Goods are theirs that enjoy them.
He that ſends a fool, expects one.
He that can ſtay, obtains.
He that gains well and ſpends well, needs no account book.
He that endures is not overcome.
He that gives all before he dies, provides to ſuffer.
He that talks much of his happineſs, ſummons grief.
He that loves the tree, loves the branch.
Who haſtens a glutton, chokes him.
Who praiſeth St. Peter, doth not blame St. Paul.
He that hath not the craft, let him ſhut up ſhop.
He that knows nothing, doubts nothing.
Green wood makes a hot fire.
He that marries late, marries ill.
He that paſſeth a winter's day, eſcapes an enemy.
The rich knows not who is his friend.
A morning Sun, and a Wine-bred child, and a Latin-bred woman ſeldom end well.
To a cloſe ſhorn ſheep, God gives wind by meaſure.
A pleaſure long expected, is dear enough ſold.
A poor man's cow dies a rich man's child.
The cow knows not what her tail is worth till ſhe has loſt it.
Chooſe a horſe made, and a wife to make.
It is an ill air where we gain nothing.
He hath not lived, that lives not after death.
So many men in court, and ſo many ſtrangers.

He quits his place well, that leaves his friend here.
That which ſufficeth is not little.
Good news may be told at any time, but ill in the morning.
He that would be a gentleman, let him go to an aſſault.
Who pays the phyſician does the cure.
None knows the weight of another's burthen.
Every one hath a fool in his ſleeve.
One hour's ſleep before midnight is worth three after.
In a retreat the lame are foremoſt.
It is more pain to do nothing than ſomething.
Amongſt good men two men ſuffice.
There needs a long time to know the world's pulſe.
The offſpring of thoſe that are very young, or very old, laſts not.
A tyrant is moſt tyrant to himſelf.
Too much taking heed is loſs.
Craft againſt craft, makes no living.
The Reverend are ever before.
France is a meadow that cuts thrice a year.
It is eaſier to build two chimneys, than to maintain one.
The Court hath no Almanack.
He that will enter into Paradiſe, muſt have a good key.
When you enter into a houſe, leave the anger ever at the door.
He hath no leiſure who uſeth it not.
It is a wicked thing to make a dearth one's garner.
He that deals in the world needs four ſieves.
Take heed of an ox before, of a horſe behind, of a monk on all ſides.
The year does nothing elſe but open and ſhut.
The ignorant hath an Eagle's wings and an Owl's eyes.
There are more Phyſicians in health than drunkards.
The wife is the key of the houſe.
The Law is not the ſame at morning and at night.
War and Phyſic are governed by the eye.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives.
Death keeps no Calendar.
Ships fear fire more than water.
The leaſt fooliſh is wiſe.
The chief box of health is time.
Silks and Satins put out the fire in the chimney.
The firſt blow is as much as two.
The life of man is a winter way.
The way is an ill neighbour.
An old man's ſtaff is the rapper of death's door.
Life is half ſpent, before we know what it is.
The ſinging man keeps his ſhop in his throat.
The body is more dreſſed than the ſoul.
The body is ſooner dreſſed than the ſoul.
The Phyſician owes all to the patient, but the patient owes nothing to him but a little money.
The little cannot be great, unleſs he devour many.
Time undermines us.
The Choleric drinks, the Melancholic eats, the Phlegmatic ſleeps.
The Apothecary's mortar ſpoils the luter's muſic.
Converſation makes one what he is.
The deaf gains the injury.
Years know more than books.
Wine is a turn-coat (firſt a friend, then an enemy.)
Wine ever pays for his lodging.
Wine makes all ſorts of creatures at table.
Wine that coſt nothing is digeſted before it be drunk.
Trees eat but once.
Armour is light at table.
Good horſes make ſhort miles.
Caſtles are Foreſts of ſtones.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.
Parſons are ſouls' waggoners.
Children when they are little make parents fools, when they are great they make them mad.

The Maſter abſent, and the houſe dead.
Dogs are fine in the field.
Sins are not known till they be acted.
Thorns whiten, yet do nothing.
All are preſumed good till they are found in a fault.
The great put the little on the hook.
The great would have none great, and the little all little.
The Italians are wiſe before the deed, the Germans in the deed, the French after the deed.
Every mile is two in winter.
Spectacles are death's Arquebuſe.
Lawyers' houſes are built on the heads of fools.
The houſe is a fine houſe when good folks are within.
The beſt bred have the beſt portion.
The firſt and laſt froſts are the worſt.
Gifts enter every where without a wimble.
Princes have no way.
Knowledge makes one laugh, but wealth makes one dance.
The Citizen is at his buſineſs before he riſe.
The eyes have one language every where.
It is better to have wings than horns.
Better be a fool than a knave.
Count not four, except you have them in a wallet.
To live peaceably with all, breeds good blood.
You may be on land, yet not in a garden.
You cannot make the fire ſo low, but it will get out.
We know not who lives or dies.
An ox is taken by the horns, and a man by the tongue.
Many things are loſt for want of aſking.
No Church-yard is ſo handſome, that a man would deſire ſtraight to be buried there.
Cities are taken by the ears.
Once a year a man may ſay, On his conſcience.

We leave more to do when we die, than we have done.
With cuſtoms we live well, but laws undo us.
To ſpeak of a Uſurer at the table, mars the wine.
Pains to get, care to keep, fear to loſe.
For a morning rain, leave not your journey.
One fair day in winter makes not birds merry.
He that learns a trade, hath a purchaſe made.
When all men have what belongs to them, it cannot be much.
Though God take the ſun out of the heaven, yet we muſt have patience.
When a man ſleeps, his head is in his ſtomach.
When one is on horſeback, he knows all things.
When God is made the maſter of a family, he orders the diſorderly.
When a Lackey comes to hell's door, the Devils lock the gates.
He that is at eaſe, ſeeks dainties.
He that hath charge of ſouls, tranſports them not in bundles.
He that tells his wife news, is but newly married.
He that is in a town in May loſeth his Spring.
He that is in a Tavern, thinks he is in a vine-garden.
He that praiſeth himſelf, ſpattereth himſelf.
He that is a maſter, muſt ſerve (another).
He that is ſurpriſed with the firſt froſt, feels it all the winter after.
He a beaſt doth die, that hath done no good to his country.
He that follows the Lord, hopes to go before.
He that dies without the company of good men, puts not himſelf into a good way.
Who hath no head, needs no heart.
Who hath no haſte in his buſineſs, mountains to him ſeem valleys.

Speak not of my debts, unleſs you mean to pay them.
He that is not in the wars, is not out of danger.
He that gives me ſmall gifts, would have me live.
He that is his own Counſellor, knows nothing ſure but what he hath laid out.
He that hath lands, hath quarrels.
He that goes to bed thirſty, riſeth healthy.
Who will make a door of gold, muſt knock a nail every day.
A trade is better than ſervice.
He that lives in hope, danceth without muſic.
To review one's ſtore is to mow twice.
Saint Luke was a Saint and a Phyſician, yet is dead.
Without buſineſs, debauchery.
Without danger we cannot get beyond danger.
Health and ſickneſs ſurely are men's double enemies.
If gold knew what gold is, gold would get gold, I wis.
Little loſſes amaze, great tame.
Chooſe none for thy ſervant who have ſerved thy betters.
Service without reward is puniſhment.
If the huſband be not at home, there is nobody.
An oath that is not to be made, is not to be kept.
The eye is bigger than the belly.
If you would be at eaſe, all the world is not.
Were it not for the bone in the leg, all the world would turn Carpenters.
If you muſt fly, fly well.
All that ſhakes falls not.
All beaſts of prey are ſtrong, or treacherous.
If the brain ſows not corn, it plants thiſtles.
A man well mounted is ever Choleric.
Every one is a maſter and ſervant.
A piece of a Church-yard fits every body.
One mouth doth nothing without another.
A maſter of ſtraw eats a ſervant of ſteel.

An old cat ſports not with her prey.
A woman conceals what ſhe knows not.
He that wipes the child's noſe, kiſſeth the mother's cheek.*
Gentility is nothing but Ancient Riches.
To go where the King goes afoot.
To go upon the Franciſcan's Hackney.
Amiens was taken by the Fox, and retaken by the Lion.
After Death the Doctor.
Ready money is a ready Medicine.
It is the Philoſophy of the Diſtaff.
It is a ſheep of Beery, it is marked on the noſe: applied to thoſe that have a blow.
To build caſtles in Spain.
An idle youth, a needy Age.
Silk doth quench the fire in the Kitchen.
The words ending in *ique*, do mock the Phyſician; as Hectique, Paralitique, Apoplectique, Lethargique.
He that truſts much Obliges much, ſays the Spaniard.
He that thinks amiſs, concludes worſe.
A man would live in Italy (a place of pleaſure) but he would chooſe to die in Spain, where they ſay the Catholic Religion is profeſſed with greateſt ſtrictneſs.
Whatſoever was the father of a diſeaſe, an ill diet was the mother.
Frenzy, Hereſy, and Jealouſy, ſeldom cured.
There is no heat of affection but is joined with ſome idleneſs of brain, ſays the Spaniard.
The War is not done ſo long as my Enemy lives.
Some evils are cured by contempt.
Power ſeldom grows old at Court.
Danger itſelf the beſt remedy for danger.
Favour will as ſurely periſh as life.

* The proverbs which follow were added to the ſecond edition.

Fear the Beadle of the Law.
Hereſy is the ſchool of pride.
For the ſame man to be a heretic and a good ſubject, is impoſſible.
Hereſy may be eaſier kept out than ſhook off.
Infants' manners are moulded more by the example of Parents, than by ſtars at their nativities.
They favour learning whoſe actions are worthy of a learned pen.
Modeſty ſets off one newly come to honour.
No naked man is ſought after to be rifled.
There is no ſuch conquering weapon as the neceſſity of conquering.
Nothing ſecure unleſs ſuſpected.
No tie can oblige the perfidious.
Spies are the ears and eyes of Princes.
The life of ſpies is to know, not be known.
Religion a ſtalking horſe to ſhoot other fowl.
It is a dangerous fire begins in the bed ſtraw.
Covetouſneſs breaks the bag.
Fear keeps and looks to the vineyard, and not the owner.
The noiſe is greater than the nuts.
Two ſparrows on one Ear of Corn make an ill agreement.
The world is now a-days, God ſave the Conqueror.
Unſound minds, like unſound Bodies, if you feed, you poiſon.
Not only ought fortune to be pictured on a wheel, but every thing elſe in this world.
All covet, all loſe.
Better is one *Accipe*, than twice to ſay, *Dabo tibi*.
An Aſs endures his burden, but not more than his burden.
Threatened men eat bread, ſays the Spaniard.

The beads in the hand, and the Devil in Capuch ; or, cape of the cloak.
He that will do thee a good turn, either he will be gone or die.
I eſcaped the Thunder, and fell into the Lightning.
A man of a great memory without learning, hath a rock and a ſpindle, and no ſtaff to ſpin.
The death of wolves is the ſafety of the ſheep.
He that is once born, once muſt die.
He that hath but one eye, muſt be afraid to loſe it.
He that makes himſelf a ſheep, ſhall be eat by the wolf.
He that ſteals an egg, will ſteal an ox.
He that will be ſurety, ſhall pay.
He that is afraid of leaves, goes not to the wood.
In the mouth of a bad dog falls often a good bone.
Thoſe that God loves, do not live long.
Still fiſheth he that catcheth one.
All fleſh is not veniſon.
A City that parleys is half gotten.
A dead bee maketh no honey.
An old dog barks not in vain.
They that hold the greateſt farms, pay the leaſt rent: (applied to rich men that are unthankful to God.)
Old Camels carry young Camel's ſkins to the market.
He that hath time and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himſelf of time.
Words and feathers the wind carries away.
Of a pig's tail you can never make a good ſhaft.
The Bath of the Blackamoor hath ſworn not to whiten.
To a greedy eating horſe a ſhort halter.
The Devil divides the world between Atheiſm and Superſtition.
Such a Saint, ſuch an offering.
We do it ſoon enough, if that we do be well.
Cruelty is more cruel, if we defer the pain.
What one day gives us, another takes away from us.

To ſeek in a ſheep five feet when there are but four.
A ſcabbed horſe cannot abide the comb.
God ſtrikes with his finger, and not with all his arm.
God gives his wrath by weight, and without weight his mercy.
Of a new Prince, new bondage.
New things are fair.
Fortune to one is Mother, to another is Stepmother.
There is no man, though never ſo little, but ſometimes he can hurt.
The horſe that draws after him his halter, is not altogether eſcaped.
We muſt recoil a little, to the end we may leap the better.
No love is foul, nor priſon fair.
No day ſo clear, but hath dark clouds.
No hair ſo ſmall, but hath his ſhadow.
A wolf will never make war againſt another wolf.
We muſt love, as looking one day to hate.
It is good to have ſome friends both in heaven and hell.
It is very hard to ſhave an egg.
It is good to hold the aſs by the bridle.
The healthful man can give counſel to the ſick.
The death of a young wolf doth never come too ſoon.
The rage of a wild boar is able to ſpoil more than one wood.
Virtue flies from the heart of a Mercenary man.
The wolf eats oft of the ſheep that have been warned.
The mouſe that hath but one hole is quickly taken.
To play at Cheſs when the houſe is on fire.
The itch of diſputing is the ſcab of the Church.
Follow not truth too near the heels, leſt it daſh out thy teeth.
Either wealth is much increaſed, or moderation is much decayed.

Say to pleaſure, Gentle Eve, I will none of your apple.
When war begins, then hell openeth.
There is a remedy for everything could men find it.
There is an hour wherein a man might be happy all his life could he find it.
Great Fortune brings with it great Miſfortune.
A fair day in winter is the mother of a ſtorm.
Woe be to him that reads but one book.
Tithe, and be rich.

Take heed of
- The wrath of a mighty man, and the tumult of the people.
- Mad folks in a narrow place.
- Credit decayed, and people that have nothing.
- A young wench, a propheteſs, and a Latin-bred woman.
- A perſon marked, and a Widow thrice married.
- Foul dirty ways, and long ſickneſs.
- Wind that comes in at a hole, and a reconciled Enemy.
- A ſtep-mother; the very name of her ſufficeth.

Princes are veniſon in Heaven.
Critics are like bruſhers of Nobleman's clothes.
He is a great Necromancer, for he aſks counſel of the Dead: i. e. books.
A man is known to be mortal by two things, Sleep and Luſt.
Love without end, hath no end, ſays the Spaniard: meaning, if it were not begun on particular ends, it would laſt.
Stay awhile, that we may make an end the ſooner.
Preſents of love fear not to be ill taken of ſtrangers.
To ſeek theſe things is loſt labour: Geeſe in an oil-pot, fat Hogs among Jews, and Wine in a fiſhing net.
Some men plant an opinion they ſeem to eradicate.
The Philoſophy of Princes is to dive into the ſecrets of

Men, leaving the ſecrets of nature to thoſe that have ſpare time.

States have their converſions and periods as well as natural bodies.

Great deſervers grow Intolerable preſumers.

The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

Truſt no friend with that you need, fear him as if he were your enemy.

Some had rather loſe their friend than their Jeſt.

Marry your daughters betimes, leſt they marry themſelves.

Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in ſummer.

Here is a talk of the Turk and the Pope, but my next neighbour doth me more harm than either of them both.

Civil Wars of France made a million of Atheiſts, and thirty thouſand Witches.

We Bachelors laugh and ſhow our teeth, but you married men laugh till your hearts ache.

The Devil never aſſails a man except he find him either void of knowledge, or of the fear of God.

There is nobody will go to hell for company.

Much money makes a Country poor, for it ſets a dearer price on everything.

The virtue of a coward is ſuſpicion.

A man's deſtiny is always dark.

Every man's cenſure is firſt moulded in his own nature.

Money wants no followers.

Your thoughts cloſe, and your countenance looſe.

Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man may be overturned.

Letters of George Herbert.

From George Herbert to Mr. H. Herbert.*

BROTHER, 1618.

THE diſeaſe which I am troubled with now is the ſhortneſs of time, for it hath been my fortune of late to have ſuch ſudden warning, that I have not leiſure to impart unto you ſome of thoſe obſervations which I have framed to myſelf in converſation; and whereof I would not have you ignorant. As I ſhall find occaſion, you ſhall receive them by pieces; and if there be any ſuch which you have found uſeful to yourſelf, communicate them to me. You live in a brave nation, where, except you wink, you cannot but ſee many brave examples. Be covetous, then, of all good which you ſee in Frenchmen, whether it be in knowledge, or in faſhion, or in words; for I would have you, even in ſpeeches to obſerve ſo much, as when you meet with a witty French ſpeech, try to

* "Henry, after he had been brought up in learning, as the other brothers were, was ſent by his friends into France, where he attained the language of that country in perfection, after which he came to court, and was made Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and Maſter of the Revels; by which means, as alſo by a good marriage, he attained to great fortunes, for himſelf and his poſterity to enjoy. He alſo hath given ſeveral proofs of his courage in duels, and otherwiſe, being no leſs dextrous in the ways of the Court, as having gotten much by it."—Life of himſelf, by Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Henry was the ſixth ſon.

ſpeak the like in Engliſh: So ſhall you play a good merchant, by tranſporting French commodities to your own country. Let there be no kind of excellency which it is poſſible for you to attain to, which you ſeek not; and have a good conceit of your wit, mark what I ſay, have a good conceit of your wit; that is, be proud, not with a fooliſh vaunting of yourſelf when there is no cauſe, but by ſetting a juſt price of your qualities: And it is the part of a poor ſpirit to undervalue himſelf and bluſh. But I am out of my time: When I have more time, you ſhall hear more; and write you freely to me in your letters, for I am your ever loving Brother,

G. HERBERT.

P.S. My Brother is ſomewhat of the ſame temper, and perhaps a little more mild, but you will hardly perceive it.

To my dear Brother,
Mr. Henry Herbert, at Paris.

To Sir Henry Herbert.

DEAR BROTHER,

IT is ſo long ſince I heard from you, that I long to hear both how you and yours do: and alſo what becomes of you this ſummer. It is the whole amount of this letter, and therefore entertain it accordingly from your very affectionate brother,

G. HERBERT.

7 June, Bemerton.

My wife's and Nieces' ſervice to you.

DEAR BROTHER,

I WAS glad of your Cambridge news, but you joyed me exceedingly with your relation of my Lady Ducheſs's forwardneſs in our Church building. I am glad I uſed you in it, and you have no cauſe to be ſorry, ſince it is God's buſineſs. If there fall out yet any rub, you ſhall hear of me; and your offering of yourſelf to move my Lords of Mancheſter and Bolingbroke is very welcome to me. To ſhow a forwardneſs in religious works is a good teſtimony of a good ſpirit. The Lord bleſs you, and make you abound in every good work, to the joy of your ever loving Brother,

G. HERBERT.

March 21, Bemerton.

To my dear Brother,
Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

DEAR BROTHER,

THAT you did not only entertain my propoſals, but advance them, was lovingly done, and like a good Brother. Yet truly it was none of my meaning, when I wrote, to put one of our Nieces into your hands, but barely what I wrote I meant, and no more; and am glad that although you offer more, yet you will do, as you write, that alſo. I was deſirous to put a good mind into the way of Charity, and that was all I intended. For concerning your offer of receiving one, I will tell you what I wrote to our eldeſt Brother, when he urged one upon me, and but one, and that at my choice. I wrote to him that I would have both or neither; and that upon this ground, becauſe they were

to come into an unknown country, tender in knowledge, ſenſe and age, and knew none but one who could be no company to them. Therefore I conſidered that if one only came, the comfort intended would prove a diſcomfort. Since that I have ſeen the fruit of my obſervation, for they have lived ſo lovingly, lying, eating, walking, praying, working, ſtill together, that I take a comfort therein; and would not have to part them yet, till I take ſome opportunity to let them know your love, for which both they ſhall, and I do thank you. It is true there is a third Siſter, whom to receive were the greateſt charity of all, for ſhe is youngeſt, and leaſt looked unto; having none to do it but her School-miſtreſs, and you know what thoſe mercenary creatures are. Neither hath ſhe any to repair unto at good times, as Chriſtmas, &c. which you know is the encouragement of learning all the year after, except my Couſin Bett take pity of her, which yet at that diſtance is ſome difficulty. If you could think of taking her, as once you did, ſurely it were a great good deed, and I would have her conveyed to you. But I judge you not: Do that which God ſhall put into your heart, and the Lord bleſs all your purpoſes to his Glory. Yet, truly, if you take her not, I am thinking to do it, even beyond my ſtrength; eſpecially at this time, being more beggarly now than I have been theſe many years, as having ſpent two hundred pounds in building; which to me that have nothing yet, is very much. But though I both conſider this, and your obſervation, alſo, of the unthankfulneſs of kindred bred up, (which generally is very true,) yet I care not; I forget all things, ſo I may do them good who want it. So I do my part to them, let them think of me what they will or can. I have another Judge, to whom I ſtand or fall. If I ſhould regard ſuch things, it were in another's power to de-

feat my charity, and evil ſhould be ſtronger than good: But difficulties are ſo far from cooling Chriſtians, that they whet them. Truly it grieves me to think of the child, how deſtitute ſhe is, and that in this neceſſary time of education. For the time of breeding is the time of doing children good: and not as many who think they have done fairly, if they leave them a good portion after their deceaſe. But take this rule, and it is an outlandiſh one, which I commend to you as being now a Father, The beſt-bred child hath the beſt portion. Well; the good God bleſs you more and more; and all yours; and make your Family a Houſeful of God's Servants. So prays your ever loving Brother,

G. HERBERT.

My Wife's and Nieces' ſervice.

To my very dear Brother,
Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

LETTERS WRITTEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

For my dear ſick Siſter.*

MOST DEAR SISTER,

THINK not my ſilence forgetfulneſs; or that my love is as dumb as my papers; though buſineſs may ſtop my hand, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you: and which is more, with our good and gracious God, inceſſantly begging ſome eaſe of your pains, with that earneſtneſs, that becomes your griefs, and my love. God who knows and ſees this

* She was the wife of Sir Henry Jones, and, after a ſickneſs of fourteen years, died in London.

Writing, knows alſo that my ſoliciting him has been much, and my tears many for you; judge me then by thoſe waters, and not by my ink, and then you ſhall juſtly value your moſt truly, moſt heartily, affectionate Brother and Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, December 6, 1620.

To Sir J. D.*

SIR,

THOUGH I had the beſt wit in the World, yet it would eaſily tire me to find out variety of thanks for the diverſity of your favours, if I ſought to do ſo; but I profeſs it not: And therefore let it be ſufficient for me, that the ſame heart, which you have won long ſince, is ſtill true to you, and hath nothing elſe to anſwer your infinite kindneſſes, but a conſtancy of obedience; only hereafter I will take heed how I propoſe my deſires unto you, ſince I find you ſo willing to yield to my requeſts; for, ſince your favours come a Horſeback, there is reaſon that my deſires ſhould go a-foot; neither do I make any queſtion, but that you have performed your kindneſs to the full, and that the Horſe is every way fit for me, and I will ſtrive to imitate the completeneſs of your love, with being in ſome proportion, and after my manner, your moſt obedient Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

* Sir John Danvers, the ſecond huſband of Herbert's mother.

Sir,

I DARE no longer be ſilent, leſt while I think I am modeſt, I wrong both myſelf, and alſo the confidence my Friends have in me; wherefore I will open my caſe unto you, which I think deſerves the reading at the leaſt; and it is this, I want books extremely; You know, Sir, how I am now ſetting foot into Divinity, to lay the platform of my future life, and ſhall I then be fain always to borrow Books, and build on another's foundation? What Tradeſman is there who will ſet up without his Tools? Pardon my boldneſs, Sir, it is a moſt ſerious Caſe, nor can I write coldly in that, wherein conſiſteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that Spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare ſay) holy ends. This alſo is aggravated, in that I apprehend what my Friends would have been forward to ſay, if I had taken ill courſes, Follow your book, and you ſhall want nothing: You know, Sir, it is their ordinary ſpeech, and now let them make it good; for ſince I hope I have not deceived their expectations, let not them deceive mine; But perhaps they will ſay, You are fickly, you muſt not ſtudy too hard; it is true (God knows) I am weak, yet not ſo, but that every day, I may ſtep one ſtep towards my journey's end; and I love my friends ſo well, that if all things proved not well, I had rather the fault ſhould lie on me, than on them; but they will object again, What becomes of your Annuity? Sir, if there be any truth in me, I find it little enough to keep me in health. You know I was ſick laſt Vacation, neither am I yet recovered, ſo that I am fain ever and anon, to buy ſomewhat tending towards my health; for infirmities are both painful and coſtly. Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fiſh, ſo that I am fain

to diet in my Chamber at mine own coſt; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but Fiſh and White-meats; out of Lent, alſo twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I muſt do ſo, which yet ſometimes I faſt. Sometimes alſo I ride to Newmarket, and there lie a day or two for freſh Air; all which tend to avoiding of coſtlier matters, if I ſhould fall abſolutely ſick: I proteſt and vow, I even ſtudy Thrift, and yet I am ſcarce able with much ado to make one half year's allowance ſhake hands with the other. And yet if a Book of four or five Shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I faſt for it; yea, ſometimes of Ten Shillings: But, alas Sir, what is that to thoſe infinite Volumes of Divinity, which yet every day ſwell, and grow bigger? Noble Sir, pardon my boldneſs, and conſider, but theſe three things. Firſt, the Bulk of Divinity. Secondly, the time when I deſire this (which is now, when I muſt lay the foundation of my whole life). Thirdly, what I deſire, and to what end, not vain pleaſures, nor to a vain end. If then, Sir, there be any courſe, either by engaging my future Annuity, or any other way, I deſire you, Sir, to be my Mediator to them in my behalf.

Now I write to you, Sir, becauſe to you I have ever opened my heart: and have reaſon, by the Patents of your perpetual favour to do ſo ſtill, for I am ſure you love your faithfulleſt Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, March 18, 1617.

SIR,

THIS Week hath loaded me with your Favours; I wiſh I could have come in perſon to thank you, but it is not poſſible; preſently after Michaelmas, I am to make an Oration to the whole Univerſity of

an hour long in Latin, and my Lincoln journey hath ſet me much behind hand: neither can I ſo much as go to Bugden, and deliver your Letter, yet I have ſent it thither by a faithful Meſſenger this day: I beſeech you all, you and my dear Mother and Siſter to pardon me, for my Cambridge neceſſities are ſtronger to tie me here, than yours to London: If I could poſſibly have come, none ſhould have done my meſſage to Sir Fr. Netherſole for me; he and I are ancient acquaintance, and I have a ſtrong opinion of him, that if he can do me a courteſy, he will of himſelf; yet your appearing in it, affects me ſtrangely. I have ſent you here encloſed a Letter from our Maſter on my behalf, which if you can ſend to Sir Francis before his departure, it will do well, for it expreſſeth the Univerſity's inclination to me; yet if you cannot ſend it with much convenience, it is no matter, for the Gentleman needs no incitation to love me.

The Orator's place (that you may underſtand what it is) is the fineſt place in the Univerſity, though not the gainfulleſt: yet that will be about 30*l.* per annum, but the commodiouſneſs is beyond the Revenue; for the Orator writes all the Univerſity Letters, makes all the Orations, be it to King, Prince, or whatever comes to the Univerſity; to requite theſe pains, he takes place next the Doctors, is at all their Aſſemblies and Meetings, and ſits above the Proctors, is Regent, or Non-Regent at his pleaſure, and ſuch like Gayneſſes, which will pleaſe a young man well.

I long to hear from Sir Francis, I pray Sir, ſend the Letter you receive from him to me as ſoon as you can, that I may work the Heads to my purpoſe. I hope I ſhall get this place without all your London helps, of which I am very proud, not but that I joy in your favours, but that you may ſee, that if all fail, yet I am able to ſtand on mine own legs. Noble Sir, I thank

you for your infinite favours, I fear only that I have omitted ſome fitting circumſtance, yet you will pardon my haſte, which is very great, though never ſo, but that I have both time and work to be your extreme ſervant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

I HAVE received the things you ſent me, ſafe; and now the only thing I long for is to hear of my dear ſick Siſter: firſt, how her health fares, next, whether my peace be yet made with her concerning my unkind departure. Can I be ſo happy, as to hear of both theſe that they ſucceed well? Is it not too much for me? Good Sir, make it plain to her, that I loved her even in my departure, in looking to her ſon, and my charge. I ſuppoſe ſhe is not diſpoſed to ſpend her eye-ſight on a piece of Paper, or elſe I had wrote to her; when I ſhall underſtand that a Letter will be ſeaſonable, my Pen is ready. Concerning the Orator's place, all goes well yet, the next Friday it is tried, and accordingly you ſhall hear. I have forty buſineſſes in my hands: your Courteſy will pardon the haſte of your humbleſt Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, January 19, 1619.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND by Sir Francis Netherſole's Letter, that he fears I have not fully reſolved of the matter, ſince this place being civil may divert me too much from Divinity, at which, not without cauſe, he thinks I aim: but, I have wrote him back, that this

dignity hath no ſuch earthineſs in it, but it may very well be joined with Heaven: or if it had to others, yet to me it ſhould not, for aught I yet knew; and therefore I deſire him to ſend me a direct anſwer in his next Letter. I pray, Sir, therefore, cauſe this encloſed to be carried to his brother's houſe of his own name (as I think) at the ſign of the Pedler and the Pack on London-bridge, for there he aſſigns me. I cannot yet find leiſure to write to my Lord, or Sir Benjamin Ruddyard; but I hope I ſhall ſhortly, though for the reckoning of your favours, I ſhall never find time and paper enough, yet am I your readieſt Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, October 6, 1619.

I remember my moſt humble duty to my Mother, who cannot think me lazy, ſince I rode 200 miles to ſee a Siſter, in a way I knew not, and in the midſt of much buſineſs, and all in a Fortnight, not long ſince.

To the truly noble Sir J. D.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND by a Letter from my brother Henry, that he hath bought a parcel of Books for me, and that they are coming over. Now though they have hitherto travelled upon your charge, yet if my Siſter were acquainted that they are ready, I dare ſay ſhe would make good her promiſe of taking five or ſix pounds upon her, which ſhe hath hitherto deferred to do, not of herſelf, but upon the want of thoſe Books which were not to be got in England; for that which ſurmounts, though your noble diſpoſition is infinitely free, yet I had rather fly to my old ward, that if any courſe could be taken of doubling my Annuity now,

upon condition that I ſhould ſurceaſe from all title to it, after I entered into a Benefice, I ſhould be moſt glad to entertain it, and both pay for the ſurpluſage of theſe Books, and for ever after ceaſe my clamorous and greedy bookiſh requeſts. It is high time now that I ſhould be no more a burden to you, ſince I can never anſwer what I have already received; for your favours are ſo ancient, that they prevent my memory, and yet ſtill grow upon your Humbleſt Servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

I remember my moſt humble duty to my Mother, I have wrote to my dear ſick Siſter this week already, and therefore now I hope may be excuſed.

I pray, Sir, pardon my boldneſs of encloſing my brother's Letter in yours, for it was becauſe I know your Lodging, but not his.

To the Right Hon. the Lady Anne, Counteſs of Pembroke and Montgomery, at Court.

MADAM,

WHAT a trouble hath your goodneſs brought on you, by admitting our poor ſervices! now they creep in a Veſſel of Metheglin, and ſtill they will be preſenting or wiſhing to ſee, if at length they may find out ſomething not unworthy of thoſe hands at which they aim. In the mean time a Prieſt's bleſſing, though it be none of the Court ſtyle, yet, doubtleſs, Madam, can do you no hurt: Wherefore the Lord make good the bleſſing of your mother upon you, and cauſe all her wiſhes, diligence, prayers and tears, to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your Soul, to his glory,

your own good, and the great joy of, Madam, your moſt faithful Servant in Chriſt Jeſu,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Dec. 10, 1631. Bemerton.

Madam, Your poor Colony of Servants preſent their humble duties.

FROM THE PUBLIC ORATOR'S BOOK, CAMBRIDGE.

Ad R. Naunton, *Secret.*

Gratiæ de Fluvio.

VIR HONORATISSIME,

QUANTA Hilaritate aſpicit Alma Mater filios ſuos jam emancipatos, conſervantes ſibi Illos Fontes, a quibus ipſi olim hauſerunt? Quis enim ſicca ubera et mammas arentes tam nobilis parentis, æquo animo ferre poſſet? neque ſane dubitamus ulli, ſi præ defectu aquæ commeatûſque inopia deſererentur collegia, pulcherrimæque Muſarum domus tanquam viduæ effœtæ, aut ligna exucca et marcida, alumnis ſuis orbarentur, quin communes Reipublicæ Lachrymæ alterum nobis Fluvium effunderent. Quare plurimum debemus conſtantiæ favoris tui qui reſtinxiſti ſitim exareſcentium Muſarum et Xerxes iſtos, alteroſque maris quaſi flagellatores expugnatos, fuſoſque nobis dediſti. Quid enim invident aquas, quas non nobis habemus ſed irrigati ipſi univerſum regnum aſpergimus. Sed aliorum injuriæ tuarum Virtutum pabula ſunt, qui lemas iſtas et feſtucas, Reipublicæ oculo hærentes tam diligenter amoves; certè adeo feſtinaſti ad gratitudines tuas cum emolu-

mento noſtro conjunctas, ut jam compenſemur abundè, neque amplius quærendum ſit Tibi, Almæ Nutrici quid reponas.

Ad Ful. Grevil.

Gratiæ de Fluvio.

VIR HONORATISSIME,

SCITE et appoſitè feciſti Fluvium noſtrum conſervans altero eloquentiæ Fluvio, paludumque iſtos ſiccatores, (ſolem officio ſuo privantes) vi verborum Tuorum obruens. Neque ſane quiſquam incedit Te inſtructior ad omnem cauſam, paratiorve ſive a doctrina, ſive ab uſu; utrinque mirus es et exercitatiſſimus: quare nos tertium prædictis adjungimus Gratiarum Fluvium, de humanitate tua ſingulari, ſtudioque in nos jam olim perſpectiſſimo, quippè qui eximiè ſemper foviſti literatos, eoſque cum tineis et blattis rixantes, exuens pulvere in theatrum et lucem produxiſti. Tantum rogamus, ut pergas, et inter novos honorum cumulos, quod expectamus indies futurum, Almæ Matris amorem tecum ſimul evehas. Interim, ſi qui alii exurgant promiſſores magnifici et hiantes, qui ſub ſpecie publici commodi, Academiæ incommodum videnter allaturi; os importunorum hominum Authoritate tuâ plurimâ et Eloquentiâ non minori nobis obſtruc.

Ad R. Naunton.

Gratiæ de Fluvio et de tegendis Tectis Stramineis.

VIR HONORATISSIME,

EXIMIA tua in nos merita frequentiorem calamum poſtulant, ſi tantum honori Tuo ſupereſſet otii ad

legendum, quantum a nobis ad ſcribendum, cum humanitatis Tuæ, tum gratitudinis noſtræ ratio poſtulat. Sed Veremur, ne literæ noſtræ animo Tuo tot negotiis meritiſſimè diſtincto, tempore non ſuo obrepant: tibique non tam avidè veterum beneficiorum memoriam recolenti, quam cogitanti nova improbè moleſtiam creent. Quare conjunximus nunc officia noſtra, tuoſque favores temporibus et diligentiâ diviſos in gratiis noſtris copulavimus: nam utramque illam curam inſignem, tam de conſervando Fluvio noſtro, quam de muniendis contra graſſantes flammas ædificiis Honori Tuo acceptam ferimus: plurimumque ſuſpicimus cumulum Amoris Tui, qui utrumque curaſti, ut neque ſitirent Muſæ, neque flagrarent: quod ſi tam integrum tibi eſſet gratificari nobis in terrâ et aere, quam in aquâ et igne feciſti, non dubitamus quin benignitas tua omnia elementa percurreret. Tu vero macte honoribus, gloria, id enim noſtrâ intereſt, ut hoc precemur, aut enim miſerè fallimur aut tantum de nullo unquam Filio Alma Mater, quantum de Te ſibi polliceatur.

Gratulatio de Marchionatu ad Bucking. C.

A. D. 1619.

Illustrissime Domine,

ECQUID inter tot gloriæ titulos caput undique munientes meminiſti magiſtrum Te eſſe Artium? an inter lauros principis hederæ noſtræ ambitioſæ locus eſt, hunc quidem gradum pignus habes amoris noſtri, hæc eſt anſa quâ prehendimus Te, et tanquam aquilam inter novas honorum nubes e conſpectu noſtro fugientem revocamus. Tu viciſſim abundè compenſas nos, gratiſſimoque Almam Matrem proſequeris animo: proin

ut Fluvii quas aquas a Fonte accipiunt non retinent ipſi, ſed in mare dimittunt; Sic Tu etiam dignitates ab optimo Rege deſumptas in univerſam Rempublicam diffundis: per Te illucet nobis Jacobus noſter. Tu aperis illum populo et cum ipſe ſis in ſummâ arbore, alterâ manu prehendis Regem, alteram nobis ad radices hærentibus porrigis: Quare, meritiſſime Marchio, Tuam gloriam cenſemus noſtram et in honoribus Tuis noſtro bono gratulamur; quanquam quem alium fructum potuimus expectare ab Eo in quem favor Regius, noſtra vota virtutes tantæ confluxerunt: inter quæ etiam certamen oritur et pia contentio, utrum gratia Principis virtutes tuas, aut noſtra vota gratiam Principis, aut Tuæ virtutes et vota noſtra et Principis gratiam ſuperarent. Nimirum ut lineæ quamvis diverſa via, omnes tamen ad centrum properant. Sic diſparatæ fœlicitates hinc a populo illinc a Principe in Te conveniunt, et confabulantur. Quare quomodo alii molem hanc lætitiæ ſuæ exprimant, ipſi viderint: nos certè precamur, ut neque virtutibus tuis deſint honores neque utriſque vita, uſquedum, poſtquam omnes honorum gradus hic percurreris, æternum illud præmium conſequare, cui neque addi quicquam poteſt, neque detrahi.

Ad F. Bacon, Cancell.

Gratiæ de Inſtaurationis Libro Academiæ donato.

4 Nov. 1620.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,

PROLEM tuam ſuaviſſimam, nuper in lucem publicam, noſtramque præſertim, editam non gremio ſolum (quod innuis) ſed et ambabus ulnis, oſculiſque ei ætati debitis excipientes, protinus tanquam Nobilem

Filium (more noſtro) magiſtrum artium renunciavimus. Optimè enim hoc convenit Partui tuo, qui novas Scientiarum regiones, terraſque veteribus incognitas primus demonſtrat; ex quo illuſtrius aſſecutus es nomen, quam repertores novi orbis compararunt. Illi terram invenerunt, craſſiſſimum elementum; Tu ſubtilitates artium infinitas. Illi barbara omnia, Tu non niſi cultiſſima, elegantiaſque ipſas exhibes. Illi magneticâ acu freti ſunt. Tu penetrantiori intellectus acumine, cujus niſi incredibilis fuiſſet vis, nunquam in tantis negotiis, quibus meritiſſime diſtrictus es, ea quæ fugerunt tot philoſophos umbrâ et otio diffluentes, eruiſſes. Quare multiplex eſt lætitia noſtra; primò gratulamur optimo Regi noſtro, qui proſpicit, ut cum ipſe eruditionis Princeps ſit, illi etiam honores qui finitimi ſunt, et quaſi accolæ Majeſtatis, literaturæ ſuæ, et vicinitati reſpondeant: dein Hon. Tuo gratulamur, qui filio auctus es tali ingenio prædito: tum Academiæ noſtræ, quæ per Tuum Partum, ex Matre nunc Avia facta eſt: denique huic ætati quæ talem virum protulit, cum quinque millibus annorum de palmâ certantem. Id unum dolemus, Bibliothecam noſtram rudiorem eſſe impexioremque, quam ut tantum Hoſpitem excipiat: utcunque cum olim ab *Archiepiſcopo Eboracenſi Summo Angliæ Cancellario extructa fuerit: illam nunc denuò ex ædibus Eboracenſibus ab altero Cancellario Inſtaurari, inter Arcana providentiæ planè reponimus. Faxit Deus ut quos profectus feceris in Sphærâ Naturæ, facias etiam in Gratiæ; utque maturè abſolvas quæ complexus es animo, ad ejus gloriam, Reipublicæ emolumentum, æternitatem nominis Tui ſubſidiumque.

Magnificentiæ Tuæ devotiſſimorum
Procancellarii
Reliq.

* Rotheram.

Ad T. Coventry, *Attorn.*

Cognitor. Gratulatio, 29 Jan. 1620.

Clarissime Vir,

PERMITTE ut nos etiam in prædam partemque tecum veniamus: neque enim ſic effugies cum honoribus, quin lætitia noſtra te aſſequeter; certè non diu eſt ex quo gratulati ſumus tibi; eccum nunc altera occaſio, adeo feſtinat virtus tua: quod ſi tertia detur et quarta, paratos nos habebis ad gratulationem, ut ſic una opera utriuſque Reipublicæ calculum et civilis et literariæ adipiſcaris. Tu verò promptitudinem amoris noſtri non paſſim expoſitam boni conſulas, cureſque ut tuus in nos amor antehac ſatis perſpectus, nunc cum honore geminetur. Quod ſi forenſe quippiam nos ſpectans, dum incumbis muneri, occurrat, nos chartis et æternitate occupatos, temporariis hiſce negotiolis libera. Haud fruſtrà impendes operam nobis, omnia favorum tuorum momenta apiceſque perpenſuris et compenſaturis.

Ad R. Naunt. Burgeſſ. Elect.

13 Jan. 1620.

Honoratissime Domine,

TAM eximie de nobis meritus es, ut res noſtras omnes cum honore Tuo conjunctas eſſe velimus. Quare frequentiſſimo Senatu, pleniſſimis ſuffragiis elegimus Te tribunum Parliamentarium nos noſtraque omnia privilegia, fundos, edificia, univerſam Muſarum ſupellectilem, etiam Fluvium non minus de præterito gratum, quam de futuro ſupplicem, integerrimæ tuæ fidei commendantes. Magna eſt hæc neque quotidianæ

virtutis provincia gerere perſonam Academiæ, omniumque Artium molem et pondus ſuſtinere, ſed perſpectiſſimus tuus in nos amor præſtantiſſimæque animi dotes effecerunt, ut Alma Mater libentiſſimè caput reclinet in tuo ſinu, oculuſque Reipub. poſtquam circumſpiciens reperiſſet Te, quaſi in tuis palpebris acquieſcat. Quare nos omnes ad prudentiæ eloquentiæque tuæ preſidium feſtinantes excipe: Antiquitas præripuit Tibi gloriam extruendæ Academiæ, reliquit conſervandæ. Deus faveat Tibi et concedat ut terreſtres tui honores cum cœleſtibus certent et ſuperentur.

Gratulatio ad Mountag. Theſaurar.

18 Dec. 1620.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,

PENDULAM hanc dignitatem diu expectantem magnas aliquas virtutes tandem meritis tuis votiſque noſtris conſpirantibus obtinuiſti. Quis enim rectiùs Theſauris Regiis præfici poſſit, quam qui juſtitiam prius tanto cum honore atque acclamatione adminiſtrans, diſtribuendi modum omnem rationemque callet? Et licet, quo proprior ſis Regi, eò videaris nobis remotior, confidimus tamen ut arbores quanto altius creſcant, tanto etiam altius agant radices: ſic merita tua ita aſcenſura, ut eorum vis et virtus ad nos deſcendat. Quarè ſummè gratulamur tibi de novo hoc cumulo honorum, qui tamen votis noſtris nondum reſpondent. Ea eſt enim pertinacia deſideriorum noſtrorum, atque immortalitas, ut ſemper poſt novas dignitates, alias tibi quærant et moliantur. Nimirum id aſſecuta ſunt merita Tua maxima, ut Almam Matrem ſpe novâ gravidam ſemper atque præg-

nante effecerint. Tantum quocunque Domine aſcendas, ſume tecum amorem illum quo ſoles beare

Amplitudini tuæ devotiſſimos
Procancellarium.
Rel.

Gratulatio ad Heath, *Solicitor.*

Procurator. 29 Jan. 1620.

Vir Dignissime,

SIC a natura comparatum eſt, ignis et virtus ſemper aſcendunt, utriuſque enim ſplendor et claritas humilia loca deprecantur. Quare optime fecit Rex Sereniſſimus, qui virtutes tuas magnis negotiis et pares provexit, noluitque ut minori Sphærâ quam pro latudine meritorum tuorum circumſcribereris. Nos verò de hoc tuo progreſſu non minus Reipublicæ gratulamur quam tibi, rogamuſque ut quando beneficia tua pervagantur *Angliam*, nos etiam inviſant: ita excipiemus illa, ut benignius hoſpitium, et erga te propenſius, haud uſquàm forſitan reperias.

[Jacobo Regi] Gratiæ de Scriptis ſuis* Academiæ donatis. 18 Maii, 1620.

Serenissime Domine Noster,
Jacobe Invictissime

ECQUID inter tantas mundi trepidationes nobis et Muſis vacas? O prudentiam incomparabilem,

* "The firſt notable occaſion of ſhowing his fitneſs for this employment of Orator, was manifeſted in a letter to King James, upon the occaſion of his ſending that univerſity his book, called

quæ eodum vultu et moderatur mundum et nos reſpicit. Circumſpice, ſi placet, terrarum reges, mutus eſt mundus univerſus, veſtra ſolùm dextra (quamvis à ſcriptione terreſtribuſque iſtis ſublimitate ſolii aſſerta) vitâ et actione orbem vegetat. Anguſtior erat Scotia, quam ut pennas nido plenè explicare poſſes: quid Tu inde? Britannicas inſulas omnes occupaſti: hoc etiam imperium tenuius eſt quam pro amplitudine virtutum veſtrarum; nunc itaque Liber hic veſter dilatat pomœria, ſummovet Oceanum ambientem, adeò ut qui non ſubjiciuntur ditioni, eruditioni veſtræ obtemperent: per hunc imperas orbi univerſo, victoriæque gloriam, abſque crudelitate effuſi ſanguinis delibas. Hæc veſtra ſpolia, actoſque ex orbe triumphos communicas cum Almâ Matre, utrumque ſplendorem cum beneficio noſtro conjungis: ſane, geſtabaris antea in cordibus noſtris: ſed Tu vis etiam manibus teri, ſemotâque Majeſtate, chartâ conſpiciendum Te præbes, quo familiariùs inter nos verſeris. O, mirificam Clementiam! Ædificarunt olim nobis Sereniſſimi Reges collegia, eaque fundarunt ampliſſimis prædiis, immunitatibus; etiam libros dederunt, ſed non ſuos; aut ſi ſuos, quia dederunt, non a ſe compoſitos, ſcriptos, editoſque: quum tamen Tu invaſeris eorum gloriam conſervando nobis quæ illi dederunt, etiam augendo; interim veſtrâ hac ſcribendi laude intactâ manente atque illibatâ. Cujus favoris magnitudo ita involvit nos, ut etiam rependendi vias omnes præcludat. Quæ enim alia ſpes reliqua erat,

Baſilicon Doron. This letter was writ in ſuch excellent Latin, was ſo full of conceits, and all the expreſſions ſo ſuited to the genius of the king, that he inquired the orator's name, and then aſked William, Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him? whoſe anſwer was, 'That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinſman.' The king ſmiled, and aſked the earl leave 'That he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that univerſity.'"—ISAAK WALTON

quam ut pro infinitis veſtris in nos beneficiis Majeſtatem veſtram æternitati in ſcriptis noſtris certiſſimè traderemus? Nunc vero Ipſe, ſcribendo irrupiſti in compenſationes noſtras, et abſtuliſti: adeon' es prædo omnis gloriæ, ut ne gratitudinis laudem nobis relinqueris? Quid agimus? hoc ſaltem ſolutio eſt; Nos nunc conſperſi atramento regio, nihil non ſublime et excelſum cogitabimus, perrumpemus controverſias omnes, ſuperabimus quoſcunque. Jam dari nobis vellemus Jeſuitam aliquem, ut ex affrictu Libri veſtri hominem illico contundamus. Quare amplectimur, fovemus, exoſculamur, hunc fœtum veſtrum, hunc alterum Carolum, hunc faſciculum Prudentiæ, poſitum extra mortalitatis aleam, et quo magis Tuum agnoſcas, in ipſo partu, Librorum regem creatum. Diruuntur ædificia, corrumpuntur ſtatuæ, hæc imago atque character, tempore melior, injurias ſeculi ſcriptaque hâc illâc pereuntia ſecurus præterit. Si enim in regno veſtro Hibernico lignum naſcitur permanens contra omnia venena validum: quanto magis virtutes iſtæ in Dominium agri tranſferendæ ſunt, ut ſic ſcripta veſtra omni dente tum edacis temporis, tum venenatorum hæreticorum, inſitâ vi ſua liberentur. Quod ſupereſt, precamur, S. S. Trinitatem, ut veſtræ coronæ civili et literariæ tertiam cœleſtem ſerò adjungat.

Humillimi ſervi, ſubditique veſtri Procancellarius
Reliquuſque Senatus Cantabrigienſis.

Datæ freq. Senatu XIII° Cal. Jun. A.D.
CIↃ.IↃ.CXX.

Peregrinis Academicis noſtram inviſentibus.
Quid Vaticanam Bodleiumque objicis, Hoſpes?
Unicus eſt nobis Bibliotheca Liber.

Gratiæ de Fluvio contra Redemptores.

1620, Jun. 14.

SERENISSIME DOMINE NOSTER,
JACOBE POTENTISSME!

INFINITA veſtra in nos Beneficia non ſolum verba omnia, ſed etiam cogitationes noſtras exhauriunt. Quis enim impetus animi celeritatem tantæ munificentiæ aſſequi poteſt? quippe qui univerſum tempus noſtrum (forſitan quo alacrius illud impenderemus Doctrinæ) beneficiis etiam obligaſti. Nuper enim dediſti nobis Librum, pleniſſimum Muſarum, quæ cum olim gauderent Fluviis nunc etiam aquas, in quibus habitant, impertis! Quanta rotunditas Clementiæ veſtræ, quæ ab omni parte nobis ſuccurrit! Quod ſi Artaxerxes olim paululum aquæ a Linæta ſubjecto ſuo lætiſſimè ſumeret, quanto magis par eſt nos, humillimos ſubjectos, integro Fluvio a Rege noſtro donatos, triumphare? Tantum Majeſtatem veſtram ſubjectiſſimè oramus, ut ſi officia noſtra minus reſpondeant magnitudini beneficiorum, imbecillitati id noſtræ, quæ faſtigium regiarum notionum æquare nunquam poteſt, non voluntati tribuendum exiſtimes.

Ad F. Bacon, Cancell.*

Gratiæ de Fluvio.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,

SICCAM animam ſapientiſſimam eſſe dixit obſcurus ille philoſophus; ſane exorti ſunt nuperi quidam

* Herbert became known to Lord Bacon during the king's viſit to the Univerſity, when the great ſecretary of Nature and all Learning," as Walton calls him, "did begin a deſired friendſhip with our Orator;" who tranſlated into Latin a part of the Advancement of Learning, and was honoured by the author with the dedication of ſome very unmuſical Pſalms.

homines, qui libenter ſapentiores nos redderent: ſed ſi ablatus fuiſſet Fluvius noſter, per quem vicini agri opulentiâ fruimur, veremur ne non tam ſapientes nos, quam obſcuros philoſophos reddidiſſent. Quis enim tunc inviſeret Almam Matrem deſtitutam omni commeatu? opportunè his tenebris Favor tuus occurrit, illuſtrans nos omnes, lumenque accendens de ſuo lumine.

Ut Nihilo minus Tibi luceat, cum nobis accenderit. Neque enim paſſus es illum Fluvium, qui tantæ poeticæ, tantæ eruditionis nobis conſcius eſt, paluſtri opere ut uliginoſo intercipi: cum non eſt tanti totus ille maritimus tractus (Oceani præda et deliciæ) ut irrigui Muſarum horti, floribus ſuis ſternentes Rempublicam, præ ariditate flaccescerent. Sed ſiccitas anni hujus deriſit incœptum et plus effecit quam mille Redemptores exequi poſſent. Quanquam non mirari non poſſumus, undè fit ut nullus ferè elabatur dies, qui non hoſtes aliquos nobis aperiat; quidam ſtomachantur prædia, alii immunitates carpunt, nonnulli Fluvium invident, multi Academias integras ſubverſas volunt, neque illi e fæce vulgi tantum qui eruditionem ſimplicitati Chriſtianæ putant adverſam, ſed homines nobiliores ignorantiæ, qui literas imminuere ſpiritus, generoſoſque animos frangere et retundere clamitant. Tu verò Patrone noſter, qui elegantias doctrinæ nitoremque ſpirans, purpuram et eruditionem miſcuiſti: dilue, fuga hos omnes præſertim ſericatam hanc ſtultitiam contere, Academiæque jura, dignitatem, Fluvium placidiſſimo favorum tuorum afflatu nobis tuere: quod quidem non minus expectamus a Te, quem ſingularis doctrina exemit a populo, et quaſi mixtam perſonam reddidit quam ſi Epiſcopi more priſtino Cancellis præficerentur.

Ad Archiep. Cantuar.

De Bibliopolis Lond. 29 Jan. 1620.

SANCTISSIME PATER,

CUM cæteræ eccleſiæ tam perſpicaci diligentiâ incubes, concede ut nos etiam benignitate alarum tuarum et virtute fruamur; præſertim hoc tempore in quo paucorum avaritia liberalibus artibus dominatura eſt, niſi humanitas tua,* ſuperiori æſtate ſponte ſuaviterque patefacta, nunc etiam laborantibus muſis ſuccurrat. Ferunt enim Londinenſes Bibliopolas ſuum potius emolumentum quam publicum ſpectantes, (quæ res et naturæ legibus et hominum ſummè contrarie eſt) monopoliis quibuſdam inhiare, ex quo timemus librorum precia auctum iri, et privilegia noſtra imminutum. Nos igitur hoc metu affecti, uti ſanguis ſolet in re dubia ad cor feſtinare, ita ad Te confugimus primariam partem eccleſiaſtici corporis, orantes ut quicquid conſilii avaritia ceperit adverſus aut immunitates noſtras aut communè literarum et literatorum commodum, id omne dexterrimâ tuâ in obeundis rebus prudentiâ diſſipetur. Deus Opti. Max. tua beneficia, quæ nos ſolvendo non ſumus, in ſuas tabulas accepti tranſferat.

Ad Fr. Bacon, Cancell.

De Bibliop. Lond. 29 Jan. 1620.

ILLUSTRISSIME DOMINE,

TU quidem ſemper Patronus noſter es, etiam tacentibus nobis, quantò magis cum rogamus, idque pro Libris de quibus nuſquam rectiùs quam apud Te agitur. Accepimus enim Londinenſes Librarios omnia

* Ferina miſſa.

tranſmarina ſcripta ad monopolium revocare moliri, neque ratione habita chartæ noſtræ a Sereniſſimo Principe Henrico 8^o^ indultæ, neque Studioſorum Sacculi, qui etiam nunc mæret et ingemiſcit. Ecquid permittis, Domine? Curaſti tu quidem Inſtauratione tua, quo minus exteris Libris indigeremus, ſed tamen comparatio et in honorem tuum cedet, noſtrumque emolumentum. Quare unicè obſecramus, ut qui tot ſubſidia attuleris ad progreſſum doctrinæ, hàc etiam in parte nobis opituleris. Aſpicis multitudinem Librorum indies gliſcentem, præſertim in Theologia, cujus Libri ſi alii aliis (tanquam montes olim) imponerentur, veri ſimile eſt, eos illuc quo cognitio ipſa pertingit aſcenſuros. Quod ſi et numerus Scriptorum intumeſcat, et pretium, quæ abyſſus crumenæ tantos ſumptus æquabit! Jam vero miſerum eſt, pecuniam retardare illam, cui natura ſpiritum dederit, feracem gloriæ, et cœleſte ingenium quaſi ad metalla damnari. Qui augent precia Librorum, proſunt vendentibus libros non ementibus, hoc eſt ceſſatoribus non ſtudioſis. Hæc tu omnium optimè vides, quare cauſam noſtram noſque ipſos Tibi, Teque Deo Opti. Maxi. intimis precibus commendamus.

Gratulatio ad F. Leigh.

Capitalem Juſtitiarium Angl. (Camden), 6 Feb. 1620.

HONORATISSIME DOMINE,

FAMA promotionis tuæ gratiſſimè appulit ad nos omnes haud ita certe ſtudiis chartiſque obvolutos, quin aures noſtra tibi pateant. Imò prorſus cenſemus permultum intereſſe alacritatis publicæ, ut bonorum præmia citiſſimè promulgentur, quo ſuavius virtutibus, tuo exemplo compenſatis, unum omnes incumbamus. Quare tam verè quam libenter gratulamur tibi, nec

minus etiam Reipublicæ, quam hunc pleno gradu ingrediens beneficiis tuis percurres. Nos etiam haud minimam favoris tui partem ſperamus, orantes ut immunitates noſtræ a ſereniſſimis Regibus conceſſæ, ab Auguſtiſſimo Jacobo auctæ tuâ operâ conſerventur; eadem manus et tuum tibi largitus eſt honorem, et privilegia noſtra confirmavit; in quâ dextrâ et fide conjuncti, in cæteris haud divellamur. Quod ſi oppidani noſtri (more ſuo) Muſarum jura et diplomata arrodant; tuus amor et authoritas iſtos ſorices nobis abigat. Demoſthenes Athenienſis doluit ſe victum opificum antelucanâ induſtriâ, noſtræ etiam Athenæ arteſque obſcuris opificum artibus ſuperari dolebunt. Sed tua humanitas hæc nobis expediet. Deus fortunet tibi hunc honorem, et faxit, ut tibi gloriæ ſit, omnibus ſaluti.

Gratulatio ad Cranfield, Theſaurar.

8 Oct. 1621.

Illustrissime Domine,

CONCEDE ut Honoribus nuperis, tanquam partubus Virtutum Tuarum, Alma Mater accurrens gratuletur: ſolent enim Studioſorum ſuffragia enixus gloriæ ſollicitudine in futurum plenos haud parum levare; præſertim quum ipſi non ſolum rectum de benemerentibus judicium hauſiſſe ab antiquis, ſed et ad poſteros tranſmiſſnri videantur. Quare poſt principis manum honoribus refertam, non eſt quod noſtram quoque, cum amoris ſymbolo feſtinantem, recuſes. Sic apud veterum aras, poſt ingentes Hecatombas, exiguam thuris micam adoleri legimus. Tu Domine viciſti? tuere nos ita ut fortunæ noſtræ, intra ambitum amplexuſque felicitatis Tuæ receptæ, communi calore fove-

antur. Et cum ob perſpicacitatem ſingularem jam olim Regi notam atque ſignatam digniſſimè præficiaris Fiſco etiam Academiam in Theſauris habe: juſtiſſime potes ſub hoc Principe, in quo doctrinæ fructus atque uſus mirificè relucet: certè, ſi quantum eruditio Regis profuerit Reipublicæ, tantum favoris nobis impertias, abunde ſuccurres

Magnificentiæ tuæ addictiſſimis,
Procancellario.
Rel.

Ad Lanc. Andrewes Epiſc.*

(From the Britiſh Muſeum MS. Sloan, No. 118.)

SANCTISSIME PATER,

STATIM a ſolatio aſpectus tui, ego auctior jam gaudio atque diſtentior, Cantabrigiam redii. Quid enim manerem? Habui viaticum favoris tui, quod longiori multo itineri ſufficeret. Nunc obrutus Academicis negotiis, ægrè hoc tempus illis ſuccido: non quin pectus meum plenum tui ſit, atque effuſiſſimum in omnia officia, quæ præſtet, mea parvitas; ſed ut faciliùs ignoſcas occupato calamo, qui etiam ferians nihil tua perfectione dignum procudere poſſit. Utcunque tua lenitas non ita interpretabitur mea hæc ſcribendi intervalla, ac ſi juvenili potius impetu correptus, quam adductus maturo conſilio, primas dediſſem literas,

* Herbert's friendſhip with Andrewes began at Cambridge, when the Biſhop attended the king in his progreſs. Walton ſpeaks of a letter written by Herbert in Greek, about predeſtination and a holy life, which Andrewes "put into his boſom," and often ſhowing it to ſcholars, "did always return it to the place where he firſt lodged it, and continued it ſo near his heart till the laſt day of his life." This letter has not been recovered.

ideoque præfervida illa deſideria ſilentio ſuo ſepulta nunc langueſcere, ut halitus tenuiores ſolent, qui primo caloris ſuaſu excitati atque expergefacti, ubi ſurſum proceſſerint paulò, frigefacti demum relabuntur. Hoc quidem illis accidere amat, qui celeritatem affectuum rapidim ſequentes, ad omnem eorum auram vacillant. Ego, non niſi meditatò, obrepſi ad favorem tuum; perfectionibus tuis, meis deſideriis probè cognitis, excuſſis perpenſiſque. Cum enim vim cogitationum in vitam meam omnem convertiſſem, et ex altera parte acuiſſem me aſpectu virtutum tuarum: huc, illuc commeando, eò deveni animo, ut nunquam ceſſandum mihi ducerem, numquam fatiſcendum, donec lacteam aliquam viam ad candorem mentis tuæ ducentem aut reperiſſem aut feciſſem. Neque quòd ignotior eram, retundebatur unquam impetus: quippe, qui ſic colligebam; ſi tam abjectus ſim, ut laboribus meis plurimis atque aſſiduâ obſervantiâ, ramenta quæpiam ex tanta Humanitatis maſſa, quæ apud te viſitur, abſcindere non poſſim, abſque molestâ aliorum ac frigidâ commendatione, ſi huc reciderit omnis ſtudiorum ſpes fructuſque:

Cur ego laborem notus eſſe tam pravè?
Cum ſtare gratis cum ſilentio poſſim.

Quod tamen hæc omnia ſuccedant ex voto, quod recluſæ ſint fores, receptuſque ſim in aliquem apud H. T. locum, magis id adeo factum eſſe manſuetudine tuâ incomparabili, quam meis meritis ullis, ſemper lubentiſſimèque agnoſcam: imò precabor enixè, me tum privari tam communi hâc luce, quam tuâ, cum id agnoſcere unquam deſinam. Quanquam, cum gravibus duobus muneribus fungar apud meos, Rhetoris in hunc annum, et in plures Oratoris, permitte, pater, hoc impetrem, ut cedam aliquantiſper expectationi hominum, rariùſque paulò fodiam in Vintonienſi agro, dum Rheto-

rici ſatagam: quamvis enim ſexcenta hujuſmodi prædiola tuâ gratiâ permutare nolim; majus tamen piaculum reor, deeſſe publico muneri quam privato, latiuſque manare injuſtitiæ peccatum, quam negligentiæ. Illic conſtringor debito; hic etiam teneor, ſed laxioribus vinculis, quæque amor ſæpe remittit: illud neceſſarium magis factu, hoc vero longè jucundius, nobiliuſque: ut quod Philoſophus de tactu et viſu, id appoſitè admodum huc tranſferatur. Appetit tempus, cum excuſſo altero jugo, dimidiâque operis parte levatus, ad mea in H. T. officia erectior ſolutiorque redibo, ex ipſâ intermiſſione animos ducens. Interim, ſic exiſtimes, nihil mortalium firmiori flagrare in te deſiderio, quam meum pectus; neque ulla negotia, (quippe quæ caput petant, non cor) tui in me dominii jus imminuere poſſe, nedùm reſcindere. Unà cum promotionibus Academicis materniſque, aſſumpſi mecum propenſionem in Patrem. "Creſcent illæ, creſcetis amores." Cui ſententiæ ſi fidem adhibeas, aſſenſumque tuum veritati omni familiarem largiaris, (*συν τῇ εὐλογίᾳ σοῦ προσεπιμετρουμένῃ*) beabis.

Filium tuum obſequentiſſimum
GEORGIUM HERBERT.

Ignoſce (Heros illuſtriſſime) quod pronomina mea adeò audacter incedant in hâc epiſtolâ: potui refercire lineas Honoribus, Magnif. Celſitud. ſed non patitur, ut mihi videtur, Romana elegantia, periodique vetus rotunditas. Quare malui ſervire auribus tuis, creberrima Antiquitatis lectione terſis atque expolitis, quam luxuriæ ſeculi, ambitioniſque ſtrumæ, non adeò ſanatæ ab optimo rege noſtro quin turgeſcat indies, atque efferat ſe, indulgere.

To the right honourable and reverend Father in God, my L. Biſhop of Wincheſter, one of the King's moſt honorable privy Counſaile.

Oratio qua Auſpicatiſſimum Sereniſſimi Principis Caroli

Reditum ex Hiſpaniis celebravit Georgius Herbert Academiæ Cantabrigienſis Orator.*

VENERANDA CAPITA, VIRI GRAVISSIMI,
PUBES LECTISSIMA.

POLYCRATES cùm annulum ſibi dilectum in mare dimiſiſſet, eundemque retuliſſet captus piſcis, fœliciſſimus mortalium habitus eſt. Quanto fœliciores nos omnes, Corona Muſica, qui optimum Principem ſpe nuptiarum mari nuper tradentes, et ipſum accepimus ſalvum et annulum, annulum Conjugalem, nunc denuò noſtrum, atque ubivis terrarum pro judicio prudentiſſimi Regis, et in rebus humanis diviniſque exercitatiſſimi, de integro diſponendum. Rediit, rediit Carolus, et cum eo vita noſtra atque calor, longo animi deliquio fugitivus ac deſertor. Quid jactas mihi aromata Orientis? Quid Theriacas peregrinas? aſſerunt Medici unamquamque regionem ſuam ſibi ſufficere, neque externis indigere auxiliis atque antidotis: certè noſtrate Principe nuſquam præſentius Balſamum, nuſquam benignius, ſolvens obſtupefactos artus, atque exhilerans, tumentibus jam venis, arteriis micantibus ſpiritibuſque tabellariis lætum hunc nuncium ubique deferentibus, ut nullus ſit angulus corporis, nulla venula,

* Ex officina Cantrelli Legge, Almæ Matris Cantabrigiæ typographi, 1622, ſin. 4to.

ubi non adſit Carolus. Quàm facilè ſentiuntur boni Principes! Ut natura omnis ſuos habet anteambulones, unde pluvia futura, an ſudum, facilè conjicitur ex cœlo, ex garritu avium, ex lapidum exhalatione: Sic bonorum Principum facilis Aſtrologia: quorum adventum ipſi lapides, ipſa duriſſima ingenia, meum præſertim, celare non poſſunt: quanto minus tacebunt luſciniæ noſtræ diſertæ, minimeque omnium cœleſtiores animi, quorum pietatis intereſt non ſilere.

Quæ enim uſpiam gens, quod unquam ſeculum meliorem habuit Principem? percurrite Annales regnorum, excutite ſcrinia politiarum omnium; vos, vos, inquam, excutite, quorum ætas teritur in libris: non ruſticis loquor aut barbaris, quos magnificentiâ promiſſi circumſcribere in promptu erat, rudeſque animos vi verborum percellere: veſtra eſt optio, veſtra diſquiſitio, qui lineæ eſtis et helluones chartacei; date mihi Carolum alterum, quàmlibet Magnum, modo detis eum in flore, in vaginâ, in herbeſcenti viriditate; nondum ad ſpicam, barbamque adultum. Non rhetoricor, Academici, non tinnio: *ὑλομανίαν* illam et inanem verborum ſtrepitum jamdudum depoſui: bullæ et crepitacula puerorum ſunt, aut eorum certè, qui cymbala ſunt fanaticæ juventutis: ego verò ſentio, et quis ſum ipſe (barbam, hui, tam gravem) et apud quos dico, viros limatæ auris atque terſæ, quorum gravitate ac purpurâ non abutar.

Quare ut parciùs agam vobiſcum, ſimulque et laboribus meis, et veſtræ fidei conſulam, quemadmodum artifices non omnes licitantibus producunt merces, ſed ſpecimen tantùm; ſic et ipſe excerpam è Principis rebus geſtis pugillum; unam actionem è multis ſeligam, quam vobis amplectendam diffuaviandamque præbebo: eſto autem hoc ipſum iter, quod nuper emenſus eſt, ut ſciatis omnes quàm nudè, quàm ſimpliciter vobiſcum agam, quàm non longè abeam Oratorum more, qui

nullum non angulum verrunt (ac ſi perdiderint ingenium) ut Spartam exornent ſuam: Ego verò non dicam vobis quod factum eſt ante ſeculum veſtrum, aut apud Indos; unicum hoc iter nuperum explicabo, in quo longè uberrimam gloriæ ſegetem, perſpicio, nullâ verborum, nullâ temporis falce demetendam.

Non unum quid ſpectant, aut ſingulare Magni animi, ſed varia ſolent eſſe eorum conſilia, fineſque multiplices et polymiti, ut ſi minùs id aſſequantur, quod primùm intendunt, ſaltem in ſecundis aut tertiis conſiſtant. Quare et principis iter multiplicem nobis exhibet prudentiam: primò nuptias ipſas ſpectate. Quid autem? Ergon' amavit Princeps? Quippinì; homo eſt, non ſtatua; Sceptriger, non ſceptrum: æquumne eſt ut tot labores et ſollicitudines Principum ſine condimento ſint atque embammate? Quid ſi cochleas colligeret cum Caligulâ, præſertim cum pôſſit in eodem littore? Quid ſi muſcas captaret cum Domitiano? at ille ambivit nobiliſſimam Auſtriacam familiam, Aquilamque illam, quæ non capit muſcas. Nihil habet humana vita majoris momenti aut ponderis, quàm Nuptiæ, quas adèo laudant Poëtæ, ut in cœlum tranſtulerint: Εἰ ἓν ἦν ὁ ἄνθρωπος, inquit Medicorum Alpha, οὐκ ἂν ἤλγεεν. Hinc Thraces dicti ſunt ἄβιοι, et Licurgus magnus Legiſlator, ἀτιμίαν προσέθηκε τοῖς ἀγάμοις: Abſquè nuptiis foret populus virorum eſſemus unius ſeculi; hâc re ſolum ulciſcimur mortem, ligantes abruptum vitæ filum, unde conſequimur, vel invitis Fatis quaſi nodoſam æternitatem.

Non ignoro apud quos hæc dico, eos ſcilicet, qui innuptam Palladem colunt, Muſaſque cœlibes, qui poſteros libris non liberis quæritis. Nolite tamen nimium efferre vos, cum Virginitas ipſa fructus ſit Nuptiarum: quod pereleganter et ſupra barbariem ſeculi innuebant Majores noſtri, qui olim glaſto ſe inficientes, in uxorum corporibus, Solem, Lunam, et Stellas; in virginum, flores atque herbas depinxere: ut enim Uxores, Vir-

gines ; ita Sol et Cœlum producunt flores, qui ſymbola ſunt ſpei, quoniam à floribus fructus ſperantur.

Quod ſi Nuptiæ in ſe gravès ſunt, quanto magis Principum, cum, quo eorum conditio ſublimior, eò major cura adhibenda ſit. Deus ipſe cum crearet hominem, mundi regem, conſilio uſus eſt. Quare operoſior in eo ſtructura, et prærogativæ regiæ emicant. Soli homini dantur manus, ſoli caput rotundum et cœleſte, ſoli facies tanquam veſtibulum magni palatii. Jam verò, ut Rex animalium fiat Rex hominum, apponimus nos manibus Sceptrum, capiti et faciei coronam, ſignificantes oportere Reges iis partibus antecellere homines, quibus homo bruta, juſtitia ſcilicet et prudentia. Goropius Becanus ait vetus vocabulum noſtrum, Koning, et contractè King, à Con verbo deduci, quod tria complectitur, Poſſum, Scio, Audeo : cernitis Regem, et nomine et re magnum quid polliceri, ideoque ex quolibet ligno, qualibet uxore non eſſe fingendum : neque enim minus refert, qualis quæque ſit mater, è quâ liberi quærantur quam qualis terra, è quâ arbores. Apud Juris-conſultos, partus ſequitur ventrem : quibus accedunt Poetæ,

Ὅταν κρηπὶς, μὴ καταβληθῇ τοῦ γένους
Ὀρθῶς, ἀνάγκη δυστυχεῖν τους ἐκγόνους.

Nam ut educationem liberorum mittam, quâ in re celebris eſt Gracchorum mater, ingenium ipſum atque indoles (veluti Concluſio ſequitur infirmiorem partem) plerumque matriſſat : hinc contigiſſe arbitror apud Romanos, quod nonnullæ familiæ ſemper mites eſſent, uti Valerii, aliæ contrà ſemper pertinaces ac tribunitiæ, uti Appii. Quare noluit Princeps optimus, in delectu uxoris, re unâ omnium graviſſima alienis oculis judicioque inniti ; Ipſe, ipſe profectus eſt, ut ingenti labore ſuo et periculo conſuleret, et præſenti Reipublicæ et futuræ ; neque unius ſeculi Princeps, ſed et omnium,

quæ ventura ſunt, haberetur. Neque in hiſce Nuptiis poſteritati tantùm proſpexit ſuaviſſimus Princeps, verùm etiam præſenti ſeculo, dum pacem, quâ tot jam annis impunè fruimur, hoc pacto fundatam cupit et perpetuam; quod quidem ubi gentium ſi non ab Hiſpano ſperandum? *Ὅταν νομεὺς ἀγαθὸν κύνα ἔχῃ, καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι νομεῖς βούλονται πλησίον αὐτοῦ τὰς ἀγέλας ἱστάναι.* Scio Belli nomen ſplendidum eſſe et glorioſum, dum animus grandis, ſuique impos, triumphos et victorias, quaſi fræna ferox ſpumantia mandit, juvat micare gladio et mucronem intueri.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Stringuntur aures: jam litui ſtrepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque vultus.

Cum tamen ſplendida plerumque vitrea ſint, claritatem fragilitate corrumpentia; neque de privâto agamus bono, ſed publico; certè fatendum eſt, anteferendam bello pacem, ſine quâ omnis vita procella, et mundus ſolitudo. Pace, filii ſepeliunt patres; bello, patres, filios: pace, ægri ſanantur; bello, etiam ſani intereunt: pace, ſecuritas in agris eſt: bello, neque intra muros: pace, avium cantus expergefacit; bello, tubæ ac tympana: pax novum orbem aperuit; bellum deſtruit veterem.

Εἰρήνη γεωργὸν κἂν πέτραις τρέφει καλῶς,
Πολεμὸς δὲ κἂν πεδίῳ κακὸς ἔφυ.

Quod ad noſtram Rempublicam, Academiam, pax adeo Muſis ſummè neceſſaria eſt, ut ſine ea nihil ſimus. Nam primùm tota hæc Pieria ſupellex, charta, calami, codices, quàm ſubitu diſpereunt, ſimul ac concrepuit incendium militare: quid proderunt ſcalpella veſtra, quando ipſæ hæ turres et beatæ fabricæ, unico ictu

ſulphurei tubi, unicâ liturâ delentur? Dein quid Muſis cum tumultu? Otium poſcunt artes, mentem tranquillam, ſerenam, ſudam: lucos æſtate, pinguem togam hyeme: delicata res eſt eruditio et tenera, tanquam flos molliculus rudiore Centurionis manu tactus flacceſcit. Tu, qui Philoſophiæ incumbis, cùm corporis cum animu vinculum impedimento eſſe ad contemplandum cauſaris, irruit Miles in Muſæum tuum, et gladio te liberat. Tu, qui aſtra ſcrutaris, dum globos tractas et cœlos fictitios, perrumpit primipilus, et te cum cœlis tuis ad inferos deturbat. Senſit hoc Archimedes, figuras jam nunc pulveri inſcriptas, corpore confoſſo obliterans. Quare cavendum, ne pacem, quæ ſola incubat artibus, et obſtetricatur, minus quàm par eſt, æſtimemus. Quod aliæ gentes manibus in cœlum ſublatis, lachrymis in terram manantibus, jejunæ, ſqualidæ, perdies, pernoctes flagitant, cavendum ne id nobis nauſeam moveat, aut tanquam oves tædulæ et faſtidioſæ, cibum reſpuamus. Ecquid neſcitis miſerias Belli? conſulite hiſtorias; illic tuta cognitio eſt, atque extra teli jactum. Ecce lanienas omnimodas, truncata corpora, mutilatam imaginem Dei, pauxillum vitæ, quantum ſatis ad dolendum, urbium incendia, fragores, direptiones, ſtupratas virgines, prægnantes bis interſectas, infantulos plus lactis quàm cruoris emittentes; effigies, imo umbras hominum fame, frigore, illuvie, enectas, contuſas, debilitatas. Quam cruenta gloria eſt, quæ ſuper cervicibus hominum erigitur? ubi in dubio eſt, qui facit, an qui patitur, miſerior.

Non nego bellum aliquando neceſſarium eſſe, bellique miſerias gratas, præcipuè ubi velut ex continentibus tectis ad nos trajecturum eſt incendium: *Σωφρόνων ἐστὶ μὴ περιμένειν, ὅτε πολεμεῖν ὑμῖν ὁμολογήσει*, dixit Mithridates. Sed non eſt noſtri bellum indicere; prudentiſſimus Rex maturè proſpiciet, ubi ille ſignum ſuſtulerit, Leones Britannici (è quorum

ossibus collisis ignis elicitur) qui nunc mansueti sunt, abundè rugient. Interim curiositas absit, neque eorum satagamus, quæ ad nos non spectant; sed velut Romani lacum, cujus altitudo ignota erat, dedicabant victoriæ; pariter et nos consilia regia, tanquam gurgitem imperveſtigabilem, victoriæ nuncupemus; præsertim cum futura incerta sint, et nullis perspicillis, ne Belgicis quidem assequenda: apud poetas deorum pharetræ operculum habuere, humanæ non item: patent enim consilia nostra, absconduntur Divina et Regia, præcipuè pharetrata, quæ ad pœnam gentium et Bellum spectant. Sunt tamen acuti quidam et emuncti, qui omnia prævident: nihil eos latet ac si Fatis à fuso essent, atque consiliis, sine quibus ne unum quidem filum torquerent: nobis non licet esse tam perspicacibus, quamvis rationi consonum videtur, ut qui hic in Musarum monte editissimo, et ipso Parnasso siti sumus, liberiorem, quam alii, prospectum habeamus. Illud autem, quod cuivis clarissime patet, etiam lusco; nunquam intueri satis vel mirari possumus nimirum infinitum Principis in suam gentem amorem, cui pacem quæsivit suo capite, periculis suis.

Recte facitis, Academici, attollentes oculos cum stupore; Laudo vos, neque enim quicquam hoc itinere mirabilius, cujus tamen fructum omnen nondum habetis enucleatum. Quid enim si præter Nuptias, prolem, tranquillitatem, etiam et scientiæ augmentum ex hoc itinere captavit solertissimus Princeps? nihil ad cognitionem acquirendam peregrinatione conducibilius esse novistis omnes, unde cuncti antiqui Philosophi peregrinati sunt, existimantes *Τυφλοὺς εἶναι πρὸς ὀξὺ βλέποντας, ἀναποδημήτους πρὸς ἐκδεδημηκότας*. Quamvis res hæc Principibus ut utilissima ita difficillima facta, cum quantò plus possint in suâ terrâ, tantò minùs in alienâ. Omne regnum suo Principi carcer est, aut si excedat, alienum: at Noster diffi-

cultatem ſuperans, fructum conſecutus eſt: quid enim utilius quam ex obſervatione exterarum Legum ac morum, patriam ditare? Catonianum præceptum eſt: Vicini quo pacto niteant, id animum advertito; adde quod anguſti eſt animi aut ſuperbi ſua tantum noſſe, præſertim cum in uno regno non ſint omnia: diviſit Natura ſuas dotes, ut indigentia ſingularum regionum, omnes connectit; etenim abundantia moroſa eſt et ſternax, unde divites ſylvas, ac ſaltus quærunt ubi ædificent, ac ſi non gregaria eſſent animalia, ſed tigres aut urſi. Quamobrem optimè conſuluit gentibus natura, cum paupertatem daret tanquam catenam, quâ diffitas nationes ac ſuperbas conſtringeret. Porro ſi Politicos audiamus, Salus regnorum pendet à vicinis, quorum conſilia, apparatus, fœdera, munitiones, æquè ac noſtra ſpectari debent: incumbant ſibi invicem imperia, tanquam ligna obliqua, aliter magna hæc mundi domus corrueret: hinc Reges Legatos habent ſtatarios ac reſides, quem locum Noſter ſuaviſſimus implevit, ipſe egit oratorem, ut et ego aliquantulum hoc nomine glorier.

Neque alienas tantùm ex hoc itinere cognovit Reſpublicas ſed quod plus eſt, ſuam; abſentiâ magis quàm præſentia. Nunc enim exploratos habet noſtros in ſe affectus, timores, ſuſpiria, expoſtulationes, iras, amorem rurſus. Deus bone? qui tum rumores? quæ auditiones? qui ſuſurri? Heus, abiitnè Noſter? miſeros nos; nunquam frigidiorem æſtatem ſenſimus; at quo tandem? Madritum? hui! iter bene longum: Quid autem illic? ſterilem aiunt regionem: Falleris, nuſquam plura bona, cum etiam mala illic ſint aurea: nihil inaudiſti de Tago, Pactolo? apud nos agri tantum ſunt fertiles, illic etiam arenæ. Dii te perdant, cum malis tuis et arena ſine calce: at ego Principem vellem, Carolum, Carolum; ſiccinè abiiſti ſolus? cur non nos omnes tecum? cur non ut elephanti turres, ita

tu patriam tecum portaſti? Sic tunc omnes ſtrepebant; hujuſmodi lamentis et quiritationibus plena erant fora, nundinæ, conciliabula, angiportus, Mæandri. Dicam vobis, Academici; ego tunc temporis liberior eram, hùc illùc pro libitu circumcurſitans: inſpexi facies hominum ac vultus curioſiùs tanquam emptor, ita me ametis omnes, ut ego nihil uſpiam lœtum, nihil candidum expiſcari poſſem; oculi omnium dejecti, humile os, collum penſile, manus decuſſatæ, ipſæ mulieres inelegantes, nulla pulchritudo per univerſam Britanniam, diſparuit forma, Albion nomine excidit: ipſum cælum nubilum ſemper, et poeta ſtultus qui dixerat,

Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.

Inde ego ſic mecum: gaudeo quidem de ingenti amore in Principem, cui nulla dilectio par eſſe poteſt; at cur adeo dolent? cur ringuntur? num diffidunt prudentiæ Regis? annon ejus conſilio res geſta eſt? Scio Hiſpanum verſutum, callidum, artis et aucupii apprime gnarum: et Jacobus à nobis eſt: hic ego me erexi et de dolore remiſi plurimum, de deſiderio nihil. Atque hoc quidem ſtatu res erant, Suaviſſime Carole, cum tu aberas; ex quo facile collectum erat, quantum deperimus te; quam ſtulte de te rixamur: ut aliquando exiſtimem id egiſſe prudentiſſimum Patrem tuum, cum dimitteret te in Hiſpaniam, quod Romani Imperatores in bello, qui ſolebant ſigna in hoſtes injicere, ut milites acriùs ea repeterent: certe nos te abſentem omnes acerrime concitatiſſimeque deſideravimus.

Ecquid videtis tandem quàm utile hoc iter, per quod optimus Princeps non tantùm exteras regiones habuit perſpectas, veram etiam ſuam; Quid ſi hîc lateat etiam Temperantia, rara in Principibus virtus, et cui cum ſceptro lites ſæpiùs intercedunt? Quid enim? adeon' nihili videtur res, Principem omnibus deliciis abundantem, obſeptum, illecebris, voluptatibus quaſi faſciis cir-

cundatum, enatare deliciis, tranſilire ſepes, rumpere faſcias cum Hercule, ſerpenteſque interficere voluptatis, ut iter tantum, tantis laboribus, periculis obnoxium ſuſciperet? Quàm pudet me delicatorum Cæsarum, qui cupiditatibus immerſi, aut uno ſemper ſaginantur in loco, uti anguillæ, aut ſi mutant locum, geſtantur, tanquam onera, circumferuntur molliſſimis lecticis, indicantes, ſe non amare patriam terram à quâ adeò removentur. Sic paſcunt ſe indies, ac ſi corpora ſua non abirent olim in elementa, ſed in bellaria aut tragemata: cum tamen in reſolutione illâ ultimâ, nulla ſit diſtinctio populi aut principis: nulla ſunt ſceptra in elementis, nulli faſces aut ſecures: Vapores ſerviles ad nubes educti, æquè magnum tonitru edent ac regii. Quid ego vobis Neronum aut Heliogabalorum ingluviem memorem? quid ructus crapulæ ſolium poſſidentis? Dies me deficeret (et quidem nox aptior eſſet tali hiſtoriæ) ſi Romanorum Imperatorum incredibilem luxum à Tiberio Cæſare ad Conſtantinum magnum aperirem, quorum imperium gulæ impar erat, ut interdum putem, optimè conſuluiſſe Deum orbi terrarum lapides et metalla ei inſerendo, alitèr mundus jamdiu fuiſſet devoratus. Nota ſunt *ταριχεύματα* Ægyptiorum, qui antequam condiebant corpora Nobilium, ſolebant ventres eximere, quos in arcâ repoſitos abjiciebant in fluvium, his verbis. *Ὦ δέσποτα ἥλιε καὶ θέοι πάντες, εἴ τι κατὰ τὸν ἐμαυτοῦ βίον ἥμαρτον, ἢ φαγὼν ἢ πιὼν, ὧν μὴ θεμιτὸν ἦν, οὗ δι' ἐμαυτὸν ἥμαρτον, ἀλλὰ διὰ ταῦτα.* At noſter ſpretis voluptatibus, illecebris *μελιταίαις ἀγχόναις* abjectis, iter aggreditur et labores, haud ignarus, ignem vitæ augeri ventilatione, deſidiâ corrumpi, neminemque eſſe ſui negligentiorem, quam qui ſibi parcat. Quin exuit perſonam Principis, deponit Majeſtatem, virgam cum ſceptro commutans, ut quid privata habeat in ſe vita commodi aut voluptatis, experiretur. Nihil

utilius Regi quum aliquando non regnare: hoc enim faſtum amputat, affectus explorat, adulationem ventilat, et adulatores, qui ſemper titillant aures Principum, Ὥσπερ τοῖς πτεροῖς κνώμενοι τὰ ὦτα. Alfredus nobiliſſimus Saxonum noſtrorum Princeps, ſub ementito habitu fidicinis caſtra hoſtium ingreſſus, ipſumque Prætorium, fidibus canendo, omnia Danorum expiſcatus conſilia, victoriam celebrem conſecutus eſt. Notiſſimus eſt Codri amor, cujus manifeſtationem in gentem ſuam, privatæ perſonæ et habitui debuit. Porro, eſt etiam interdum ſatietas quædam honoris, quem ad tempus deponere famem excitat: non minùs vitæ inæqualitas delectat, quàm terræ, quam Natura montibus vallibuſque ſublimitate atque humilitate diſtinxit: quin et venti imperant pelago, ut lævitatem illam æquabilem atque politiem perturbent. In picturis locus eſt umbris et receſſibus, etiam ſi quis Principem pingat. Amat varietatem Natura omnis, flores, animalia, tum maxime homo, cui ſoli ideo, inſunt oculi variegati, cum cætera animantia unicolores habeant. Quamobrem non eſt mirandum, ſi Reges ipſi quandoque ſuavitates ſuas populari aceto condiant.

Accepiſtis, Viri attentiſſimi, cauſas itineris hujus, quantum quidem ego homuncio ac nanus conjectando aſſequor. Quare nunc vobis ex pede Herculem, ex itinere Principem metiri licet, quod ſane adeo nobile fuit et honorificum, ut nihil habeat Invidia ipſa, quod contra hiſcat aut muſſitet. Adeſt tamen anus illa querula, et φιλεγκλήμων, quam audire videor dicentem Pulchrum quidem iter et Amante dignum; ſiccine peſſima? at fuerit; ſi amor virginis eo pertraxit Principem, quo tandem ducet amor Patriæ? eadem acies et ſtipulam ſecat et lignum; idem fervor qui impar ſub amoris ſigno meritus eſt, ad vera caſtra tractus, hoſtem, interficiet: idem impetus, qui peragravit Hiſpaniam, ſi opus ſit, ſuperabit; præſertim cùm amico fidere peri-

culoſius ſit quàm hoſtem ſuperare. Protagoras cùm elegantur admodùm caudices ligni faſciculo vinxiſſet, cum grandi atque impedito onere facillime incedens, occurrit ei Democritus, et ingenium admirans, domum ſecum duxit, et erudivit artibus: qui inde a bajulo evaſit Philoſophus, eodem ingenio uſus in lignis et literis: quis ſcit an et amoris onus ſcite vinctum ligatumque et per tot milliaria facile tranſmiſſum, mentem majorum capacem indicet? Florunt apud nos artes omnes, inter quas et Mathematicæ, quæ licet verſentur in figuris deſcribendis, quibus nihil imperito vanius inutiliuſve videatur, ubi tamen ad uſum tralatæ fuerint, machinas conficiunt ad defenſionem Reipublicæ mirabiles: Sic idem animus, qui nuper verſatus eſt in formâ et figuris vultus, ubi res poſtulat, regnum tuebitur: imo in univerſum, ſi quis de Principe aliquo, quis ſit futurus aut qualis, rectè divinaret, non reſpiciat materiam actionum, ſed quo ſpiritu, quâ arte, quanto impetu atque vigore res aggrediatur: quemadmodum in Cometæ præſagio, non reſpicitur, quæ materia ſit, cœleſtis an ſublunaris, ſed quæ ſigna, quo motu tranſeat.

Verùm mittamus invidos et invidiam, quæ ſemper ſe devorat primùm, uti vermis nucleum, è quo naſcitur; non eſt tanti reſpondere latratibus malevolorum; licet celebres ſint canes Britannici, et plus juſto celebres, cum leunculum et dominum ſuum contra naturam adoriantur: in Geoponicis dicitur, Κάτοπτρον ἐὰν ἐπιδείξῃς τῷ ἐπικειμένῳ νέφει, παρελεύσεται ἡ χάλαζα: quanto citiùs fugient calumniæ, ſi ſpeculum Invidiæ oſtendas, quo deformitatem ſuam intueatur. Nos verò, flores Parnaſſi, gaudia præſtolantur, quæ jamdudum annuunt mihi ut perorem. Hilaris hæc ſumenda eſt dies. Quare prodite tenebriones literarii e gurguſtiis veſtris, ubi trecenta foliorum jugera uno die ſedentes percurritis; prodite omnes. Quid novi? Quid novi ſtupide? Rediit Princeps, Carolus rediit, honore gra-

vidus, gravidus ſcientiâ, cruribus thymo plenis: ut enim vapor, qui furtim aſcendit ad nubes, ubi jam ingraveſcit humore, relabitur in terram, quâ ortus eſt, eique cum fecundia remuneratur; ſic et Noſter qui clanculum exiit, uſque ad Pyrenæas nubes conſcendens, reverſus per mare, gloria, prudentia auctior, ditat patriam, ſuamque abſentiam cum fænore compenſat. Quamobrem abjicite quiſque libros, non eſt locus gravitati, neque apud vos: tripudiet Alma Mater licet ætate provectior, etiam anus ſubſultans multùm excitet pulveris: Arionem Delphino revectum excepere arbores tripudiantes, et Vos ſtatis?

Tantùm precemur Deum immortalem, ut Princeps optimus nulla ſecunda itinera meditetur; poſthac contineat ſe patriâ, cujus arctis amplexibus nunquam ſe expediet. Gulielmus Victor deſcenſurus primum è navibus in terram hanc, incidit in cœnum, quod innuebat eum hic manſurum: utinam et nunc ſit tanta patriæ tenacitas, ut nunquam Princeps ſe extricet: ſatis virtuti datum eſt, ſatis Reipublicæ. Quod ſi neceſſe ſit iterum exire patriâ, qui nunc invenit viam, proximo itinere faciat. Apollo olim depoſitis radiis, Daphnen deperiit, at illa mutata eſt in arborem triumphantium propriam: Noſter etiam Princeps habuit Daphnen ſuam, cujus amor deinceps in triumphos et laurus mutabitur.

Nos vero, Auditores, diu jam peregrinati cum Principe, commode pervenimus ad laurum hanc, ubi ſub umbrâ ejus pauliſper requieſcamus; præſertim donec tranſeat nubes illa, quæ vicinos adeò infeſtat: hic enim ſecuri ſumus à pluviâ, imò à fulmine: Obſecremus eum tantùm ut permittat noſtram hanc

Inter victrices hederam ſibi ſerpere Lauros

Dixi.

ORATIO DOMINI GEORGII HERBERT,

Oratoris Academiæ Cantabrigienſis, habita coram Dominis Legatis* cum Magiſtro. in Artib. Titulis Inſignirentur.

27 Feb. 1622.

EXCELLENTISSIMI MAGNIFICENTISSIMI DOMINI,

POST honores eximios, præfecturas inſignes, Legationes Nobiliſſimas, alioſque titulos æquè nobis memorantibus, ac merentibus vobis gratiſſimos, Saluete tandem Magiſtri Artium, et quidem omnium Aulicarum, Militarium, Academicarum. Cujus novi titŭli acceſſionem ſumme gratulantur Excellentiis Veſtris Muſæ omnes, Gratiæque, obſecrantes, ut deponatis pauliſper vultus illos beliicos, quibus hoſtes ſoletis in poteſtatem redigere, lenioreſque aſpectus, et dulciores aſſumatis: nos etiam exuentes os illud, et ſupercilium quibus caperatam ſeverioremque, Philoſophiam expugnare novimus, quicquid hilare eſt, lætum, ac lubens, veſtram in gratiam amplectimur. Quid enim jucundius accidere poteſt, quum ut miniſtri Regis Catholica ad nos accedant? cujus ingens gloria æque rotunda eſt atque ipſe orbis: qui utraſque Indias Hiſpaniâ ſuâ quaſi modo connectens, nullas metas laudum, nullas Herculeas columnas, quas jam olim poſſidet, agnoſcit. Jamdudum nos omnes, noſtrumque regnum geſtimus fieri participes ejus ſanguinis, qui tantos ſpiritus ſolet infun-

* Don Charles de Coloma, Spaniſh ambaſſador, and Ferdinand, Baron of Boyſcot, ambaſſador of Iſabella, Archducheſs of Auſtria. London, Printed by W. Stanſby, for Richard Meighen. 1623.

dere. Et quod obſervatione cum primis dignum eſt, quo magis amore coaleſcamus, utraque gens Hiſpanica, Britannica, colimus Jacobum. Jacobus tutelaris divus eſt utrique noſtrum; ut ſatis intelligatis, Excellentias veſtras tanto chariores eſſe, cùm eo ſitis ordine atque habitu, quo nos in hoc regno omnes eſſe gloriamur. Quin et Sereniſſimæ Principis Iſabellæ laudes, virtuteſque, vicinum fretum quotidie tranſnatantes, litora noſtra atque aures mirè circumſonant. Neceſſe eſt autem ut fœlicitas tantorum Principum etiam in miniſtros redundet, quorum in eligendis illis judicium jampridem apparet. Quarè excellentiſſimi, Splendidiſſimi Domini, cum tanti ſitis et in Principibus Veſtris, et in vobiſmetipſis, veremur ne nihil hic ſit, quod magnitudini præſentiæ veſtræ reſpondeat. Quis enim apud nos ſplendor, aut rerum, aut veſtium? quæ rutilatio? certe cùm duplex fulgor ſit, qui mundi oculos perſtringat, nos tam defecimus in utroque quàm Excellentiæ Veſtræ abundant. Quin imo Artes hic ſunt quietæ, et ſilentio ocultæ, tranquillitas, otium, pax omnibus præterquam tineis, paupertas perpetua, niſi ubi veſtræ adſunt Excellentiæ. Nolito tamen contemnere has gloriolas noſtras quas ex chartis et pulvere eruimus. Quomodo poſſetis ſimiles eſſe Alexandro Magno niſi ejus res geſtas tradidiſſet hiſtoria? ſeritur fama in hoc ſæculo, ut in ſequenti metatur: prius Excellentiis Veſtris curæ erit; poſterioris largam meſſem Vobis hæc tenuia bona conſulentibus, vovemus.

THE ORATION OF MASTER GEORGE HERBERT.

Orator of the Univerſity of Cambridge, when the Ambaſſadors were made Maſters of Arts. 27 Feb. 1622.

MOST EXCELLENT AND MOST MAGNIFICENT LORDS,

AFTER many ſingular honours, remarkable commands, moſt noble Ambaſſages, and other titles moſt pleaſing, as well to us remembering, as to you deſerving them; we at laſt ſalute you Maſters of Arts; yea, indeed of all, both Courtly, Military, Academical. The acceſſion of which new title to your Excellencies, all the Muſes and Graces congratulate; entreating that you would awhile lay aſide thoſe warlike looks, with which you uſed to conquer your enemies, and aſſume more mild and gracious aſpects; and we alſo putting off that countenance and gravity, by which we well know how to convince the ſtern, and more auſtere ſort of Philoſophy, for reſpect to you, embrace all that is cheerful, joyous, pleaſing. For, what could have happened more pleaſing to us, than the acceſs of the Officers of the Catholic King? whoſe exceeding glory is equally round with the world itſelf: who tying, as with a knot, both Indies to his Spain, knows no limits of his praiſe, no, not, as in paſt ages, thoſe Pillars of Hercules. Long ſince, all we and our whole Kingdom exult with joy, to be united with that blood which uſeth to infuſe ſo great and worthy Spirits. And that which firſt deſerveth our obſervation, to the end, we might the more by love

grow on, both the Spaniſh and Britiſh Nation ſerve and worſhip James. James is the protecting Saint unto us both, that you may well conceive your Excellencies to be more dear unto us, in that you are of the ſame order and habit, of which we all in this Kingdom glory to be. The praiſes alſo and virtues of the moſt renowned Princeſs Iſabel, paſſing daily our neighbouring Sea, wondrouſly ſound through all our Coaſts and ears. And neceſſarily muſt the felicity of ſo great Princes redound alſo to thoſe ſervants, in the choice of whom their judgment doth even now appear. Wherefore moſt Excellent, moſt illuſtrious Lords, ſince you are ſo great both in your princes, and yourſelves, we juſtly fear that there is nothing here anſwerable to the greatneſs of your preſence. For amongſt us, what glorious ſhew is there, either of garments or of any thing elſe? what ſplendour? ſurely, ſince there is a twofold brightneſs which dazzleth the eyes of men, we have as much failed as your Excellencies do excel in both. But yet the Arts in quietneſs and ſilence here are reverenced: here is tranquillity, repoſe, peace with all but Book worms, perpetual poverty, but when your Excellencies appear. Yet do not ye contemn theſe our ſlight glories, which we raiſe from Books, and painful induſtry; how could you be like great Alexander, unleſs Hiſtory delivered his actions? Fame is ſown in this age, that it may be reaped in the following; let the firſt be the care of your Excellencies; we for your gracious acceptance of theſe poor duties wiſh, and vow unto you of the laſt a plenteous Harveſt.

Preface and Notes to the Divine Conſiderations of John Valdeſſo.

PRINTED AT CAMBRIDGE, 1646.

[Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, the amiable recluſe of Gidden Hall, while travelling in Spain became acquainted with this treatiſe of Valdeſſo, a Spaniſh gentleman at the court of Charles V. and having tranſlated the work, he ſent it to Herbert for his opinion and reviſion. The following Notes, the fruit of the requeſt, were communicated to Mr. Ferrar, with this letter].

MY dear and deſerving Brother, your Valdeſſo I now return with many thanks and ſome notes, in which, perhaps, you will diſcover ſome care, which I forbear not in the midſt of my griefs: Firſt, for your ſake, becauſe I would do nothing negligently that you commit unto me: Secondly, for the Author's ſake, whom I have conceived to have been a true ſervant of God, and to ſuch, and all that is theirs, I owe diligence: Thirdly, for the Church's ſake, to whom by printing it, I would have you conſecrate it. You owe the church a debt, and God hath put this into your hands (as he ſent the fiſh with money to Saint Peter) to diſcharge it; happily alſo with this (as his thoughts are fruitful), intending the honour of his ſervant the author, who being obſcured in his own country, he would have to flouriſh in this land of light and region of the Goſpel, among his choſen. It is true there are

ſome things which I like not in him, as my fragments will expreſs, when you read them; nevertheleſs I wiſh you by all means to publiſh it, for theſe three eminent things obſervable therein: Firſt, that God in the midſt of popery ſhould open the eyes of one to underſtand and expreſs ſo clearly and excellently the intent of the Goſpel, in the acceptation of Chriſt's righteouſneſs (as he ſhoweth through all his Conſiderations), a thing ſtrangely buried and darkened by the Adverſaries and their great ſtumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence, which he everywhere bears towards our dear Maſter and Lord, concluding every Conſideration almoſt with his holy Name, and ſetting his merit forth ſo piouſly; for which I do ſo love him, that were there nothing elſe I would Print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be publiſhed. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification, and obſervation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent obſerver. Theſe three things are very eminent in the Author, and overweigh the defects, as I conceive, towards the publiſhing thereof

From Bemerton, near Saliſbury,
Septemb. 29, 1632.

Notes to the Divine Conſiderations.

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HE often uſeth this manner of ſpeech, *believing by Revelation*, whereby I underſtand he meaneth only the effectual operation or illumination of the Holy Spirit, teſtifying and applying the revealed truth of the Goſpel, and not any private Enthuſiaſms or revelations: as if he ſhould ſay, A general apprehenſion, or aſſent

to the promiſes of the Goſpel, by hearſay or relation from others, is not that which filleth the heart with joy and peace in believing, but the Spirit's bearing witneſs with our ſpirit, revealing and applying the general promiſes to every one in particular, with ſuch ſincerity and efficacy, that it makes him godly, righteous, and ſober all his life long. This I call believing by Revelation, and not by relation.

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I much miſlike the compariſon of Images and holy Scriptures, as if they were both but alphabets, and after a time to be left. The holy Scriptures have not only an elementary uſe, but a uſe of perfection; neither can they ever be exhauſted (as pictures may by a plenary circumſpection), but ſtill, even to the moſt learned and perfect in them, there is ſomewhat to be learned more: therefore David deſireth God, in the 119th Pſalm, to open his eyes, that he might ſee the wondrous things of his law, and that he would make them his ſtudy; although, by other words of the ſame Pſalm, it is evident that he was not meanly converſant in them. Indeed, he that ſhall ſo attend to the back of the letter as to neglect the conſideration of God's work in his heart through the word, doth amiſs; both are to be done: the Scriptures ſtill uſed, and God's work within us ſtill obſerved, who works by his word, and ever in the reading of it. As for that text, *They ſhall be all taught of God*, it being Scripture, cannot be ſpoken to the diſparagement of Scripture; but the meaning is this, that God in the days of the Goſpel will not give an outward law of ceremonies as of old, but ſuch a one as ſhall ſtill have the aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit applying it to our hearts, and ever outrun-

ning the teacher, as it did when Peter taught Cornelius. There the caſe is plain: Cornelius had revelation, yet Peter was to be ſent for: and thoſe that have inſpirations muſt ſtill uſe Peter, God's word: if we make another ſenſe of the Text, we ſhall overthrow all means ſave Catechizing, and ſet up enthuſiaſms.

In the Scriptures are
Doctrines, theſe ever teach more and more.
Promiſes, theſe ever comfort more and more.
Rom. xv. 4.

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The doctrine of this Conſideration cleareth that of the former; for as the ſervant leaves not the letter when he hath read it, but keeps it by him, and reads it again and again, and the more the promiſe is delayed the more he reads it, and fortifies himſelf with it, ſo are we to do with the Scriptures, and this is the uſe of the promiſes of the Scriptures. But the uſe of the doctrinal part is more, in regard it preſents us not with the ſame thing only when it is read, as the promiſes do, but enlightens us with new conſiderations the more we read it. Much more might be ſaid, but this ſufficeth. He himſelf allows it for a holy converſation and refreſhment in the 32nd Conſideration; and amongſt all divine and ſpiritual exerciſes and duties, he nameth the reading and meditation of holy Scripture for the firſt and principal, as Conſid. 47, and others; ſo that it is plain the author had a very reverend eſteem of the holy Scripture, eſpecially conſidering the time and place where he lived.

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All the diſcourſe from this place to the end of the chapter may ſeem ſtrange, but it is ſuitable to what the

Author holds elſewhere; for he maintains that it is faith and infidelity that ſhall judge us now ſince the Goſpel, and that no other ſin or virtue hath any thing to do with us; if we believe, no ſin ſhall hurt us; if we believe not, no virtue ſhall help us. Therefore he ſaith here, we ſhall not be puniſhed for evil doing, nor rewarded for well doing or living, for all the point lies in believing or not believing. And with this expoſition the Chapter is clear enough; but the truth of the doctrine would be examined, however it may paſs for his opinion, in the Church of God there is one fundamental, but elſe variety. The Author's good meaning in this will better appear by his 98th Conſideration of faith and good works.

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He meaneth (I ſuppoſe) that a man preſume not to merit, that is, to oblige God, or juſtify himſelf before God, by any acts or exerciſes of Religion; but that he ought to pray God affectionately and fervently, to ſend him the light of his Spirit, which may be unto him as the Sun to a traveller in his journey; he in the meanwhile applying himſelf to the unqueſtioned duties of true piety and ſincere Religion, ſuch as are Prayer, Faſting, Alms-deeds, &c. after the example of devout Cornelius. Or thus: There are two ſorts of acts in religion, acts of humiliation and acts of confidence and joy: the perſon here deſcribed to be in the dark ought to uſe the firſt, and to forbear the ſecond. Of the firſt ſort are repentance, prayers, faſting, alms, mortifications, &c.; of the ſecond, receiving of the Communion, praiſes, Pſalms, &c. Theſe in divers caſes ought, and were of old forborne for a time.

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In indifferent things there is room for motions, and expecting of them; but in things good, as to relieve my neighbour, God hath already revealed his will about it; therefore we ought to proceed, except there be a reſtraining motion, (as St. Paul had) when he would have preached in Aſia. And I conceive that reſtraining motions are much more frequent to the godly than inviting motions, becauſe the Scripture invites enough, for it invites us to all good. According to that ſingular place, Phil. iv. 8, a man is to embrace all good; but becauſe he cannot do all, God often chooſeth which he ſhall do, and that by reſtraining him from what he would not have him do.

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This doctrine, howſoever it is true in ſubſtance, yet it requireth diſcreet and wary explaining.

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By renouncing the help of human learning in the ſtudying to underſtand holy Scripture, he meaneth that we ſhould not uſe it as the only or as the principal means, becauſe the anointing which we have received and abideth in us teacheth us. 1 John ii. 27.

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This Chapter is conſiderable. The intent of it, that the world pierceth not only godly men's actions no more than God's, is in ſome ſort true, becauſe they are ſpiritually diſcerned; 1 Cor. ii. 14. So likewiſe are the godly in ſome ſort exempt from laws, for the

law is not made for a righteous man ; 1 Tim. i. 9. But when he enlargeth he goes too far : for firſt, concerning Abraham and Sarah, I ever took that for a weakneſs in the great Patriarch, and that the beſt of God's ſervants ſhould have weakneſſes, is no way repugnant to the way of God's Spirit in them, or to the Scriptures, or to themſelves, being ſtill men, though godly men. Nay, they are purpoſely recorded in Holy Writ. Wherefore, as David's adultery cannot be excuſed, ſo need not Abraham's equivocation, nor Paul's neither, when he profeſſed himſelf a Phariſee, which ſtrictly he was not, though in the point of Reſurrection he agreed with them and they with him. The reviling alſo of Ananias ſeems by his own recalling, an overſight ; yet I remember the Fathers forbid us to judge of the doubtful actions of Saints in Scripture, which is a modeſt admonition. But it is one thing not to judge, another to defend them. Secondly, when he uſeth the word juriſdiction, allowing no juriſdiction over the godly, this cannot ſtand, and it is ill doctrine in a Commonwealth. The godly are puniſhable as others when they do amiſs, and they are to be judged according to the outward fact, unleſs it be evident to others as well as to themſelves that God moved them ; for otherwiſe any malefactor may pretend motions which is inſufferable in a Commonwealth. Neither do I doubt but if Abraham had lived in our kingdom under government, and had killed his ſon Iſaac, but he might juſtly have been put to death for it by the Magiſtrate, unleſs he could have made it appear that it was done by God's immediate precept. He had done juſtly, and yet had been puniſhed juſtly, that is, In humano foro, &c. ſecundum præſumptionem legalem : according to the common and legal proceedings among men. So may a war be juſt on both ſides, and was juſt in the Canaanites and Iſraelites both. How the godly are

exempt from laws is a known point among Divines; but when he ſays they are equally exempt with God, that is dangerous and too far. The beſt ſalve for the whole Chapter is to diſtinguiſh judgment. There is a udgment of authority (upon a fact), and there is a judgment of the learned; for as a Magiſtrate judgeth in his tribunal, So a Scholar judgeth in his ſtudy, and cenſureth this or that; whence come ſo many books of ſeveral men's opinions: perhaps he meant all of this latter, not of the former. Worldly learned men cannot judge ſpiritual men's actions; but the magiſtrate may, and ſurely this the Author meant by the word Juriſdiction, for ſo he uſeth the ſame word in Conſideration 68 ad finem.

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The Author doth ſtill diſcover too ſlight a regard of the Scripture, as if it were but children's meat, whereas there is not only milk there, but ſtrong meat alſo, Heb. v. 14; things hard to be underſtood, 2 Pet. iii. 16; things needing great conſideration, Matt. xxiv. 15. Beſides, he oppoſeth the teaching of the Spirit to the teaching of Scripture which the Holy Spirit wrote. Although the Holy Spirit apply the Scripture, yet what the Scripture teacheth the Spirit teacheth; the Holy Spirit, indeed, ſome time doubly teaching, both in penning and in applying. I wonder how this opinion could befall ſo good a man as it ſeems Valdeſſo was, ſince the Saints of God in all ages have ever held in ſo precious eſteem the word of God, as their joy and crown, and their treaſure on earth. Yet his own practice ſeems to confute his opinion; for the moſt of his Conſiderations, being grounded upon ſome text of Scripture, ſhows that he was continually converſant in it, and not uſed it for a time only, and then caſt it away, as he ſays, ſtrangely.

There is no more to be ſaid of this chapter, eſpecially of the fifth thing in it, but that this his opinion of the Scripture is inſufferable. As for the text of St. Peter, 2 Pet. i. 19, which he makes the ground of this Conſideration, building it all upon the word, "Until the day-ſtar ariſe;" it is nothing. How many places do the fathers bring about "until" againſt the Heretics who diſputed againſt the virginity of the Bleſſed Virgin, out of the text, Matt. i. 25; where it is ſaid, Joſeph knew her not "until" ſhe had brought forth her firſtborn ſon, as if afterwards he had known her; and indeed, in common ſenſe, if I bid a man ſtay in a place until I come, I do not then bid him go away, but rather ſtay longer, that I may ſpeak with him or do ſomething elſe when I come. So St. Peter bidding the diſperſed Hebrews attend to the word till the day dawn, doth not bid them then caſt away the word, or leave it off; but, however, he would have them attend to it till that time, and then afterward they will of themſelves attend it without his exhortation. Nay, it is obſervable that in that very place he prefers the word before the ſight of the tranſfiguration of Chriſt. So that the word hath the precedence even of Revelation and Viſions.

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Divines hold that juſtifying faith and the faith of miracles are divers gifts, and of a different nature; the one being *gratia gratis data*, the other *gratia gratum faciens*, this being given only to the godly, and the other ſometimes to the wicked: yet doubtleſs the beſt faith in us is defective, and arrives not to the point it ſhould, which if it did, it would do more than it does. And miracle-working, as it may be ſevered from juſtifying faith, ſo it may be a fruit of it, and an exaltation. 1 John v. 14.

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Though this were the Author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. The 98th Conſideration, about being juſtified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the Author's meaning.

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By the Saints of the world he everywhere underſtands the cunning hypocrite, who by the world is counted a very ſaint for his outward ſhow of holineſs; and we meet with two ſorts of theſe ſaints of the world: one whoſe holineſs conſiſts in a few ceremonies and ſuperſtitious obſervations; the others in a zeal againſt theſe, and in a ſtrict performance of a few cheap and eaſy duties of religion with no leſs ſuperſtition; both of them having forms or vizors of godlineſs, but denying the power thereof.

Page 354.

Though this be the Author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. The 98th Conſideration, about being juſtified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the Author's meaning.

By Hebrew piety he meaneth not the very Ceremonies of the Jews, which no Chriſtian obſerves now, but an analogate obſervation of Eccleſiaſtical and Canonical laws ſuperinduced to the Scriptures, like to that of the Jews, which they added to their divine Law; this being well weighed will make the Conſideration eaſy and very obſervable: for at leaſt ſome of the Papiſts are come

now to what the Phariſees were come to in our Saviour's time.

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This is true only of the Popiſh Caſes of Conſcience, which depend almoſt wholly on their Canon law and Decretals, knots of their own tying and untying; but there are other Caſes of Conſcience, grounded on Piety and Morality, and the difficulty of applying their general rules to particular actions, which are a moſt noble ſtudy.

A Treatiſe of Temperance and Sobriety.

[The following little tract was tranſlated from the Italian of Lud. Cornarus, which, together with the Spaniſh and French tongues, Herbert, as Walton inform us, "had learnt to underſtand very perfectly." But his friend, Lord Bacon, has put the "regimen of health" into the ſmalleſt ſpace: "There is a wiſdom in this, beyond the Rules of Phyſic: A man's own obſervation, which he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the beſt phyſic to preſerve health."—Essays, xxx.]

HAVING obſerved in my time many of my friends, of excellent wit and noble diſpoſition, overthrown and undone by Intemperance; who, if they had lived, would have been an ornament to the world, and a comfort to their friends; I thought fit to diſcover in a ſhort Treatiſe, that Intemperance was not ſuch an evil, but it might eaſily be remedied; which I undertake the more willingly, becauſe divers worthy young men have obliged me unto it. For when they ſaw their parents and kindred ſnatched away in the midſt of their days, and me, contrariwiſe, at the age of eighty and one, ſtrong and luſty; they had a great deſire to know the way of my life, and how I came to be ſo. Wherefore, that I may ſatiſfy their honeſt deſire, and withal help many others, who will take this into conſideration, I will declare the cauſes which moved me to forſake Intemperance, and live a ſober life, ex-

preſſing alſo the means which I have uſed therein. I ſay therefore, that the infirmities, which did not only begin, but had already gone far in me, firſt cauſed me to leave Intemperance, to which I was much addicted: For by it, and my ill conſtitution (having a moſt cold and moiſt ſtomach), I fell into divers diſeaſes, to wit, into the pain of the ſtomach, and often of the ſide, and the beginning of the Gout, with almoſt a continual fever and thirſt.

From this ill temper there remained little elſe to be expected of me, than that after many troubles and griefs I ſhould quickly come to an end; whereas my life ſeemed as far from it by Nature, as it was near it by Intemperance. When therefore I was thus afflicted from the thirty-fifth year of my age to the fortieth, having tried all remedies fruitleſſly, the Phyſicians told me that yet there was one help for me, if I could con ſtantly purſue it, to wit, A ſober and orderly life: for this had every way great force for the recovering and preſerving of Health, as a diſorderly life to the overthrowing of it; as I too well by experience found. For temperance preſerves even old men and ſickly men ſound: But Intemperance deſtroys moſt healthy and flouriſhing conſtitutions: For contrary cauſes have contrary effects, and the faults of Nature are often amended by Art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good huſbandry. They added withal, that unleſs I ſpeedily uſed that remedy, within a few months I ſhould be driven to that exigent, that there would be no help for me, but Death ſhortly to be expected.

Upon this, weighing their reaſons with myſelf, and abhorring from ſo ſudden an end, and finding myſelf continually oppreſſed with pain and ſickneſs, I grew fully perſuaded, that all my griefs aroſe out of Intemperance: and therefore out of a hope of avoiding death and pain, I reſolved to live a temperate life.

Whereupon, being directed by them in the way I ought to hold, I underſtood, that the food I was to uſe, was ſuch as belonged to ſickly conſtitutions, and that in a ſmall quantity. This they had told me before: But I, then not liking that kind of Diet, followed my Appetite, and did eat meats pleaſing to my taſte; and when I felt inward heats, drank delightful wines, and that in great quantity; telling my Phyſicians nothing thereof, as is the cuſtom of ſick people. But after I had reſolved to follow Temperance and Reaſon, and ſaw that it was no hard thing to do ſo, but the proper duty of man; I ſo addicted myſelf to this courſe of life, that I never went a foot out of the way. Upon this, I found within a few days, that I was exceedingly helped, and by continuance thereof, within leſs than one year (although it may ſeem to ſome incredible), I was perfectly cured of all my infirmities.

Being now ſound and well, I began to conſider the force of Temperance, and to think thus with myſelf: If Temperance had ſo much power as to bring me health: how much more to preſerve it! Wherefore I began to ſearch out moſt diligently what meats were agreeable unto me, and what diſagreeable: and I purpoſed to try, whether thoſe that pleaſed my taſte brought me commodity or diſcommodity; and whether that Proverb, wherewith Gluttons uſed to defend themſelves, to wit, That which favours is good and nouriſheth, be conſonant to truth. This upon trial I found moſt falſe: for ſtrong and very cool wines pleaſed my taſte beſt, as alſo melons, and other fruit; in like manner, raw lettuce, fiſh, pork, ſauſages, pulſe, and cake and piecruſt, and the like: and yet all theſe I found hurtful.

Therefore truſting on experience, I forſook all theſe kind of meats and drinks, and choſe that wine that fitted my ſtomach, and in ſuch meaſure as eaſily might be di-

geſted: above all, taking care never to riſe with a full ſtomach, but ſo as I might well both eat and drink more. By this means, within leſs than a year I was not only freed from all thoſe evils which had ſo long beſet me, and were almoſt become incurable; but alſo afterwards I fell not into that yearly diſeaſe, whereinto I was wont, when I pleaſed my Senſe and Appetite. Which benefits alſo ſtill continue, becauſe from the time that I was made whole, I never ſince departed from my ſettled courſe of Sobriety, whoſe admirable power cauſeth that the meat and drink that is taken in fit meaſure, gives true ſtrength to the body, all ſuperfluities paſſing away without difficulty, and no ill humours being engendered in the body.

Yet with this diet I avoided other hurtful things alſo, as too much heat and cold, wearineſs, watching, ill air, overmuch uſe of the benefit of marriage. For although the power of health conſiſts moſt in the proportion of meat and drink, yet theſe forenamed things have alſo their force. I preſerved me alſo, as much as I could, from hatred and melancholy, and other purturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our conſtitutions. Yet could I not ſo avoid all theſe, but that now and then I fell into them, which gained me this experience, that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt thoſe bodies which were kept in good order by a moderate Diet: So that I can truly ſay, That they who in theſe two things that enter in at the mouth keep a fit proportion, ſhall receive little hurt from other exceſſes.

This Galen confirms, when he ſays, that immoderate heats and colds, and winds and labours, did little hurt him, becauſe in his meats and drinks he kept a due moderation, and therefore never was ſick by any of theſe inconveniences, except it were for one only day. But mine own experience confirmeth this more as all

that know me can teſtify: For having endured many heats and colds, and other like diſcommodities of the body and troubles of the mind, all theſe did hurt me little, whereas they hurt them very much who live intemperately. For when my brother and others of my kindred ſaw ſome great powerful men pick quarrels againſt me, fearing leſt I ſhould be overthrown, they were poſſeſſed with a deep Melancholy (a thing uſual to diſorderly lives), which increaſed ſo much in them, that it brought them to a ſudden end; but I, whom that matter ought to have affected moſt, received no inconvenience thereby, becauſe that humour abounded not in me.

Nay, I began to perſuade myſelf, that this ſuit and contention was raiſed by the Divine Providence, that I might know what great power a ſober and temperate life hath over our bodies and minds, and that at length I ſhould be a conqueror, as alſo a little after it came to paſs: For in the end I got the victory, to my great honour and no leſs profit, whereupon alſo I joyed exceedingly, which exceſs of joy neither could do me any hurt: By which it is manifeſt, That neither melancholy nor any other paſſion can hurt a temperate life.

Moreover, I ſay, that even bruiſes, and ſquats, and falls, which often kill others, can bring little grief or hurt to thoſe that are temperate. This I found by experience when I was ſeventy years old; for riding in a coach in a great haſte, it happened that the coach was overturned, and then was dragged for a good ſpace by the fury of the horſes, whereby my head and whole body was ſore hurt, and alſo one of my arms and legs put out of joint. Being carried home, when the Phyſicians ſaw in what caſe I was, they concluded that I would die within three days; nevertheleſs, at a venture, two remedies might be uſed, letting of blood and purging, that the ſtore of humours and inflammation

and fever (which was certainly expected) might be hindered.

But, I, considering what an orderly life I had led for many years together, which must needs so temper the humours of the body, that they could not be much troubled, or make a great concourse, refused both remedies, and only commanded that my arm and leg should be set, and my whole body anointed with oil; and so without other remedy or inconvenience I recovered, which seemed as a miracle to the Physicians; whence I conclude, that they that live a temperate life can receive little hurt from other inconveniences.

But my experience taught me another thing also, to wit, than an orderly and regular life can hardly be altered without exceeding great danger.

About four years since, I was led, by the advice of Physicians, and the daily importunity of my friends, to add something to my usual stint and measure. Divers reasons they brought, as that old age could not be sustained with so little meat and drink; which yet needs not only to be sustained, but also to gather strength, which could not be but by meat and drink. On the other side, I argued that Nature was contented with a little, and that I had for many years continued in good health with that little measure; that Custom was turned into Nature, and therefore it was agreeable to reason, that my years increasing and strength decreasing, my stint of meat and drink should be diminished rather than increased, that the patient might be proportionable to the agent, and especially since the power of my stomach every day decreased. To this agreed two Italian Proverbs, the one whereof was, * He that will eat much, let him eat little; because by eating little he

* Mangierà più chi manco mangia. Ed e' contrario,
Chi più mangia, manco mangia. Il senso è
Poco vive chi troppo sparechia.

prolongs his life. The other Proverb was, * The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten; by which is intimated, that the hurt of too much meat is greater than the commodity of meat taken in a moderate proportion.

But all these things could not defend me against their importunities. Therefore to avoid obstinacy and gratify my friends, at length I yielded, and permitted the quantity of meat to be increased, yet but two ounces only; for whereas before, the measure of my whole day's meat, viz. of my bread, and eggs, and flesh, and broth, was twelve ounces exactly weighed, I increased it to the quantity of two ounces more; and the measure of my drink, which before was fourteen ounces, I made now sixteen.

This addition, after ten days, wrought so much upon me, that of a cheerful and merry man I became melancholy and choleric, so that all things were troublesome to me; neither did I know well what I did or said. On the twelfth day, a pain of the side took me, which held me two and twenty hours. Upon the neck of it came a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days and nights, although after the fifteenth day it grew less and less; besides all this I could not sleep, no, not a quarter of an hour, whereupon all gave me up for dead.

Nevertheless, I, by the grace of God, cured myself only with returning to my former course of Diet, although I was now seventy-eight years old, and my body spent with extreme leanness, and the season of the year was winter, and most cold air; and I am confident that, under God, nothing holp me, but that exact rule which I had so long continued; in all which

* Fa più pro quel' che si lascia sul' tondo, che Quel' che si mette nel ventre.

time I felt no grief, ſave now and then a little indiſpoſition for a day or two.

For the Temperance of ſo many years ſpent all ill humours, and ſuffered not any new of that kind to ariſe, neither the good humours to be corrupted or contract any ill quality, as uſually happens in old men's bodies, which live without rule; for there is no malignity of old age in the humours of my body, which commonly kills men, and that new one which I contracted by breaking my diet, although it was a ſore evil, yet had no power to kill me.

By this it may clearly be perceived how great is the power of order and diſorder; whereof the one kept me well for many years, the other, though it was but a little exceſs, in a few days had ſo ſoon overthrown me. If the world conſiſt of order, if our corporal life depend on the harmony of humours and elements, it is no wonder that order ſhould preſerve, and diſorder deſtroy. Order makes arts eaſy, and armies victorious, and retains and confirms kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude, That an orderly life is the moſt ſure way and ground of health and long days, and the true and only medicine of many diſeaſes.

Neither can any man deny this who will narrowly conſider it. Hence it comes, that a Phyſician, when he cometh to viſit his patient, preſcribes this Phyſic firſt, that he uſe a moderate diet; and when he hath cured him commends this alſo to him, if he will live in health. Neither is it to be doubted, but that he ſhall ever after live free from diſeaſes, if he will keep ſuch a courſe of life; becauſe this will cut off all cauſes of diſeaſes, ſo that he ſhall need neither Phyſic nor Phyſician: yea, if he will give his mind to thoſe things which he ſhould, he will prove himſelf a Phyſician, and that a very complete one; for indeed no man can be a perfect Phyſician to another, but to himſelf only. The

reaſon whereof is this: Every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agrees beſt with it; which things in others cannot be known without ſuch obſervation as is not eaſily to be made upon others, eſpecially ſince there is a greater diverſity of tempers than of faces. Who would believe that old wine ſhould hurt my ſtomach, and new ſhould help it, or that cinnamon ſhould heat me more than pepper? What Phyſician could have diſcovered theſe hidden qualities to me, if I had not found them out by long experience? Wherefore one to another cannot be a perfect Phyſician. Whereupon I conclude, ſince none can have a better Phyſician than himſelf, nor better Phyſic than a Temperate life, Temperance by all means is to be embraced.

Nevertheleſs, I deny not but that Phyſicians are neceſſary, and greatly to be eſteemed for the knowing and curing of diſeaſes, into which they often fall who live diſorderly: For if a friend who viſits thee in thy ſickneſs, and only comforts and condoles, doth perform an acceptable thing to thee, how much more dearly ſhould a Phyſician be eſteemed, who not only as a friend doth viſit thee, but help thee!

But that a man may preſerve himſelf in health, I adviſe, that inſtead of a Phyſician a regular life is to be embraced, which, as is manifeſt by experience, is a natural Phyſic moſt agreeable to us, and alſo doth preſerve even ill tempers in good health, and procure that they prolong their life even to a hundred years and more, and that at length they ſhut up their days like a Lamp, only by a pure conſumption of the radical moiſture, without grief or perturbation of humours. Many have thought that this could be done by Aurum potabile, or the Philoſopher's ſtone, ſought of many, and

found of few; but ſurely there is no ſuch matter, if Temperance be wanting.

But ſenſual men (as moſt are), deſiring to ſatiſfy their Appetite and pamper their belly, although they ſee themſelves ill handled by their intemperance, yet ſhun a ſober life; becauſe, they ſay, It is better to pleaſe the Appetite (though they live ten years leſs than otherwiſe they ſhould do) than always to live under bit and bridle. But they conſider not of how great moment ten years are in mature age, wherein wiſdom and all kind of virtues is moſt vigorous; which, but in that age, can hardly be perfected. And that I may ſay nothing of other things, are not almoſt all the learned books that we have, written by their Authors in that age, and thoſe ten years which they ſet at nought in regard of their belly?

Beſides, theſe Belly-gods ſay, that an orderly life is ſo hard a thing that it cannot be kept. To this I anſwer, that Galen kept it, and held it for the beſt Phyſic; ſo did Plato alſo, and Iſocrates, and Tully, and many others of the Ancients; and in our age, Paul the Third, and Cardinal Bembo, who therefore lived ſo long; and among our Dukes, Laudus and Donatus, and many others of inferior condition, not only in the city, but alſo in villages and hamlets.

Wherefore, ſince many have obſerved a regular life, both of old times and later years, it is no ſuch thing which may not be performed; eſpecially ſince in obſerving it there needs not many and curious things, but only that a man ſhould begin, and by little and little accuſtom himſelf unto it.

Neither doth it hinder, that Plato ſays, That they who are employed in the commonwealth cannot live regularly, becauſe they muſt often endure heats, and colds, and winds, and ſhowers, and divers labours,

which ſuit not with an orderly life: For I anſwer, That thoſe inconveniences are of no great moment (as I ſhowed before) if a man be temperate in meat and drink, which is both eaſy for commonweal's men, and very convenient, both that they may preſerve themſelves from diſeaſes, which hinder public employment; as alſo that their mind, in all things wherein they deal, may be more lively and vigorous.

But ſome may ſay, He which lives a regular life, eating always light meats and in a little quantity, what diet ſhall he uſe in diſeaſes, which being in health he hath anticipated? I anſwer firſt, Nature, which endeavours to preſerve a man as much as ſhe can, teacheth us how to govern ourſelves in ſickneſs: For ſuddenly it takes away our appetite, ſo that we can eat but a very little, wherewith ſhe is very well contented: So that a ſick man, whether he hath lived heretofore orderly or diſorderly, when he is ſick, ought not to eat but ſuch meats as are agreeable to his diſeaſe, and that in much ſmaller quantity than when he was well. For if he ſhould keep his former proportion, Nature, which is already burdened with a diſeaſe, would be wholly oppreſſed. Secondly, I anſwer better, that he which lives a temperate life, cannot fall into diſeaſes, and but very ſeldom into indiſpoſitions, becauſe Temperance takes away the cauſes of diſeaſes; and the cauſe being taken away, there is no place for the effect.

Wherefore, ſince an orderly life is ſo profitable, ſo virtuous, ſo decent, and ſo holy, it is worthy by all means to be embraced; eſpecially ſince it is eaſy and moſt agreeable to the nature of Man. No man that follows it, is bound to eat and drink ſo little as I: No man is forbidden to eat fruit or fiſh, which I eat not: For I eat little, becauſe a little ſufficeth my weak ſtomach; and I abſtain from fruit and fiſh, and the like, becauſe they hurt me. But they who find benefit in theſe meats

may, yea ought to uſe them; yet all muſt needs take heed leſt they take a greater quantity of any meat or drink (though moſt agreeable to them) than their ſtomach can eaſily digeſt: So that he which is offended with no kind of meat and drink, hath the quantity, and not the quality for his rule, which is very eaſy to be obſerved.

Let no man here object unto me, That there are many, who though they live diſorderly, yet continue in health to their lives' end: Becauſe ſince this is at the beſt but uncertain, dangerous, and very rare, the preſuming upon it ought not to lead us to a diſorderly life.

It is not the part of a wiſe man to expoſe himſelf to ſo many dangers of diſeaſes and death, only upon a hope of a happy iſſue, which yet befalls very few. An old man of an ill conſtitution, but living orderly, is more ſure of his life than the moſt ſtrong young man who lives diſorderly.

But ſome, too much given to Appetite, object, That a long life is no ſuch deſirable thing, becauſe that after one is once ſixty-five years old, all the time we live after is rather death than life: But theſe err greatly, as I will ſhow by myſelf, recounting the delights and pleaſures in this age of eighty-three, which now I take, and which are ſuch as that men generally account me happy.

I am continually in health, and I am ſo nimble, that I can eaſily get on horſeback without the advantage of the ground, and ſometimes I go up high ſtairs and hills on foot. Then, I am ever cheerful, merry, and well-contented, free from all troubles and troubleſome thoughts; in whoſe place joy and peace have taken up their ſtanding in my heart. I am not weary of life, which I paſs with great delight. I confer often with worthy men, excelling in wit, learning, behaviour, and

other virtues. When I cannot have their company, I give myſelf to the reading of ſome learned book, and afterwards to writing; making it my aim in all things, how I may help others to the furtheſt of my power.

All theſe things I do at my eaſe, and at fit ſeaſons, and in mine own houſes; which, beſides that they are in the faireſt place of this learned City of Padua, are very beautiful and convenient above moſt in this age, being ſo built by me according to the rules of Architecture, that they are cool in ſummer, and warm in winter.

I enjoy alſo my gardens, and thoſe divers, parted with rills of running water, which truly is very delightful. Some times of the year I enjoy the pleaſure of the Euganean hills, where alſo I have fountains and gardens, and a very convenient houſe. At other times, I repair to a village of mine, ſeated in the valley; which is therefore very pleaſant, becauſe many ways thither are ſo ordered, that they all meet, and end in a fair plot of ground; in the midſt whereof is a Church ſuitable to the condition of the place. This place is waſhed with the river of Brenta; on both ſides whereof are great and fruitful fields, well manured and adorned with many habitations. In former time it was not ſo, becauſe the place was mooriſh and unhealthy, fitter for beaſts than men. But I drained the ground, and made the air good: Whereupon men flocked thither, and built houſes with happy ſucceſs. By this means the place is come to that perfection we now ſee it is; So that I can truly ſay, That I have both given God a Temple, and men to worſhip him in it: The memory whereof is exceeding delightful to me.

Sometimes I ride to ſome of the neighbour cities, that I may enjoy the ſight and the communication of my friends, as alſo of excellent Artificers in architecture, painting, ſtone-cutting, muſic, and huſbandry,

whereof in this age there is great plenty. I view their pieces, I compare them with thoſe of Antiquity: And ever I learn ſomewhat which is worthy of my knowledge: I ſurvey palaces, gardens, and antiquities, public fabrics, temples, and fortifications; neither omit I any thing that may either teach or delight me. I am much pleaſed alſo in my travels, with the beauty of ſituation. Neither is this my pleaſure made leſs by the decaying dulneſs of my ſenſes, which are all in their perfect vigour, but eſpecially my Taſte; ſo that any ſimple fare is more ſavoury to me now, than heretofore, when I was given to diſorder and all the delights that could be.

To change my bed, troubles me not; I ſleep well and quietly any where, and my dreams are fair and pleaſant. But this chiefly delights me, that my advice hath taken effect in the reducing of many rude and untoiled places in my country, to cultivation and good huſbandry. I was one of thoſe that was deputed for the managing of that work, and abode in thoſe fenny places two whole months in the heat of ſummer, (which in Italy is very great) receiving not any hurt or inconvenience thereby: So great is the power and efficacy of that Temperance which ever accompanied me.

Theſe are the delights and ſolaces of my old age, which is altogether to be preferred before other's youth: Becauſe that by temperance and the Grace of God I feel not thoſe perturbations of body and mind, wherewith infinite both young and old are afflicted.

Moreover, by this alſo, in what eſtate I am, may be diſcovered, becauſe at theſe years (viz. eighty-three) I have made a moſt pleaſant comedy, full of honeſt wit and merriment: which kind of Poems uſeth to be the child of Youth, which it moſt ſuits withal for variety and pleaſantneſs; as a Tragedy with old Age,

by reaſon of the ſad events which it contains. And if a Greek poet of old was praiſed, that at the age of ſeventy-three years he writ a Tragedy, why ſhould I be accounted leſs happy, or leſs myſelf, who being ten years older have made a Comedy?

Now leſt there ſhould be any delight wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in the ſucceſſion of my poſterity. For when I come home, I find eleven grand children of mine, all the ſons of one father and mother, all in perfect health; all as far as I can conjecture, very apt and well given both for learning and behaviour. I am delighted with their muſic and faſhion, and I myſelf alſo ſing often; becauſe I have now a clearer voice, than ever I had in my life.

By which it is evident, that the life which I live at this age, is not a dead, dumpiſh, and ſour life; but cheerful, lively, and pleaſant: Neither if I had my wiſh, would I change age and conſtitution with them who follow their youthful appetites, although they be of a moſt ſtrong temper: Becauſe ſuch are daily expoſed to a thouſand dangers and deaths, as daily experience ſhoweth, and I alſo, when I was a young man, too well found. I know how inconſiderate that age is, and, though ſubject to death, yet continually afraid of it: for death to all young men is a terrible thing, as alſo to thoſe that live in ſin, and follow their appetites; whereas I by the experience of ſo many years have learned to give way to Reaſon: whence it ſeems to me, not only a ſhameful thing to fear that which cannot be avoided; but alſo I hope, when I ſhall come to that point, I ſhall find no little comfort in the favour of Jeſus Chriſt. Yet I am ſure that my end is far from me: for I know that (ſetting caſualties aſide) I ſhall not die but by a pure reſolution: becauſe that by the regularity of my life I have ſhut out death

all other ways; and that is a fair and desirable death, which Nature brings by way of resolution.

Since, therefore, a temperate life is so happy and pleasant a thing; what remains, but that I should wish all who have the care of themselves, to embrace it with open arms?

Many things more might be said in commendation hereof: but lest in any thing I forsake that Temperance which I have found so good, I here make an end.

LATIN AND GREEK POEMS.

PARENTALIA.

AUCTORE G. HERBERT.

Memoriæ Matris Sacrum.

[The following verſes were printed at the end of the Sermon which Donne preached at Chelſea in 1627, in memory of Herbert's mother, of whoſe tender watchfulneſs his life makes mention: "And this great care of hers," writes Barnabas Oley, "this good ſon of hers ſtudied to improve and requite, as is ſeen in thoſe many Latin and Greek verſes, the obſequious *Parentalia* he made and printed in her memory; which though they be good, very good, yet (to ſpeak freely even of this man whom I ſo much honour), they be dull, or dead in compariſon of his Temple Poems, and no marvel. To write thoſe, he made his ink with water of *Helicon;* but theſe Inſpirations prophetical were diſtilled from above: in thoſe are weak motions of Nature, in theſe raptures of Grace."—B. OLEY, 1652.]

AH Mater, quo te deplorem fonte? Dolores
Quæ guttæ poterunt enumerare meos?
Sicca meis lacrymis Thameſis vicina videtur,
Virtutumque choro ſiccior ipſe tuo.

In flumen mœrore nigrum ſi funderer ardens,
Laudibus haud fierem ſepia juſta tuis.
Tantùm iſtæc ſcribo gratus, ne tu mihi tantùm
Mater: et iſta Dolor nunc tibi Metra parit.

CORNELIÆ ſanctæ, graves Semproniæ,
Et quicquid uſpiam eſt ſeveræ fœminæ,
Conferte lacrymas: Illa, quæ vos miſcuit
Veſtraque laudes, poſcit et mixtas genas.
Namque hanc ruinam ſalva Gravitas defleat,
Pudorque conſtet vel ſolutis crinibus;
Quandoque vultûs ſola majeſtas, Dolor.
Decus mulierum periit: et metuunt viri
Utrumque ſexum dote ne mulctaverit.
Non illa ſoles terere comptu lubricos,
Struices ſuperbas atque turritum caput
Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,
(Nam poſt Babelem linguæ adeſt confuſio,)
Quin poſt modeſtam, qualis integras decet,
Subſtructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
Animam recentem rite curavit ſacris,
Adorta numen acri et igneâ prece.
Dein familiam luſtrat, et res prandii,
Horti, colique diſtributim penſitat.
Suum cuïque tempus et locus datur.
Inde exiguntur penſa crudo veſpere.
Ratione certâ vita conſtat et domus,
Prudentèr inito quot-diebus calculo.
Totâ renident æde decus et ſuavitas
Animo renidentes priùs. Sin rarior
Magnatis appulſu extulit ſe occaſio,
Surrexit unà et illa, ſeſeque extulit:
Occaſione certat imò et obtinet.
Proh? quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,

Lepos ſeverus, Pallas mixta Gratiis;
Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia:
Aut ſi negotio hora ſumenda eſt, rei
Per angiportus et mæandros labitur,
Ipſos Catones provocans oraculis.
Tum quanta tabulis artifex? quæ ſcriptio?
Bellum putamen, nucleus belliſſimus
Sententiæ cum voce mirè convenit.
Volant per orbem literæ notiſſimæ:
O blanda dextra, neutiquam iſtoc pulveris,
Quò nunc recumbis, ſcriptio merita eſt tua,
Pactoli arena tibi tumulus eſt unicus.
Adde his trientem Muſices, quæ molliens
Mulcenſque dotes cæteras, viſa eſt quaſi
Cæleſtis harmoniæ breve præludium.
Quam mira tandem Sublevatrix pauperum?
Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
Commune cordis palpitantis balſamum:
Benedictiones publicæ cingunt caput,
Cælique referunt et præoccupant modum.
Fatiſco, referens tanta quæ numerant mei
Solùm dolores,—et dolores, ſtellulæ!
At tu qui ineptè hæc dicta cenſes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipſe ſolùm mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis præconiis?
Mihine Matris urna clauſa eſt unico,
Herbæ exoletæ, roſ-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam refero ſolum ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quàm piè iſtìc ſum impudens?
Tu verò mater perpetìm laudabere
Nato dolenti: literæ hoc debent tibi
Quêis me educaſti; ſponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum conſecutæ maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inſcii.

CUR ſplendes, O Phœbe? ecquid demittere matrem
Ad nos cum radio tam rutilante potes?
At ſuperat caput illa tuum, quantum ipſa cadaver
Mens ſuperat; corpus ſolùm Elementa tenent.
Scilicet id ſplendes: hæc eſt tibi cauſa micandi
Et lucro apponis gaudia ſancta tuo.
Verùm heus ſi nequeas cœlo demittere Matrem,
Sitque omnis motûs neſcia, tanta quies,
Fac radios ſaltem ingemines, ut dextera tortos
Implicet, et Matrem, Matre manente, petam.

QUID nugor calamo favens?
Mater perpetuis uvida gaudiis,
Horto pro tenui colit
Edenem Boreæ flatibus invium.
Quin cœli mihi ſunt mei,
Materni decus, et debita nominis,
Dumque his invigilo frequens
Stellarum ſocius, pellibus exuor.
Quare Sphæram egomet meam
Connixus, digitis impiger urgeo:
Te, Mater, celebrans diû,
Noctû te celebrans luminis æmulo.
Per te naſcor in hunc globum,
Exemploque tuo naſcor in alterum:
Bis tu Mater eras mihi,
Ut currat paribus gloria tibiis.

HORTI, deliciæ Dominæ, marceſcite tandem;
Ornâſtis capulum, nec ſupereſſe licet.
Ecce decus veſtrum ſpinis horreſcit, acutâ
Cultricem revocans anxietate manum:

Terram et funus olent flores : Dominæque cadaver
Contiguas ſtirpes afflat, eæque roſas.
In terram violæ capite inclinantur opaco,
Quæque domus Dominæ ſit, gravitate docent.
Quare haud vos hortos, ſed cæmeteria dico,
Dum torus abſentem quiſque reponit heram.
Eugè, perite omnes ; nec poſthâc exeat ulla
Quæſitum Dominam gemma vel herba ſuam.
Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumuloſque paternos ;
(Nempe ſepulcra Satis numen inempta dedit)
Occidite ; aut ſanè tantiſpèr vivite, donec
Veſpere ros mæſtis funus honeſtet aquis.

GALENE fruſtrà es, cur miſerum premens
Tot quæſtionum fluctibus obruis,
Arterias tractans micantes
Corporeæ fluidæque molis ?
Aegroto mentis ? quam neque pixides
Nec tarda poſſunt pharmaca conſequi,
Utrumque ſi præderis Indum,
Ultrà animus ſpatiatur exlex.
Impos medendi, occidere ſi potes,
Nec ſic parentem ducar ad optimam :
Ni ſanctè, uti Mater, recedam,
Morte magis viduabor illâ.
Quin cerne ut erres inſcie, brachium
Tentando ſanum : ſi calet, æſtuans,
Ardore ſcribendi caleſcit,
Mater ineſt ſaliente venâ.
Si totus infler, ſi tumeam crepax,
Ne membra culpes, cauſa animo latet
Qui parturit laudes parentis :
Nec gravidis medicina tuta eſt.

Irregularis nunc habitus mihi eſt:
Non exigatur craſis ad alterum.
Quod tu febrem cenſes, ſalubre eſt
Atque animo medicatur unum.

PALLIDA materni Genii atque exanguis imago,
In nebulas ſimileſque tui res gaudia numquid
Mutata? et pro matre mihi phantaſma doloſum
Uberaque aerea hiſcentem fallentia natum?
Væ nubi pluviâ gravidæ, non lacte, meaſque
Ridenti lacrymas quibus unis concolor unda eſt.
Quin fugias? mea non fuerat tam nubila Juno,
Tam ſegnis facies auroræ neſcia vernæ,
Tam languens genitrix cineri ſuppoſta fugaci:
Verum auguſta parens, ſanctum os cæloque locandum,
Quale paludoſos jamjam lictura receſſus
Prætulit Aſtræa, aut ſolio Themis alma vetuſto
Penſilis, atque acri dirimens Examine lites.
Hunc vultum oſtendas, et tecum nobile ſpectrum
Quod ſupereſt vitæ, inſumam; Soliſque jugales
Ipſe tuæ ſolùm adnectam, ſine murmure, thenſæ.
Nec querar ingratos, ſtudiis dum tabidus inſto,
Effluxiſſe dies, ſuffocatamve Minervam,
Aut ſpes productas, barbataque ſomnia vertam
In vicium mundo ſterili, cui cedo cometas
Ipſe ſuos, tanquam digno, pallentiaque aſtra.
Eſt mihi bis quinis laqueata domuncula tignis
Rure; breviſque hortus, cujus cum vellere florum
Luctatur ſpacium, qualem tamen eligit æqui
Judicii dominus, flores ut junctiùs halent
Stipati, rudibuſque volis impervius hortus
Sit quaſi faſciculus creſcens, et nidus odorum.
Hìc ego tuque erimus, variæ ſuffitibus herbæ
Quotidiè paſti: tantùm verum indue vultum

Affectuſque mei ſimilem; nec languida miſce
Ora meæ memori menti: ne diſpare cultu
Pugnaces, teneros florum turbemus odores,
Atque inter reliquos horti creſcentia fœtus
Noſtra etiam paribus marceſcant gaudia fatis.

PARVAM piamque dum lubentèr ſemitam
Grandi reæque præfero,
Carpſit malignum ſydus hanc modeſtiam,
Vinumque felle miſcuit.
Hinc fremere totus et minari geſtio
Ipſis ſeverus orbibus,
Tandem prehensâ comiter lacernulâ
Suſurrat aure quiſpiam,
Hæc fuerat olim potio Domini tui.
Guſto proboque Dolium.

HOC Genitrix, ſcriptum proles tibi ſedula mittit.
Siſte parum cantus, dum legis iſta, tuos.
Nôſſe ſui quid agant, quædam eſt quoque muſica ſanctis
Quæque olim fuerat cura, manere poteſt.
Nos miſerè flemus, ſoleſque obducimus almos
Occiduis, tanquam duplice nube, genis.
Interea claſſem magnis Rex inſtruit auſis:
Nos autem flemus: res ea ſola tuis.
Ecce ſolutura eſt, ventos cauſata morantes:
Sin pluviam: fletus ſuppeditâſſet aquas.
Tillius incumbit Dano: Galluſque marinis:
Nos flendo: hæc noſtrûm teſſera ſola ducum.
Sic ævum exigitur tardum, dum præpetis anni
Mille rotæ nimiis impediuntur aquis.

Plura tibi miſſurus eram (nam quæ mihi laurus,
Quod nectar, niſi cum te celebrare diem ?)
Sed partem in ſcriptis etiam dum lacryma poſcit,
Diluit oppoſitas candidus humor aquas.

NEMPE hujuſque notos tenebricoſos,
Et mæſtum nimio madore Cœlum,
Telluriſque Britannicæ ſalivam
Injuſtè ſatis arguit viator.
At te commoriente, Magna Mater,
Rectè, quem trahit, aerem repellit
Cum probro madidum, reumque difflat.
Nam te nunc Ager, Urbs, et Aula plorant :
Te nunc Anglia, Scotiæque binæ
Quin te Cambria pervetuſta deflet,
Deducens lacrymas prioris ævi
Ne ſeræ meritis tuis venirent.
Non eſt angulus uſpiam ſerenus,
Nec cingit mare, nunc inundat omnes.

DUM librata ſuis hæret radicibus ilex
Neſcia Vulturnis cedere, firma manet.
Poſt ubi crudelem ſentit diviſa ſecurem,
Quò placet oblato, mortua fertur, hero :
Arbor et ipſe inverſa vocor : dumque inſitus almæ
Aſſideo Matri, robore vinco cedros.
Nunc ſorti pateo, expoſitus ſine matre procellis,
Lubricus, et ſuperans mobilitate ſalum.
Tu radix, tu petra mihi firmiſſima, Mater
Ceu Polypus, chelis ſaxa prehendo tenax :

Non tibi nunc ſoli filum abrupere ſorores
Diſſutus videor funere et ipſe tuo.
Unde vagans paſſim rectè vocer alter Ulyſſes,
Alteraque hæc tua mors, Ilias eſto mihi.

FACESSE Stoica plebs, obambulans cautes.
Exuta ſtrato carnis, oſſibus conſtans,
Iiſque ſiccis, adeo ut os Moloſſorum
Haud glubat inde tres teruncios eſcæ.
Dolere prohibes? aut dolere me gentis
Adeò inficetæ, plumbeæ, Meduſeæ,
Ad ſaxa ſpeciem retrahentis humanam,
Tantoque nequioris optimâ Pyrrhâ.
At forte matrem perdere haud ſoles demens:
Quin nec potes; cui præbuit Tigris partum.
Proinde parco belluis, nec iraſcor.

Epitaphium.

HIC ſita fœminei laus et victoria ſexus:
Virgo pudens, uxor fida, ſevera parens:
Magnatumque inopumque æquum certamen et ardor:
Nobilitate illos, hos pietate rapit.
Sic excelſa humiliſque ſimul loca diſſita junxit,
Quicquid habet tellus, quicquid et aſtra, fruens.

Ψυχῆς ἀσθενὲς ἔρκος, ἀμαυρὸν πνεύματος ἄγγος
Τῷδε παρὰ τύμβῳ δίζεο, φίλε, μόνον.
Νοῦ δ' αὐτοῦ τάφος ἐστ' ἀστήρ· φέγγος γὰρ ἐκείνου
Φεγγώδη μόνον, ὡς εἰκος, ἔπαυλιν ἔχει.

Νῦν ὁμάας ὅτι κάλλος ἀπείριτον ὠπὸς ἀπαυγοῦς
Οὐ σαθρὸν, οὐδὲ μελῶν ἔπλετο, ἀλλὰ νοός.
Ὃς διὰ σωματίου πρότερον καὶ νῦν δι' Ὀλύμπου
Ἀστράπτων, θυρίδων ὡς δία, νεῖμε σέλας.

Μῆτερ, γυναικῶν ἄγλη, ἀνθρώπων ἔρις,
Ὀδύρμα Δαιμόνων, Θεοῦ γεώργιον,
Πῶς νῦν ἀφίπτασαι, γόου καὶ κινδύνου
Ἡμᾶς λιποῦσα κυκλόθεν μεταιχμίους.
Μενοῦνγε σοφίην, εἰ δ' ἀπηλλάχθαι χρεών,
Ζωῆς ξυνεργὸν σήνδε διαθεῖναι τέκνοις
Εχρην φυγοῦσα, τήν τ' ἐπιστήμην βίου.
Μενοῦν τὸ γλαφυρὸν, καὶ μελίῤῥοον τρόπων,
Λόγων τε φίλτρον, ὥστ' ὑπεξελθεῖν λεών.
Νῦν δ' ὤχου ἐνθενδ' ὡς στρατὸς νικηφόρος
Φέρων τὸ πᾶν, κἄγων' ἡ ὡς Ἀπαρκτίας
Κήπου συνωθῶν ἀνθινὴν εὐωδίαν,
Μιάν τ' ἄταρπον συμπορεύεσθαι δράσας.
Ἐγὼ δὲ ῥινὶ ξυμβαλὼν ἰχνηλατῶ
Εἶπου τύχοιμι τῆςδ' ἀρίστης ἀτραποῦ,
Θανεῖν συνειδὼς κρεῖττον, ἢ ἄλλως βιοῦν.

Χαλεπὸν δοκεῖ δακρῦσαι.
Χαλεπὸν μὲν οὐ δακρῦσαι·
Χαλεπώτερον δὲ πάντων
Δακρύοντας ἀμπαύεσθαι.
Γενέτειραν οὐ τις ἄνδρων
Διδύμαις κόραις τοιαῦτην
Ἐποδύρεται πρεπόντως.
Τάλας; εἴθε γ' Ἄργος εἶην
Πολυόμματος, πολύτλας,
Ἵνα μητρὸς εὐθενούσης
Ἀρετὰς διακριθείσας
Ἰδίαις κόραισι κλαύσω.

Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι καὶ ἄλλοι,
Οὐκ ἐθ' ἐμὴν ἰδίας φύλης γράψαντες ἀρωγὸν,
Προυνομίῳ δ' ἀρετῆς κοινὴν γενέτειραν ἑλόντες.
Οὐκ ἔνι θαῦμα τόσον σφετερίζειν· οὔδε γὰρ ὕδωρ,
Οὐ φέγγος, κοινὸν τ' ἀγαθὸν, μίαν εἰς θύραν εἴργειν
Ἡ θέμις, ἡ δυνατόν. σεμνώματος ἔπλετο στάθμη,
Δημόσιον τ' ἴνδαλμα καλοῦ, θεῖόν τε κατόπτρον.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσι γυναῖκες,
Οὐκ ἔτι βαλλομένης χάρισιν βεβολημέναι ἦτορ,
Αὖταρ ἄχει μεγάλῳ κεντούμεναι: εὖτε γὰρ αὖται
Τῆς περὶ συλλαλέουσιν, ἑοῦ ποικίλματος ἄρδην
Λήσμονες, ἡ βελόνη σφαλερῷ κῆρ τράυματι νύττει
Ἔργου ἀμαρτηκυῖα, νέον πέπλον αἵματι στικτὸν
Μητέρι τικταίνουσα, γόῳ καὶ πένθεσι σύγχρουν.
Αἰάζω γενέτειραν, ἐπαιάζουσιν ὀπώραι,
Οὐκ ἔτι δεσποίνης γλυκερᾷ μελεδῶνι τραφεῖσαι·
Ἧς βίος ἠελίοιο δίκην, ἀκτῖνας ἰέντος
Πραεῖς εἰαρινούς τε χαραῖς ἐπικίδνατι κῆπον·
Αὖταρ ὁδ' αὖ θάνατος κυρίης ὡς ἥλιος αὖος
Στειρίου ἡττηθεὶς βουλήμασι, πάντα μαραίνει.
Ζῶ δ' αὐτὸς βραχύ τι πνείων, ὥς ἔμπαλιν αὐτῆς
Αἶνον ὁμοῦ ζώειν καὶ πνεύματος ἄλλο γενέσθαι
Πνεῦμα, βίου πάροδον μούνοις ἐπέεσσι μετρῆσαν.

Κύματ' ἐπαφριοῶντα Θαμήσεος, αἵκε σελήνης
Φωτὸς ἀπαυρομένης, ὄγκου ἐφεῖσθε πλέον.
Νῦν θέμις ὀρφναίῃ μεγάλης ἐπὶ γείτονος αἴσῃ,
Οὐλυμπόνδε βιβᾶν ὕμμιν ἀνισταμένοις.
Ἀλλὰ μενεῖτ', οὐ γὰρ τάραχος ποτὶ μητέρα βαίνῃ,
Καὶ πρέπον ὧδε παρὰ δακρυόεσσι ῥέειν.

EXCUSSOS manibus calamos, falcemque reſumptam
Rure, ſibi dixit Muſa fuiſſe probro.
Aggreditur Matrem (conductis carmine Parcis)
Funereque hoc cultum vindicat ægra ſuum.
Non potui non ire acri ſtimulante flagello:
Quin matris ſuperans carmina poſcit honos.
Eja, agedum ſcribo: viciſti Muſa; ſed audi,
Stulta ſemel ſcribo, perpetuò ut ſileam.

GEORGII HERBERTI ANGLI
MUSÆ RESPONSORIÆ,
AD ANDREÆ MELVINI SCOTI
Anti-tami-cami-categoriam.

[Andrew Melvin, or Melvill, a noiſy and remarkable perſon in his own day, was born in 1545, and after ſpending ſome time in Switzerland, returned to England with a commendatory letter from Beza. The queſtion of epiſcopal titles in 1578 fanned a flame, which later circumſtances made dangerous to himſelf. Walton ſays: "he, being a man of learning, and inclined to ſatirical poetry had ſcattered many malicious, bitter verſes againſt our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our church government, which were by ſome of that party (the diſſenters), ſo magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminſter School, when Mr. George Herbert then, and often after, made ſuch anſwers to them, and ſuch reflections on him and his kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in ſuch a quarrel." At an earlier period, Walton had ſpoken more gently of the polemical Scotchman, as a maſter of wit, and among his countrymen only exceeded by Buchanan. A more competent critic, Robertſon, praiſes his learning, his pure manners, and his intrepidity of mind. He died in 1621. Herbert's verſes were collected and publiſhed by Dr. Duport, the Dean of Peterborough. On neither ſide is the wit or the anger of a very ſharp edge; and the epigrams of Herbert are the mere sword-play of an accompliſhed ſcholar, more anxious to ſhow his ſkill, than to wound his opponent.]

Pro Supplici

Evangelicorum Miniſtrorum in Anglia, ad Sereniſſimum Regem Contra larvatam geminæ Academiæ Gorgonem Apologia;

SIVE

ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA,

Auctore ANDREA MELVINO.

Reſponſum, non dictum.

INSOLENS, audax, facinus nefandum,
Scilicet, (poſcit ratio ut decori,
Poſcit ex omni officio ut ſibi mens
Conſcia recti)

Anxiam Chriſti vigilémque curam,
Quæ pias terris animas relictis
Sublevans deducit in aſtra, nigróque
Invidet Orco,

De ſacri caſta ratione cultûs,
De Sacro-ſancti Officii decoro
Supplicem ritu veteri libellum
Porr'gere Regi,

Simplici mente atque animo integello,
Spiritu recto, et ſtudiis modeſtis,
Numinis ſancti veniam, et benigni
Regis honorem

Ritè præfantem : Scelus expiandum
Scilicet taurorum, ovium, ſuúmque
Millibus centum, voluiſſe nudo
Tangere verbo

Præſulum faſtus ; monuiſſe Ritus
Impios, deridiculos, ineptos
Lege, ceu labes, maculaſque lectâ ex
Gente fugandos.

Júſque-jurandum ingemuiſſe jura
Exigi contra omnia ; tum miſellis
Mentibus triſtem laqueum injici per
Fáſque, neſáſque.

Turbida illimi Crucis in lavacro
Signa conſignem ? magico rotatu
Verba devolvam ? ſacra vox ſacratâ im-
Murmuret undâ

Strigis in morem ? Rationis uſu ad-
Fabor Infantem vacuum ? canoras
Ingeram nugas minùs audienti
Dicta puello ?

Parvulo impôſtis manibus ſacrabo
Gratiæ fœdus ? digitóne Sponſæ
Annulus Sponſi impoſitus ſacrabit
Connubiale

Fœdus æternæ bonitatis ? Undâ
Num ſalutari mulier Sacerdos
Tinget in vitam, Sephorámque reddet
Luſtrica mater ?

Pilei quadrum capiti rotundo
Ritè quadrabit? Pharium camillo
Supparum Chriſti, et decus Antichriſti
Pontificale?

Paſtor examen gregis exigendum
Curet invitus, celebrare cœnam
Promptus arcanam, memorando Jeſu
Vulnera dira?

Cantibus certent Berecynthia æra
Muſicúm fractis? reboéntve rauco
Templa mugitu? Illecebris ſupremi ah
Rector Olympi

Captus humanis? libitúmque nobis,
Scilicet, Regi id Superûm allubeſcet?
Somniumque ægri cerebri profanum eſt
Dictio ſacra?

Haud ſecus luſtri Lupa Vaticani
Romuli fæcem bibit, et bibendam
Porrigit poc'lo, populiſque et ipſis
Regibus aureo.

Non ità æterni Witakerus acer
Luminis vindex, patriæque lumen
Dixit, aut ſenſit; neque celſa ſummi
Penna Renoldi.

Certa ſublimes aperire calles,
Sueta cœleſtes iterare curſus,
Læta miſceri niveis beatæ
Civibus aulæ;

Nec Tami, aut Cami accola ſaniore
Mente, qui cœlum ſapit in frequenti
Hermathenæo, et celebri Lyceo
Culta juventus,

Cujus affulget genio Jovæ lux,
Cui nitens Sol juſtitiæ renidet,
Quem jubar Chriſti radiantis alto
Spectat Olympo.

Bucerum laudem? memorémque magnum
Martyrem? gemmas geminas renati
Aurei ſæc'li, duo dura ſacri
Fulmina belli?

Alterum Camus liquido recurſu,
Alterum Tamus trepidante lymphâ
Audiit, multum ſtupuítque magno
Ore ſonantem.

Anne mulcentem Rhodanum, et Lemanum
Prædicem Bezam viridi in ſenecta?
Octies cujus trepidavit ætas
Claudere denos

Solis anfractus, reditúſque, et ultra
Quinque percurrens ſpatioſa in annos
Longiùs florem viridantis ævi
Prorogat et ver.

Oris erumpit ſcatebra perenni
Amnis exundans, gravidíque rores
Gratia fœcunda animos apertis
Auribus implent.

Major hic omni invidia, et ſuperſtes
Millibus mille, et Sadecle, et omnium
Maximo CALVINO, aliiſque veri
Teſtibus æquis;

Voce olorina liquidas ad undas
Nunc canit laudes Genitoris almi
Carmen, et Nato canit, eliquante
Numinis aurâ,

Senſa de caſtu ſacra puriore,
Dicta de cultu potiore Sancta,
Arma quæ in caſtris jugulent ſeveri
Tramitis hoſtes.

Cana cantanti juga ninguidarum
Alpium applaudunt, reſonántque valles;
Jura concentu nemorum ſonoro,
Et pater Iſter

Conſonant longè; pater et bicornis
Rhenus aſcenſum ingeminat, Garumna,
Sequana, atque Arar, Liger: inſularum et
Undipotentum

Magna pars intenta Britannicarum
Voce conſpirat liquida: ſolúmque,
Et ſalum, et cœlum, æmula præcinentis
More, modóque

Concinunt Bezæ numeris, modíſque
Et polo plaudunt; referúntque leges
Lege quas ſanxit pius ardor, et Rex
Scoto-britannus.

Sicut edictum in tabulis ahenis
Servat æternum pia cura Regis
Qui mare, et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis:

Cujus æqualis Soboles Parenti
Gentis electæ pater, atque custos;
Par et ambobus, veniens utrinque
Spiritus almus;

Quippe Tres-unus Deus; unus actus,
Una natura est tribus; una virtus
Una Majestas, Deitas et una,
Gloria et una.

Una vis immensa, perennis una
Vita, lux una, et sapientia una,
Una mens, una et ratio, una vox, et
Una voluntas

Lenis, indulgens, facilis, benigna;
Dura, et inclemens, rigida, et severa;
Semper æterna, omnipotens, et æqua,
Semper et alma:

Lucidum cujus speculum est, reflectens
Aureum vultûs jubar, et verendum,
Virginis proles, sata cœlo, et alti In-
Terpres Olympi:

Qui Patris mentémque, animúmque sancti
Filius pandit face noctilucâ,
Sive Doctrinæ documenta, seu com-
Pendia Vitæ,

Publicæ, privæ, ſacra ſcita Regni
Regis ad natum referens, Domûſque
Ad voluntatem Domini inſtituta
Singula librans,

Luce quam Phœbus melior refundit,
Lege, quam Legum- tulit ipſe -lator,
Cujus exacti officii ſuprema eſt
Norma voluntas.

Cœca mens humana, hominum voluntas
Prava, et affectus rabidi: indigétque
Luce mens, normâ officii voluntas,
Lege libido,

Quiſquis hanc ſurda negat aure, quà ſe
Fundit ubertim liquidas ſub auras,
Ille ter prudens, ſapiénſque, et omni ex
Parte beatus.

Ergò vos Cami proceres, Tamique,
Quos viâ flexit maleſuadus error,
Denuo rectum, duce Rege Regum, in-
Siſtite callem.

Vos metus tangit ſi hominum nec ullus,
At Deum fandi memorem et nefandi
Vindicem ſperate, et amœna ſolis
Tartara Diris;

Quæ manent ſontes animas, trucéſque
Pæſulum faſtus, malè quas perurit
Pervigil zelus vigilum, et gregis cu-
Stodia pernox.

Veſte bis tinctâ Tyrio ſuperbos
Murice, et paſtos dape pinguiore
Regia quondam aut Saliari inuncta a-
Bdomine cœna.

Qualis Urſini, Damaſíque faſtus
Turgidus, luxúque ferox, feróque
Ambitu pugnax, ſacram et ædem, et urbem
Cæde nefandâ

Civium inceſtavit, et omnioſum
Traxit exemplum veniens in ævum
Præſulum quod nobilium indecorus
Provocat ordo.

Quid fames auri ſacra? quid cupido
Ambitu diro fera non propagat
Poſteris culpæ? mala damna quanta
Plurima fundit?

Pro Diſciplina Eccleſiæ Noſtræ, Epigrammata Apologetica.

Auguſtiſſimo Potentiſſimoque Monarchæ JACOBO, D. G., Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ, Regi, Fidei Defenſori, etc. Geo. Herbertus.

ECCE recedentis fœcundo in littore Nili
Sol generat populum luce fovente novum.
Anté tui, Cæſar, quàm fulſerat aura favoris,
Noſtræ etiam Muſæ vile fuere lutum:
Nunc adeò per te vivunt, ut repere poſſint,
Síntque auſæ thalamum ſolis adire tui.

Illuſtris: Celſiſſimoque CAROLO, Walliæ, et Juventutis Principi.

QUAM chartam tibi porrigo recentem,
Humanæ decus atque apex juventæ,
Obtutu placido benignus affles,
Nam [que] aſpectibus è tuis vel unus
Mordaces tineas, nigráſque blattas,
Quas livor mihi parturit, retundet,
Ceu, quas culta timet ſeges, pruinas
Naſcentes radii fugant, vel acres
Tantùm dulcia leniunt catarrhos.
Sic ô te (juvenem, ſenémve) credat
Mors ſemper juvenem, ſenem Britanni

3. Reverendiſſimo in Chriſto Patri ac Domino, Epiſcopo Vintonienſi, etc.*

SANCTE Pater, cœli cuſtos, quo doctius uno
Terra nihil, nec quo ſanctius aſtra vident;
Cùm mea futilibus numeris ſe verba viderent
Claudi, penè tuas præterière fores.
Sed properè, dextréque reduxit euntia ſenſus,
Iſta docens ſoli ſcripta quadrare tibi.

Ad Regem.

Inſtituti Epigrammatici Ratio.

Epigr. 1.

CUM millena tuam pulſare negotia mentem
Conſtet, et ex illa pendeat orbis ope;
Nè te productis videar laſſare Camœnis,

* Launcelot Andrewes, Biſhop of Wincheſter.

Pro ſolido, CÆSAR, carmine fruſta dabo.
Cúm tu contundens, Catharos, vultúque librísque,
Grata mihi menſæ ſunt analecta tuæ.

Ad Melvinum.

Epigr. 2.

NON mea fert ætas, ut te, veterane, laceſſam;
Non ut te ſuperem: res tamen ipſa feret.
Ætatis numerum ſupplebit cauſa minorem;
Sic tu nunc juvenis factus, egóque ſenex.
Aſpice, dum perſtas, ut te tua deſerat ætas;
Et mea ſint canis ſcripta referta tuis.
Ecce tamen quàm ſuavis ero! cùm, fine duelli,
Clauſerit extremas pugna peracta vices,
Tum tibi, ſi placeat, fugientia tempora reddam;
Sufficiet votis iſta juventa meis.

In Monſtrum vocabuli Anti-tami-Cami-Categoria.

Epigr. 3. Ad eundem.

O QUAM bellus homo es! lepido quàm nomine fingis
Iſtas Anti-Tami-Cami-Categorias!
Sic Catharis nova ſola placent; res, verba novantur:
Quæ ſapiunt ævum, ceu carioſa jacent.
Quin liceat nobis aliquas procudere voces:
Non tibi fingendi ſola taberna patet.
Cùm ſacra perturbet veſter furor omnia, ſcriptum
Hoc erit, Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria.
Pollubra vel cùm olim damnâris Regia in ara,
Eſt Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria.

Partitio Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoriæ.

TRES video partes, quò re distinctiùs utar,
Anticategoriæ, Scoto-Britanne, tuæ:
Ritibus una Sacris opponitur; altera Sanctos
Prædicat auctores; tertia plena Deo est.
Postremis ambabus idem sentimus uterque;
Ipse pios laudo; Numen et ipse colo.
Non nisi prima suas patiuntur prælia lites.
O bene quòd dubium possideamus agrum!

In metri genus.

CUR, ubi tot ludat numeris antiqua poesis,
Sola tibi Sappho, feminàque una placet?
Cur tibi tam facilè non arrisêre poëtæ
Heroum grandi carmina fulta pede?
Cur non lugentes Elegi? non acer Iambus?
Commotos animos rectiùs ista decent.
Scilicet hoc vobis proprium, qui puriùs itis,
Et populi spurcas creditis esse vias;
Vos ducibus missis, missis doctoribus, omnes
Femineum blanda fallitis arte genus:
Nunc etiam teneras quò versus gratior aures
Mulceat, imbelles complacuêre modi.

De Larvata Gorgone.

GORGONA cur diram, larvásque obtrudis inanes,
Cùm propê sit nobis Musa, Medusa procul?
Si, quia felices olim dixêre poëtæ
Pallada gorgoneam, sic tua verba placent.
Vel potiùs liceat distinguere. Túque tuíque
Sumite Gorgoneam, nostráque Pallas erit.

De præſulum faſtu.

PRÆSULIBUS noſtris faſtus, Melvine, tumentes
Sæpius aſpergis. Siſte, pudore vacas.
An quod ſemotum populo laquearibus altis
Eminet, id tumidum protinus eſſe feres?
Ergó etiam Solem dicas, ignave, ſuperbum,
Qui tam ſublimi conſpicit orbe viam:
Ille tamen, quamvis altus, tua crimina ridens
Aſſiduo vilem lumine cingit humum.
Sic laudandus erit nactus ſublimia Præſul,
Qui dulci miſeros irradiabit ope.

De Gemina Academia.

QUIS hîc ſuperbit, oro? túne, an Præſules?
Quos dente nigro corripis?
Tu duplicem ſolus Camænarum thronum
Virtute percellis tua;
Et unus impar æſtimatur viribus,
Utrumque ſternis calcitro:
Omnéſque ſtulti audimus, aut hypocritæ,
Te perſpicaci atque integro.
An rectiùs nos, ſi vices vertas, probi,
Te contumaci, et livido?
Quiſquis tuetur perſpicillis Belgicis
Qua parte tractari ſolent,
Res ampliantur, ſin per adverſam videt,
Minora fiunt omnia:
Tu qui ſuperbos cæteros exiſtimas
(Superbius cùm te nihil)
Vertas ſpecillum: nam, prout ſe res habent,
Vitro minùs rectè uteris.

De S. Baptiſmi ritu.

CUM tener ad ſacros infans ſiſtatur aquales,
Quòd puer ignorat, verba profana putas?
Annon ſic mercamur agros? quibus ecce Redemptor
Comparat æterni regna beata Dei.
Scilicet emptorem ſi res aut parcior ætas
Impediant, apices legis amicus obit.
Forſitan et prohibes infans portetur ad undas,
Et per ſe Templi limen adire velis:
Sin, Melvine, pedes alienos poſtulet infans,
Cur ſic diſpliceat vox aliena tibi?
Rectiùs innocuis lactentibus omnia præſtes,
Quæ ratio per ſe, ſi fit adulta, facit.
Quid vetat ut pueri vagitus ſuppleat alter,
Cùm nequeat claras ipſe litare preces?
Sævus es eripiens parvis vadimonia cœli:
Et tibi ſit nemo præs, ubi poſcis opem.

De Signaculo Crucis.

CUR tanta ſufflas probra in innocuam Crucem?
Non plùs maligni dæmones Chriſti cruce
Unquam fugari, quàm tui ſocii ſolent.
Apoſtolorum culpa non levis fuit
Vitâſſe Chriſti ſpiritum efflantis crucem.
Et Chriſtianus quiſque piſcis dicitur
Tertulliano, propter undæ pollubrum,
Quo tingimur parvi. Ecquis autem brachiis
Natare ſine clariſſima poteſt cruce?
Sed non moramur: namque veſtra crux erit,
Vobis faventibúſve, vel negantibus.

De Juramento Eccleſiæ.

ARTICULIS ſacris quidam ſubſcribere juſſus,
Ah! Cheiragra vetat, quò minùs, inquit, agam.
O verè dictum, et bellè! cùm torqueat omnes
Ordinis oſores articulare malum.

De Purificatione poſt puerperium.

ENIXAS pueros matres ſe ſiſtere templis
Diſplicit, et laudis tura litare Deo.
Fortè quidem, cùm per veſtras Eccleſia turbas
Fluctibus internis exagitata natet,
Vos ſine maternis hymnis infantia vidit,
Vitáque neglectas eſt ſatìs ulta preces.
Sed nos, cum nequeat parvorum lingua parentem
Non laudare Deum, credimus eſſe nefas.
Quotidiana ſuas poſcant ſi fercula grates,
Noſtra caro ſanctæ neſcia laudis erit?
Adde piis animis quævis occaſio lucro eſt,
Quæ poſſint humili fundere corde preces.
Sic ubi jam mulier decerpti conſcia pomi
Ingemat ob partus, ceu maledicta, ſuos,
Appoſitè quem commotum ſubfugerat olim,
Nunc redit ad mitem, ceu benedicta, Deum.

De Antichriſti decore Pontificali.

NON quia Pontificum ſunt olim afflata veneno,
Omnia ſunt temere projicienda foras.
Tollantur ſi cuncta malus quæ polluit uſus,
Non remanent nobis corpora, non animæ.

De Superpelliceo.

QUID ſacræ tandem meruère veſtes?
Quas malus livor jaculis laceſſit
Polluens caſtam chlamydis colorem
Dentibus atris?
Quicquid ex urna meliore ductum
Luce præluſtri, vel honore pollet,
Mens ſub inſigni ſpecie coloris
Concipit albi.
Scilicet talem liquet eſſe ſolem;
Angeli vultu radiante candent;
Incolæ cœli melioris albâ
Veſte triumphant.
E creaturis ſine mentis uſu
Conditis binas homini ſequendas
Spiritus proponit, et eſt utrique
Candor amicus.
Ergò ringantur pietatis hoſtes,
Filii noctis, populus malignus,
Dum ſuum nomen tenet, et triumphat
Albion albo.

De Pileo quadrato.

QUÆ dicteria fuderat Britannus
Superpellicei tremendus hoſtis,
Ittiæc pileus audiit propinquus,
Et partem capitis petit ſupremam;
Non ſic effugit angulus vel unus
Quo dictis minús acribus notetur.
Verùm heus! ſi reputes, tibi tuíſque

Longè pileus anteit galerum,
Ut ſervor cerebri refrigeretur,
Qui veſtras edit intimè medullas.
Sed qui tam malè pileos habetis,
Quos Eccleſia comprobat, verendum
Nè tandem caput ejus impetatis.

In Catharum.

CUR Latiam linguam reris nimis eſſe profanam ?
Quam præmiſſa probant ſecula, noſtra probant ?
Cur teretem Græcam damnas, atque Hellada totam,
Qua tamen occiſi fœdera ſcripta Dei ?
Scilicet Hebræam cantas, et perſtrepis unam :
Hæc facit ad naſum ſola loquela tuum.

De Epiſcopis.

QUOS charos habuit Chriſtus Apoſtolos,
Teſtatóſque ſuo tradiderat gregi ;
Ut cum mors rabidis unguibus imminens
Doctrinæ fluvios clauderet aureæ,
Mites acciperent Lampada Præſules,
Servaréntque ſacrum clavibus ordinem ;
Hos nunc barbaries impia vellicat
Indulgens propriis ambitionibus,
Et quos ipſa nequit ſcandere vertices
Hos ad ſe trahere, et mergere geſtiens.
O cœcum populum ! ſi bona res ſiet
Præſul, cur renuis ? ſin mala, pauculos
Quàm cunctos fieri præſtat Epiſcopos.

De Iiſdem ad Melvinum.

PRÆSULIBUS dirum te Muſa coarguit hoſtem,
An quia Textores, Artificéſque probas?

De Textore Catharo.

CUM piſcatores Textor legit eſſe vocatos,
Ut ſanctum Domini perſequerentur opus;
Ille quóque invadit Divinam Flaminis artem,
Subtegmen reti dignius eſſe putans,
Et nunc perlongas Scripturæ ſtamine telas
Torquet, et in Textu Doctor utróque cluet.

De Magicis rotatibus.

QUOS tu rotatus, quale murmur auſcultas
In ritibus noſtris? Ego audio nullum.
Age, provocemus úſque ad Angelos ipſos,
Auréſque ſuperas: arbitri ipſi ſint elitis
Utrum tenore ſacra noſtra ſint necne
Æquabili facta. Ecquid ergo te tanta
Calumniandi concitavit urtica,
Ut, quæ Papicolis propria, aſſuas nobis,
Falſúmque potiùs, quàm crepes [vero?] verſu?
Tu perſtrepis tamen; útque turgeat carmen
Tuum tibi, poëta belle non myſtes
Magicos rotatus, et perhorridas Striges,
Dicteriis mordacibus notans, clamas
Non convenire precibus iſta Divinis.
O ſævus hoſtis! quàm ferociter pugnas!
Nihilne reſpondebimus tibi? Fatemur.

Ad Fratres.

OSC'LUM lepidum! circumſtant undique Fratres,
Papicolíſque ſui ſunt, Catharíſque ſui.
Sic nunc plena boni ſunt omnia Fratris, amore
Cùm nil fraterno rarius eſſe queat.

De labe, maculíſque.

LABECULAS, maculâſque nobis objicis,
Quid? hoccine eſt mirum? Viatores ſumus.
Quo ſanguis eſt Chriſti, niſi ut maculas lavet,
Quas ſpargit animæ corporis propius lutum?
Vos ergo puri! O nomen appoſitiſſimum
Quo vulgus ornat vos! At audias parum;
Aſtronomus olim (ut fama) dum maculas diu,
Quas Luna habet, tuetur, in foveam cadit,
Totúſque cænum Cynthiæ ignoſcit notis.
Eccleſia eſt mihi Luna; perge in Fabulâ.

De Muſica Sacra.

CUR efficaci, Deucalion, manu,
Poſt reſtitutos fluctibus obices,
Mutas in humanam figuram
Saxa ſupervacuáſque cautes?
Quin redde formas, O bone, priſtinas,
Et nos reducas ad lapides avos:
Nam ſaxa mirantur canentes,
Saxa lyras, citharáſque callent.
Rupes tenaces, et ſilices ferunt
Potentiori carmine percitas
Saltus per incultos, lacúſque
Orphea melliſluum ſecutas.

Et ſaxa diris hiſpida montibus
Amphionis teſtitudine nobili
Percuſſa dum currunt ad urbem,
Mænia contribuêre Thebis.
Tantùm repertum eſt trux hominum genus,
Qui templa ſacris expoliant choris,
Non erubeſcentes vel ipſas
Duritiâ ſuperare cautes.
O plena centum Muſica Gratiis,
Præclariorum ſpirituum cibus,
Quò me vocas tandem, tuúmque
Ut celebrem decus inſuſurras?
Tu Diva miro pollice ſpiritum
Cæno profani corporis exuens
Ter millies cælo reponis:
Aſtra rogant, Novus hic quis hoſpes.
Ardore Moſes concitus entheo,
Merſis revertens lætus ab hoſtibus
Exuſcitat plebem ſacratos
Ad Dominum properare cantus.
Quid hocce? Pſalmos audión'? O dapes!
O ſucculenti balſama ſpiritus!
Ramenta cæli, guttulæque
Deciduæ melioris orbis
Quos David, ipſæ deliciæ Dei,
Ingens piorum gloria Principum,
Sionis excelſas ad arces
Cum citharis, lituiſque miſcet.
Miratur æquor finitimum ſonos,
Et ipſe Jordan ſiſtit aquas ſtupens;
Præ quo Tibris vultum recondit,
Eridanúſque pudore fuſus.
Tun' obdis aures, grex nove, barbaras,
Et nullus audis? Cantibus obſtrepens,
Ut, quò fatiges verberéſque
Pulpita, plus ſpatii lucreris?

At cui videri prodigium poteſt
Mentes, quietis tympana publicæ,
Diſcordiis plenas ſonoris
Harmonium tolerare nullam!

De eadem.

CANTUS ſacros, profane, mugitus vocas?
Mugire multò mavelim quàm rudere.

De rituum uſu.

CUM primùm ratibus ſuis
Noſtram Cæſar ad inſulam
Olim appelleret, intuens
Omnes indigenas loci
Viventes ſine veſtibus,
O victoria, clamitat,
Certa, ac perfacilis mihi!
Non alio Cathari modo
Dum ſponſam Domini piis
Orbam ritibus expetunt,
Atque ad barbariem patrum
Vellent omnia regredi,
Illam tegminis inſciam
Prorſus Dæmoni, et hoſtibus
Exponunt ſuperabilem.
Atqui vos ſecus, O boni,
Sentire ſapere addecet,
Si veſtros animos regant
Scripturæ canones ſacræ:

Nàmque hæc, jure, cuipiam
Veſtem non adimi ſuam,
Sed nudis et egentibus
Non ſuam tribui jubet.

De annulo conjugali.

SED nec conjugii ſignum, Melvine, probabis?
Nec vel tantillum pignus habebit amor?
Nulla tibi ſi ſigna placent, è nubibus arcum
Eripe cæleſti qui moderatur aquæ.
Illa quidem à noſtro non multùm abludit imago,
Annulus et plenus tempore forſan erit.
Sin nebulis parcas, et noſtro parcito ſigno,
Cui non abſimilis ſenſus ineſſe ſolet.
Scilicet, ut quos ante ſuas cum conjuge tedas
Merſerat in luſtris pernicioſa Venus,
Annulus hos revocet, ſiſtátque libidinis undas
Legitimi ſignum connubiale tori.

De mundis et mundanis.

EX prælio undæ igníſque (ſi Phyſicis fides)
tranquillus aer naſcitur:
Sic ex profano Coſmico et Catharo poteſt
Chriſtianus extundi bonus.

De oratione Dominica.

QUAM Chriſtus immortalis innocuo gregi
Voce ſuâ dederat,
Quis crederet mortalibus
Orationem rejici ſeptemplicem,

Quæ miſeris clypeo
Ajacis eſt præſtantior ?
Hæc verba, ſuperos advolaturus thronos
Chriſtus, ut auxilii
Nos haud inanes linqueret,
(Cùm dignius nil poſſet aut melius dare)
Pignora chara ſui
Fruenda nobis tradidit.
Quis ſic amicum excipiet, ut Cathari Deum,
Qui renovare ſacri
Audent amoris Symbolum ?
Tu verò quiſquis es, cave, nè dum neges
Improbe verba Dei,
Te deneget VERBUM Deus.

In Catharum quendam.

CUM templis effare, madent ſudaria, mappæ,
Trux caper alarum, ſuppara, læna, ſagum.
Quin populo, clemens, aliquid largire caloris :
Nunc ſudas ſolus ; cætera turba riget.

De lupa luſtri VATICANI.

CALUMNIARUM nec pudor quis nec modus.
Nec Vaticanæ deſines unquam Lupæ ?
Metus inanes ! Nos pari prætervehi
Illam Charybdim cautione novimus
Veſtramque Scyllam, æquis parati ſpiculis
Britannicam in Vulpem, inque Romanam Lupam.
Dicti fidem firmabimus Anagrammate.

Roma dabit Oram, Maro, Ramo, Armo, Mora, et Amor.

ROMA, tuum nomen quam non pertranſiit Oram,
Cùm Latium ferrent ſæcula priſca jugum ?
Non deerat vel fama tibi, vel carmina famæ,
Unde Maro laudes duxit ad Aſtra tuas.
At nunc exſucco ſimilis tua gloria Ramo
A veteri trunco et nobilitate cadit.
Laus antiqua et honor perierunt, te velut Armo
Jam deturbârunt tempora longa ſuo.
Quin tibi jam deſperatæ Mora nulla medetur ;
Qua Fabio quondam ſub duce nata ſalus.
Hinc te olim Gentes miratæ odêre viciſſim ;
Et cum ſublatâ laude recedit Amor.

De Impoſitione manuum.

NEC dextra te fugit almi Amoris emblema ?
Atqui manus imponere integras præſtat,
Quàm (more veſtro) imponere inſcio vulgo.
Quanto Impoſitio melior eſt Impoſturâ !

Supplicum Miniſtrorum Raptus.

Κωμῳδούμενος.

AMBITIO Cathari quínque conſtat Actibus.
I. Primà, unus aut alter parum ritus placet.
Jam repit impietas volatura illico.
II. Mox diſplicent omnes. Ubi hoc permanſerit
III. Paulò, ſecretis muſſitans in angulis
Quærit receſſus. Incaleſcit fabula,

IV. Erumpit inde, et continere neſcius
V. Sylvas pererrat. Fibulis dein omnibus
Præ ſpiritu ruptis, quò eas reſarciat
Amſtellodamum corripit ſe. Plaudite.

De Auctorum enumeratione.

QUO magis invidiam nobis, et crimina confles,
Pertrahis in partes nomina magna tuas;
Myra, Calvinum, Bezam, doctúmque Bucerum,
Qui tamen in noſtros fortiter ire negant.
Whitaker, erranti quem præfers carmine, miles
Aſſiduus noſtræ papilionis erat.
Nos quòque poſſemus longas conſcribere turmas,
Si numero ſtarent prælia, non animis.
Primus adeſt nobis, Phariſæis omnibus hoſtis,
Chriſtus Apoſtolici cinctus amore gregis.
Tu geminas belli portas, O Petre, repandis,
Dum gladium ſtringens Paulus ad arma vocat.
Indè Patres pergunt quadrati, et tota Vetuſtas.
Nempe Novatores quis Veteranus amat?
Jam Conſtantinus multo ſe milite miſcet;
Inviſámque tuis erigit haſta Crucem.
Hipponenſis adeſt properans, et torquet in hoſtes
Lampada, quâ ſtudiis invigilare ſolet.
Téque Deum alternis cantans Ambroſius iram,
Immemor antiqui mellis, eundo coquit.
Hæc etiam ad pugnam præſens, quâ vivimus, ætas
Innumeram noſtris partibus addit opem.
Quos inter plenuſque Deo, genióque Jacobus
Defendit veram mente manúque fidem.
Interea ad ſacrum ſtimulat ſacra Muſica bellum,
Qua ſine vos miſeri lentiùs itis ope.
Militat et nobis, quem vos contemnitis, Ordo,
Ordine diſcerni maxima bella ſolent.

O vos invalidos! Audi quem talibus armis
Eventum Naſo vidit et admonuit;
Una dies Catharos ad bellum miſerat omnes:
Ad bellum miſſos perdidit una dies.

De auri ſacra fame.

CLAUDIS avaritiâ Satyram; ſtatuíſque ſacrorum
Eſſe recidendas, Æace noſter, opes,
Cætera condonabo tibi, ſcombríſque remittam:
Sacrilegum carmen, cenſeo, flamma voret.

Ad Scotiam protrepticon ad Pacem.

SCOTIA, quæ frigente jaces porrecta ſub Arcto,
Cur adeo immodicâ religione cales?
Anne tuas flammas ipſa Antiperiſtaſis auget,
Ut nive torpentes incaluêre manus?
Aut ut pruna gelu ſummo mordaciùs urit,
Sic acuunt zelum frigora tanta tuum?
Quin nocuas extingue faces, precor: unda propinqua eſt,
Et tibi vicinas porrigit æquor aquas;
Aut potiùs Chriſti ſanguis demiſſus ab alto,
Vicinúſque magis nobiliórque fluit:
Nè, ſi flamma novis adoleſcat mota flabellis,
Ante diem veſtro mundus ab igne ruat.

Ad ſeductos innocentes.

INNOCUÆ mentes, quibus inter flumina mundi
Ducitur illimi candida vita fide,
Abſit ut ingenuum pungant mea verba pudorem;

Perſtringunt veſtros carmine ſola duces.
Utinam aut illorum oculi (quod comprecor unum)
Vobis, aut illis pectora veſtra forent.

Ad Melvinum.

ATQUI te precor unicè per ipſam,
Quæ ſcripſit numeros, manum; per omnes
Muſarum calices, per et beatos
Sarcaſmos quibus artifex triumphas;
Quin per Preſbyteros tuos; per urbem
Quam curto nequeo referre verſu;
Per charas tibi, nobiléſque dextras,
Quas ſubſcriptio neutiquam inquinavit;
Per quicquid tibi ſuaviter probatur;
Nè me carminibus nimis dicacem,
Aut ſævum reputes. Amica noſtra eſt
Atque edentula Muſa, nec veneno
Splenis perlita contumelioſi.
Nam ſi te cuperem ſecare verſu,
Totámque evomerem potenter iram
Quam aut Eccleſia deſpicata vobis,
Aut læſæ mihi ſuggerunt Athenæ,
(Et quem non ſtimularet hæc ſimultas)
Jam te funditus igneis Camœnis,
Et Muſa crepitante ſubruiſſem:
Omnis linea ſepiam recuſans
Plumbo ducta fuiſſet æſtuanti,
Centum ſtigmatibus tuos inurens
Profanos fremitus bonáſque ſannas:
Plus charta hæc mea delibuta dictis
Hæſiſſet tibi, quàm ſuprema veſtis
Olim accreverit Herculi furenti:
Quin hoc carmine lexicon probrorum

Extruxiſſem, ubi, cum moneret uſus,
Haurirent tibi tota plauſtra Muſæ.
Nunc hæc omnia ſuſtuli, tonantes
Affectus ſociis tuis remittens.
Non te carmine turbidum vocavi,
Non deridiculumve, ſive ineptum,
Non ſtriges, magiámve, vel rotatus,
Non faſtus tibi turgidos repono;
Errores, maculas, ſuperbiámque,
Labes, ſomniáque, ambitúſque diros,
Tinnitus Berecynthios omittens
Nil horum regero tibi merenti.
Quin te laudibus orno: quippe dico,
Cæſar ſobrius ad rei Latinæ
Unus dicitur advenire cladem:
Et tu ſolus ad Angliæ procellas
(Cum plerúmque tuâ ſodalitate
Nil ſit craſſius, impolitiúſve)
Accedis benè doctus, et poëta.

Ad eundem.

INCIPIS irridens; ſtomachans in carmine pergis;
Deſinis exclamans: Tota figura, vale.

Ad Seren. Regem.

ECCE pererratas, regum doctiſſime, nugas,
Quas gens inconſulta, ſuis vexata procellis,
Libandas nobis, abſorbendáſque propinat!
O cæcos animi fratres! quis veſtra fatigat
Corda furor, ſpiſſaque afflat caligine ſenſus?

Cernite, quàm formoſa ſuas Eccleſia pennas
Explicat, et radiis ipſum pertingit Olympum!
Vicini populi paſſim mirantur, et æquos
Mentibus attonitis cupiunt addiſcere ritus:
Angelicæ turmæ noſtris ſe cætibus addunt:
Ipſe etiam Chriſtus cœlo ſpeculatus ab alto
Intuitúque uno ſtringens habitacula mundi,
Sola mihi plenos, ait, exhibet Anglia cultus.
Scilicet has olim diviſas æquore terras
Sepoſuit Divina ſibi, cum conderet orbem,
Progenies gemmámque ſuà quaſi pyxide clauſit.
O qui Defenſor Fidei meritiſſimus audis,
Reſponde æternúm titulo; quòque ordine felix
Cœpiſti, pergas ſimili res texere filo.
Obrue ferventes, ruptis conatibus, hoſtes:
Quáſque habet aut patulas, aut cæco tramite, moles
Hæreſis, evertas. Quid enim te fallere poſſit?
Tu venas, laticéſque omnes quos ſacra recludit
Pagina, guſtàſti, multóque interprete gaudes:
Tu Synodóſque, Patreſque, et quod dedit alta vetuſtas
Haud per te moritura, Scholámque introſpicis omnem.
Nec tranſire licet quo mentis acumine findis
Viſcera naturæ, commiſtúſque omnibus aſtris
Ante tuum tempus cœlum gratiſſimus ambis.
Hac ope munitus ſecurior excipis undas,
Quas Latii, Catharíque movent, atque inter utraſque
Paſtor agis proprios, medio tutiſſimus, agnos.
Perge, decus Regum; ſic, Auguſtiſſime, plures
Sint tibi vel ſtellis laudes, et laudibus anni:
Sic pulſare tuas, excluſis luctibus, auſint
Gaudia ſola fores: ſic quicquid ſomnia mentis
Intus agunt, habeat certum meditatio finem;
Sic poſitis nugis, quibus irretita libido
Innumeros mergit vitiatâ mente poëtas,
Sola Jacobæum decantent carmina nomen.

Ad Deum.

QUEM tu, ſumme Deus, ſemel
Scribentem placido rore beaveris,
Illum non labor irritus
Exercet miſerum; non dolor unguium
Morſus increpat anxios;
Non mæret calamus; non queritur caput:
Sed fœcunda poëſεως
Vis, et vena ſacris regnat in artubus
Qualis neſcius aggerum
Exundat fluvio Nilus amabili.
O dulciſſime ſpiritus,
Sanctos qui gemitus mentibus inſeris
A Te Turture defluos,
Quòd ſcribo, et placeo, ſi placeo, tuum eſt.

INVENTA BELLICA.

E MSTO. AUTOG.

OH Mortis longæva fames, venterque perennis!
Quem non Emathius torrens, non ſanguine pinguis
Daunia, non ſatiat bis ter milleſima cædis
Progenies, mundique ætas abdomine tanto
Ingluvieque minor. Quercus habitare feruntur
Priſci, creſcenteſque una cum prole cavernas;
Hinc tamen excludi mors noluit, ipſaque vitam
Glans dedit, et truncus tectum, et ramalia mortem.
Confluere interea paſſim ad Floralia pubes
Cœperat, agricolis mentemque et aratra ſolutis.
Compita ferveſcunt pedibus, clamoribus æther.
Hîc ubi diſcumbunt per gramina, ſalſior unus

Omnia ſuſpendit naſo, ſocioſque laceſſit :
Non fert Ucalegon, atque amentata retorquet
Dicta ferox, hœrent lateri convitia fixo.
Scinditur in partes vulgus ceu compita, telum
Ira facit, munduſque ipſe eſt apotheca furoris,
Liber alit rixas, potantibus omnia bina
Sunt præter vitam : ſaxis hic ſternitur, alter
Ambuſtis ſudibus, pars vitam in pocula fundunt,
Bacchantur Lapithæ, furit inconſtantia vini,
Sanguine quem dederat ſpolians : primordia belli
Hæc fuerant, ſic Tiſiphone virguncula luſit.

Non placuit rudis atque ignara occiſio, morti
Quæritur ingenium, doctuſque homicida probatur.
Hinc tyrocinium, parvoque aſſueta juventus,
Fictaque Bellona, et veræ ludibria pugnæ,
Inſtructæque acies, hyemeſque in pellibus actæ.
Omniaque hæc ut tranſadigant ſine crimine coſtas
Artificeſque necis clueant et mortis alumni.
Nempe et millenos ad palum interficit hoſtes
Aſſiduus tyro, ſi ſit ſpectanda voluntas.
O ſuperi ! quis tantum ipſis virtutibus inſtat,
Quantum cædi ? adeone unam nos vivere vitam,
Perdere ſexcentas ? creſcet tamen hydra nocendi
Triſtis, ubi ac ferrum tellure reciditur imâ,
Fœcunduſque chalybs ſceleris, jam ſanguine tinctus,
Expleri nequit, at totum depaſcitur orbem.
Quid memorem tormenta, quibus prius horruit ævum,
Baliſtaſque, Onagroſque, et quicquid Scorpio ſævus
Vel Catapulta poteſt, Siculique inventa magiſtri,
Angligenûmque arces, gaudentes ſanguine Galli
Fuſtibales, fundaſque quibus cum numine fretus
Stravit Idumæum divinus Tityrus hoſtem.

Adde etiam currus et cum temone Britanno
Arviragum, falceſque obſtantia quæque metentes.
Quin aries ruit et multâ Demetrius arte,

Sic olim cecidere.
Deerat adhuc vitiis noſtris digniſſima mundo
Machina, quam nullum ſatis execrabitur ævum;
Liquitur ardenti candens fornace metallum,
Fuſaque decurrit notis aqua ferrea fulcis:
Exoritur tubus, atque inſtar Cyclopis Homeri,
Luſcum prodigium, medioque foramine gaudens!
Inde rotæ atque axis ſubeunt, quaſi ſella curulis,
Qua mors ipſa ſedens hominum de gente triumphat.
Accedit Pyrius pulvis laquearibus Orci
Exulis, Infernæ pretioſa tragemata menſæ,
Sulphureaque lacu, totaque imbuta Mephiti.
Hinc glans adjicitur, non quam ructare vetuſtas
Creditur, ante ſatas prono cum vertice fruges.
Plumbea glans, livenſque ſuæ quaſi conſcia noxæ,
Purpureus lictor Plutonis, epiſtola fati.
Plumbis obſignata, coloſque et ſtamina vitæ
Perrumpens, Atropi vetulæ marcentibus ulnis.
Hæc ubi vincta, ſubit vivo cum funе miniſter,
Fatalemque levans dextram, qua ſtupeus ignis
Mulcetur vento, accendit cum fomite partem
Pulveris inferni, properat, datur ignis, et omnem
Materiam vexat, nec jam ſe continet antro
Tiſiphone, flammâ et fallaci fulmine cincta;
Evolat, horrendumque ciet bacchata fragorem.
It ſtridor, cæloſque omnes et Tartara findit.
Non jam exaudiri quidquam vel muſica ſphæræ
Vel gemitus Erebi, piceo ſe turbine volvens,
Totamque eructans nubem glans proruit imo
Precipitata, cadunt urbes formidine, muri
Diffugiunt, fragiliſque crepant cœnacula mundi.
Strata jacent toto millena cadavera campo,
Uno ictu; non ſic peſtis, non ſtella maligno
Afflatu perimunt. En Cymba Cocytia turbis
Ingemit, et defeſſus opem jam portitor orat.
Nec glans ſola nocet, mortem quandoque ſuſurrat

Aura volans, vitamque aer quam paverat, aufert.
Dicite vos, Furiæ ! qua gaudet origine monſtrum ?
Nox Ætnam, noctemque Chaos genuere priores,
Ætna Cacum ignivomum dedit, hic Ixiona Græcis
Cantatum, deinde Ixion cum nubibus atris
Congrediens genuit monachum, qui limen opacæ
Triſte colens ſellæ, noctuque et Dæmone plenum
Protulit horrendum hoc primum cum pulvere monſtrum.
Quis monachos mortem meditari, et pulvere triſti
Verſatos neget : atque humiles queis talia cordi
Tam demiſſa, ipſamque adeo ſubeuntia terram ?
Nec tamen hic mortis rabies ſtetit ; exilit omni
Tormento pejor Jeſuita, et fulminat orbem,
Ridens bombardas miſeras, quæ corpora perdunt
Non animas ; raroque ornantur ſanguine regum
Obſtreperæ ſtulto ſonito, crimenque fatentes.
Siſtimus hic, inquit fatum, ſat prata biberunt
Sanguinis, innocuum tandem luet orbis Abelum.

G. Herberte

ALIA POEMATA LATINA.

Ad auctorem Inſtaurationis magnæ.

[franciscum bacon.]

PER ſtrages licet auctorum veterúmque ruinam
Ad famæ properes vera Tropæa tuæ,
Tam nitidè tamen occidís, tam ſuaviter hoſtes,
Se quaſi donatum funere quiſque putat.
Scilicet apponit pretium tua dextera fato,
Vulneréque emanat ſanguis, ut intret honos.
O quám felices ſunt, qui tua caſtra ſequuntur,
Cum per te ſit res ambitioſa mori.

In honorem illuſtriſſimi Domini Franciſci de Verulamio Vice-Comitis Sti. Albani.

POST EDITAM AB EO INSTAUR. MAGNUM.

QUIS iſte tandem? non enim Vultu ambulat
Quotidiano. Neſcis, ignare? audies.
Lux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex;
Inductionis Dominus; Et Verulamii;
Rerum Magiſter Unicus, at non Artium:
Profunditatis Pinus, atque Elegantiæ;
Naturæ Aruſpex intimus; Philoſophiæ
Ærarium, Sequeſter Experientiæ,
Speculationiſque; Æquitatis Signifer;
Scientiarum ſub pupillari ſtatu
Degentium olim Emancipator; Luminis
Promus: Fugator Idolûm, atque Nubium:
Collega Solis: Quadra Certitudinis:
Sophiſmatum Maſtix; Brutus Literarius,
Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem:
Rationis et Senſus Stupendus Arbiter?
Repumicator mentis: Atlas Phyſicus,
Alcide ſuccumbente Stagiritico;
Columba Noæ, quæ in vetuſtate Artibùs
Nullum locum requiemque cernens, præſtitit
Ad ſe ſuumque Matris, Arcam regredi.
Subtilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos
Ex veritate Matre; Mellis Alveus;
Mundique et Animarum Sacerdos Unicus;
Securiſque Errorum; ínque Natalibus
Granum Sinapis, acre aliis, Creſcens ſibi;
O me prope Laſſum! Juvate Poſteri.

GEOR. HERBERT. ORAT. PUB. IN ACADEM. CANTAB.

In obitum incomparabilis Francisci Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani, Baronis Verulamii.

DUM longi lentíque gemis ſub pondere morbi,
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede;
Quid voluit prudens Fatum, jam ſentio tandem:
Conſtat, Aprile uno te potuiſſe mori:
Ut Flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis,
Deducant linguæ funera ſola tuæ.

Comparatio inter munus ſummi Cancellariatûs et Librum.

MUNERE dum nobis prodes, Libróque futuris,
In laudes abeunt ſæcula quæque tuas;
Munere dum nobis prodes, Libróque remotis,
In laudes abeunt jam loca quæque tuas:
Hæ tibi ſunt alæ laudum. Cui contigit unquam
Longius æterno, latius orbe decus?

Æthiopiſſa ambit Ceſtum diverſi coloris virum.

QUID mihi ſi facies nigra eſt? hoc, Ceſte, colore
Sunt etiam tenebræ, quas tamen optat amor.
Cernis ut exuſtâ ſemper ſit fronte viator;
Ah longum, quæ te deperit, errat iter.
Si nigro ſit terra ſolo, quis deſpicit arvum?
Claude oculos, et erunt omnia nigra tibi:
Aut aperi, et cernes corpus quas projicit umbras;
Hoc ſaltem officio fungar amore tui.
Cum mihi ſit facies ſumus, quas pectore flammas
Jamdudum tacitè delituiſſe putes?
Dure, negas? O fata mihi præſaga doloris,
Quæ mihi lugubres contribuêre genas!

In Natales et Paſcha concurrentes.

CUM tu, Chriſte, cadis, naſcor; mentémque ligavit
Una meam membris horula, téque cruci.
O me diſparibus natum cum numine fatis!
Cur mihi das vitam, quam tibi, Chriſte, negas?
Quin moriar tecum: vitam, quam negligis ipſe,
Accipe; ni talem des, tibi qualis erat.
Hoc mihi legatum triſti ſi funere præſtes,
Chriſte, duplex fiet mors tua vita mihi:
Atque ibi per te ſanctificer natalibus ipſis,
In vitam, et nervos Paſcha coæva fluet.

Ad Johannem Donne, D.D.

DE UNO SIGILLORUM EJUS, ANCHORA ET CHRISTO.

QUOD crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi
(Tenere Chriſtum ſcilicet, ne aſcenderet)
Tuive Chriſtum devocans facundia
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè eſt tibi, niſi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum: nempè ſymbolum ſuæ
Tibi dedit unda et terra certitudinis
Quondam feſſus amor loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica; ſcripſit
Tandem et feſſa manus, dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui ſcripta, dolens, lacerando recludi
Sanctiùs in regno magni credebat amoris
(In quo fas nihil eſt rumpi) donare Sigillum.
Munde, fluas fugiáſque licet, nos noſtráque fixi:
Deridet motus ſancta Catena tuos.

In Obitum Sereniſſimæ Reginæ Annæ.

(E LACHRYMIS CANTABRIGIENSIBUS.)

QUO te, felix Anna, modo deflere licebit?
Cui magnum imperium, gloria major erat:
Ecce meus torpens animus ſuccumbit utrique,
Cui tenuis fama eſt, ingeniumque minus.
Quis, niſi qui manibus Briareus, oculiſque ſit Argus,
Scribere te dignùm vel lacrymare queat?
Fruſtra igitur ſudo; ſupereſt mihi ſola voluptas,
Quod calamum excuſent Pontus et Aſtra meum:
Namque Annæ laudes cœlo ſcribuntur aperto,
Sed luctus noſter ſcribitur Oceano.

In Obitum Henrici Principis Walliæ.

(EX EPICEDIO CANTABRIGIENSI.)

ITE leves (inquam), Parnaſſia numina, muſæ!
Non ego vos poſthac, hederæ velatus amictu,
Somnis neſcio queis nocturna ad vota vocabo:
Sed nec Cirrhæi ſaltus, Libethriave arva
In mea dicta ruant; non tam mihi pendula mens eſt,
Sic quaſi Diis certem, magnos accerſere montes;
Nec vaga de ſummo deducam flumina monte,
Qualia parturiente colunt ſub rupe ſorores:
Si quas mens agitet moles (dum pectora ſævo
Tota ſtupent luctu) lacrymiſque exæſtuet æquis
Spiritus, hi mihi jam montes, hæc flumina ſunto:
Muſa, vale! et tu, Phœbe! dolor mea carmina dictet;
Hinc mihi principium: vos, o labentia mentis
Lumina, nutantes paullatim acquirite vires,
Vivite, dum mortem oſtendam: ſic tempora veſtram
Non comedant famam, ſic nulla oblivia potent.

Quare age, mens! effare, precor, quo numine læſo?
Quæ ſuberant cauſæ? quid nos committere tantum,
Quod non lanigeræ pecudes, non agmina luſtrent?
Annon longa fames, miſeræque injuria peſtis
Pœna minor fuerat, quam fatum Principis ægrum?
Jam felix Philomela, et menti conſcia Dido!
Felices quos bella premunt et plurimus enſis!
Non metuunt ultra; noſtra infortunia tantum
Fataque, Fortunaſque et ſpem læſere futuram.
Quod ſi fata illi longam invidere ſalutem
Et patrio regno (ſub quo jam Principe nobis
Quid ſperare, immo quid non ſperare licebat?)
Debuit iſta pati prima et non nobilis ætas:
Aut cita mors eſt danda bonis aut longa ſenectus.
Sic lætare animos et ſic oſtendere gemmam
Excitat optatus avidos, et ventilat ignem.
Quare etiam nuper Pyrii de pulveris ictu
Principis innocuam ſervaſtis numina vitam
Ut morbi perimant, alioque in pulvere proſtet.
Phœbe, tui puduit, quum ſummo mane redires,
Sol ſine ſole tuo! quum te tum nubibus atris
Totum offuſcari peteres, ut nocte ſilenti
Humana æternos agerent præcordia queſtus
Tantum etenim veſtras, Parcæ, non flectit habenas
Tempus edax rerum, tuque o mors improba ſola es
Cui cæcas tribuit vires annoſa vetuſtas!
Quid non mutatum eſt? requiêrunt flumina curſus:
Plus etiam veteres cœlum videre remotum:
Cur ideo verbis triſtes effundere curas
Expeto, tanquam hæc ſic noſtri medicina doloris?
Immodicus luctus tacito vorat igne medullas,
Ut fluvio currente, vadum ſonat, alta quieſcunt.

INNUPTA Pallas, nata Dieſpatre !
Æterna ſummæ gloria regiæ !
Cui dulcis arrident camœnæ
Pieridis Latiæque Muſæ.

Cur tela mortis, vel tibi, vel tuis
Quacunque gutta temporis imminent ?
Tantaque propendet ſtatera
Regula ſanguinolenta fati ?

Numne Hydra talis tantaque bellua eſt
Mors tot virorum ſordida ſanguine,
Ut mucro rumpatur Minervæ
Utque minax ſuperetur Ægis ?

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare cærulum
Uſſiſſe prono fulmine diceris,
Ajacis exeſas triemes
Præcipitatis graviore caſu.

Tu diſcidiſti Gorgoneas manus
Nexas, capillos anguibus obiitos,
Furvoſque viciſti Gigantem
Enceladum, pharetramque Rhœci.

Ceu victa, muſis porrigit herbulas
Pennata cæci dextra cupidinis,
Non ulla Bellonæ furentis
Arma tui metuunt alumni.

Pallas retortis cæſia vocibus
Reſpondit ; Eia ! ne metuas, precor,
Nam fata non juſtis repugnant
Principibus, ſed amica fiunt.

Ut ſi reciſis arboribus meis
Nudetur illic locus amabilis,
Fructuſque poſt mortem recuſent
Perpetuos mihi ferre rami.

Dulcem rependent tum mihi tibiam
Pulchre renatam ex arbore mortua,
Dignamque cœleſti corona
Harmoniam dabit inter aſtra.

E. Mſto. Autog.

CUM petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quiſnam horum major ſit, dubitatur, amor?
Vincit more ſuo Noſter: nam millibus Infans
Non tot abeſt, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

E. Mſto. Autog.

VERO verius ergo quid ſit, audi
Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.

LEJL'19

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